# McClure's Magazine.

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[THE SERIES OF LIFE PORTRAITS OF GREAT AMERICANS BEGAN IN JANUARY WITH THE PORTRAITS OF FRANKLIN.]

## LIFE PORTRAITS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

IN these degenerate days, when the deafening huzzas of spurious patriotism pass for the genuine ring, the unsullied grandeur of George Washington's pure love of country cannot too constantly be blazoned before the people, and in no more salutary way can this be done than by the continual exhibition of his "counterfeit presentment." To those who have given close attention to his portraiture, the number of times that he submitted to the painter's yoke cannot but seem appalling.

As early as May 16, 1785, he wrote: "I am so hackneyed to the touches of the Painter's pencil, that I am now altogether at their beck, and sit like Patience on a monument, whilst they are delineating the lines of my face. It is a proof of what habit and custom can effect. At first, I was as impatient at the request and as restive under the operation as a colt is of the saddle. The next time, I submitted very reluctantly, but with less flouncing. Now, no dray moves more readily to the Thill, than I do to the Painter's chair." Thus it will be seen it was an ordeal that he felt to be a great burden; but he was conscious that he was performing a duty to posterity, and posterity, wonderful to relate, acknowledges and appreciates the debt, recognizing that "he was a man, take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again."

It is almost superfluous to say that it is impossible to do justice to such a subject in the pages of a popular magazine. It would require a volume to adequately discuss the mooted questions of copies, replicas, and originals, and refute the heresies that surround a theme of such importance. The material for it is ample, and there is no field more ready to be garnered; but all that can be given here are the bare conclusions, resulting from years of study and investigation.

The thirty portraits reproduced, covering a period of twenty-six years, are originals from life, taken by artists of almost every nation, and it is the most sumptuous pictorial tribute to the Father of his Country that has ever been attempted under one cover. Portraits will be found from pictures by Charles Willson Peale, in 1772, 1777, 1779, 1784, 1785, 1787, 1794, and 1795; by Joseph Wright, in 1783, 1784, and 1790-1793; by Robert Edge Pine and Jean Antoine Houdon, in 1785; by James Peale, in 1788 and 1795; by the Marchioness de Brehan and John Ramage, in 1789; by Edward Savage, in 1790; by John Trumbull, in 1790 and 1792; by Giuseppe Ceracchi, in 1791–1795; by Adolph Ulric Wertmüller, in 1794; by Jean François Vallée, in 1795; by Gilbert Stuart, in 1795 and 1796; by James Sharples, in 1796, and by George Miller and Fevret de St. Memin, in 1798.

While this is a goodly array, it does not

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include all. Beside the six necessary to make up Peale's full complement, there are two by Trumbull, one by Savage, and the whole length by Gilbert Stuart, mentioned particularly in the notes to the portraits by these painters.

In addition, Pierre Eugene Du Simitière, a native of Switzerland, who about 1766 settled in Philadelphia, made, on February 1, 1779, a "drawing in black lead of a likeness in profile of his Excellency General Washington." This portrait is known only through engravings. It forms one of a set of thirteen heads of illustrious Americans, from originals by Du Simitière, published in London, May, 1783.

William Dunlap, in 1783, at the age of seventeen, made a pastel sketch of Washington, at Rocky Hill, New Jersey, but it has no artistic or delineative value.

Christian Gülager, a Dane, had a sitting from Washington at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, November 3, 1789, but the canvas has nothing to commend it.

In 1791, Archibald Robertson came from Scotland to America, and Washington sat to him December 13, for a miniature, from which he painted a larger picture for the Earl of Buchan. The miniature remains in the possession of the artist's descendants, while the large picture is still in Scotland.

Walter Robertson, who was neither kith nor kin to Archibald, crossed the ocean with Gilbert Stuart, and painted a miniature of Washington, in 1794, which Robert Field, no mean miniature painter himself, wrote, "is as good a likeness and as fine a piece of painting as I ever saw." The original is owned by the estate of the late Edmund Law Rogers of Baltimore, and it is hard to believe that Field's endorsement of the likeness is correct.

Washington Lodge of Alexandria, Virginia, owns a picture of Washington, painted in 1794, by William Williams, but it is beneath consideration as a portrait.

Raphaelle and Rembrandt Peale each drew Washington, during the last sitting to their father, in 1795. Raphaelle made a small water-color profile, in uniform, which was owned by the late H. H. Houston of Philadelphia, but wrongly attributed to James Peale. Rembrandt made a more ambitious attempt in oil, resulting in a feeble picture, which he took to Charleston, South Carolina, and, after making several copies, sold to Chancellor De Saussure. It is now owned by Mr. George Sanderson of Williamsport, Pennsylvania. Rembrandt Peale's familiar portrait of Washington is a composite picture, painted in 1823, concerning which he says, in a letter to the writer, September 24, 1860, nine days before his death: "Besides having painted thirty-nine copies of my father's Washington, I have made seventy-nine copies of my own." There are sketches, silhouettes, and shadow profiles galore, by Latrobe, Folwell, Powel, and others, but few of them merit consideration. Claims are made for the originality of miniatures by Birch, Field, Trott, and some of less renown, but they are nearly all traceable to Stuart.

While of Franklin there is no pen portrait giving an accurate description of his coloring and person, the difficulty in the case of Washington is to determine which one is correct. His hair, eyes, and complexion apparently partook of each individual color of the rainbow. He was not, however, in truth, such a chameleon. His eyes were grayish-blue, his hair sandy brown verging on auburn, and his skin that fair mottled complexion, rather than ruddy, that commonly accompanies the hair and eyes described. He was "straight as an Indian," six feet two inches high, of large frame "without fulness of covering," broad shoulders, and had large hands and feet.

A British traveller, Isaac Weld, who was here from 1795 to 1797, says: "His head is small, in which respect he resembles the make of a great number of his countrymen. . . . Mr. Stewart, the eminent portrait painter, told me that there were features in his face totally different from what he ever observed in that of any other human being; the sockets for the eyes, for instance, are larger than what he ever met with before, and the upper part of the nose broader." While Brissot de Warville writes that "there are few portraits which resemble him," another contemporary says Washington "could not be mistaken by any one who had seen a full-length picture of him, and yet no pictures accurately resembled him in the minute traits of his person. His features, however, were so marked by prominent characteristics, which appear in all likenesses of him, that a stranger could not be mistaken in the man. . . . It was observed to me, there was an expression in Washington's face that no painter had succeeded in taking." We are not in a position to question the accuracy of this closing sentence. But we do know that the following pages will exhibit much dissimilarity in feature, yet a countenance always the same, so that the life portraits of George Washington cannot well be mistaken.

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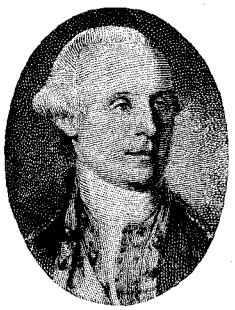


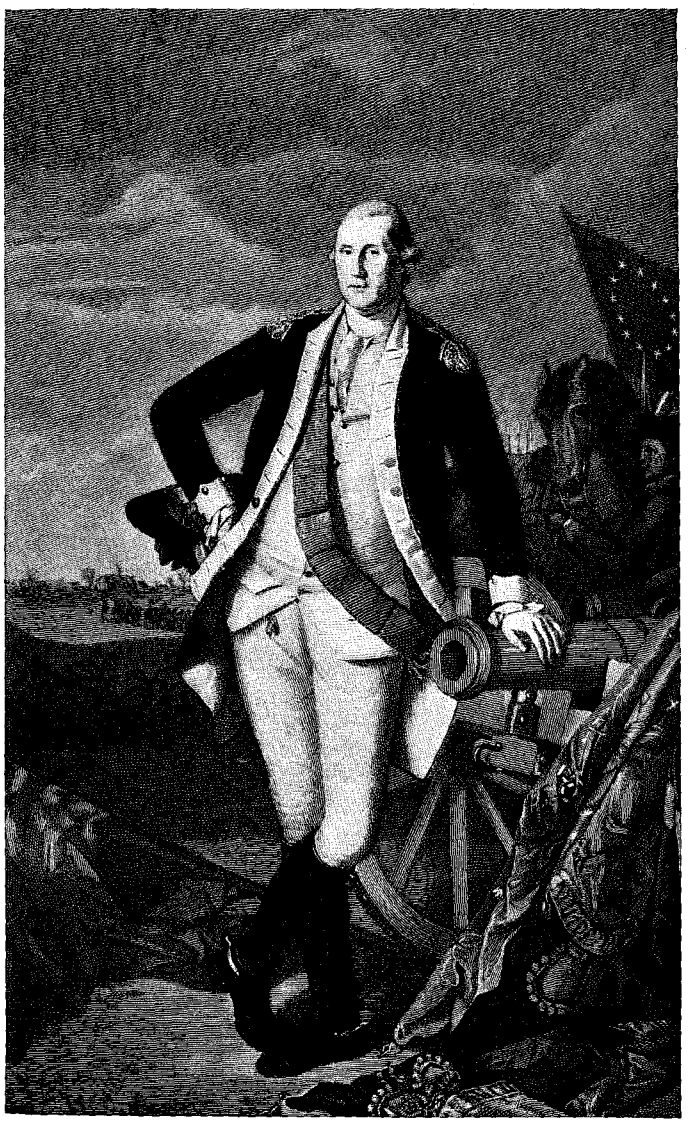
WASHINGTON IN 1777. AGE 45.
C. W. PEALE.

WASHINGTON IN 1777. PAINTED BY C. W. PEALE.

From the original miniature on ivory, in the Huntington Collection, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Reproduced here in its actual size. This portrait, engraved for Irving's "Washington," was inscribed "Washington at the age of twenty-five," and this unauthorized statement laid the foundation for the assumption that it was painted in Boston in 1755, by Copley, then at the mature age of eighteen. It is curiously youthful in appearance for a man of forty-five, but it must be remembered that Washington wore a youthful visage, and that miniatures discount at least a decade from a man's years. In 1777, "on the march to the battle of Germantown," Peale did paint Washington's miniature, and this is doubtless the one, since it is wholly monochrome, in blue, the limit of Peale's marching palette. It fell to the heirship of Harriot Washington, Mrs. Parks, from whose descendants it was acquired by the late W. H. Huntington, through Mr. S. P. Avery. The same youthfulness will be observed in the Valley Forge picture of a few months later, reproduced for the first time in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for last December.

WASHINGTON IN 1779. PAINTED BY C. W. PEALE.

From the original portrait, in the possession of Mr. Thomas McKean, Philadelphia. Canvas, 59 by 93 inches. This is the identical picture painted by Peale on resolution of the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania adopted January 18, 1779, while Washington was temporarily in Philadelphia. When completed it was hung in the Council Chamber, in Independence Hall, where on Sunday night, September 9, 1781, vandals broke in and "totally defaced" it. Popular writers, not giving words their exact value, have been pleased to write this picture out of existence, by understanding "DEFACED" to be synonymous with "*destroyed*." Not so. Peale the artist and mechanician understood how to reline and restore the defaced picture, and it remained in the State House, and afterwards in Peale's Museum collection, until the latter was dispersed under the hammer in 1854, when it was purchased for the father of the present owner. There are many replicas of it and of portions of it, Peale himself having made a mezzotinto plate of it in half length. Their history is most interesting, for which see the writer's paper read before the American Historical Association, December 29, 1896, entitled "Defaced, *not* Destroyed."



WASHINGTON IN 1779. AGE 47. C. W. PEALE.

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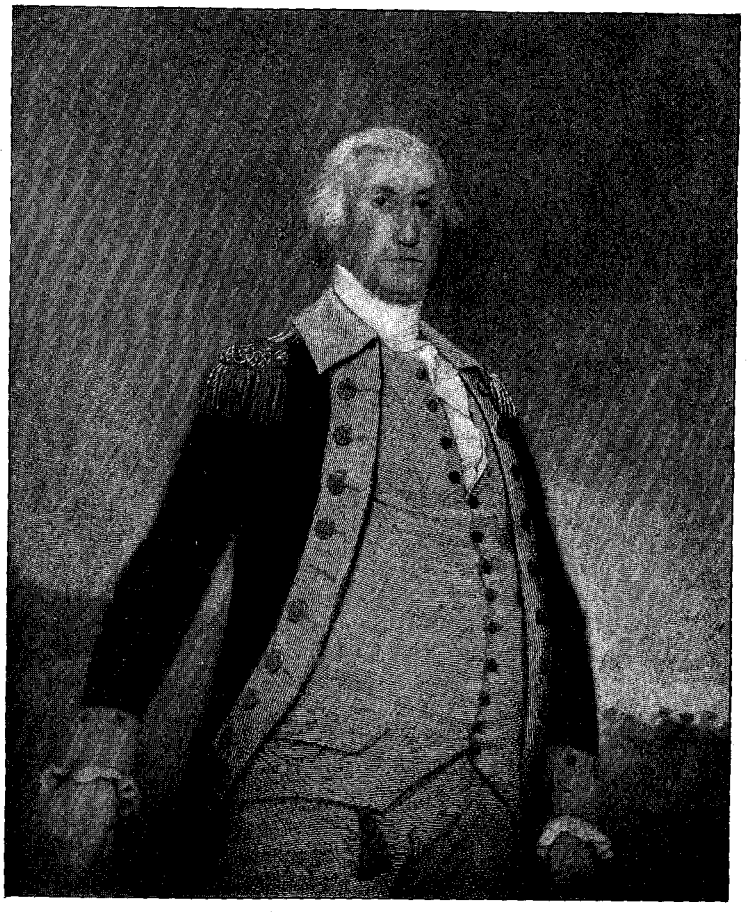
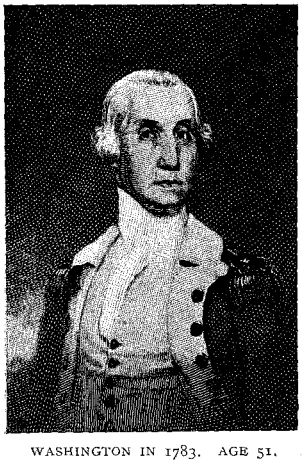


WASHINGTON IN 1784. AGE 52. PAINTED BY JOSEPH WRIGHT.

From the original painting, belonging to the Powel family, Newport, Rhode Island. Canvas, 40 by 48 inches. See note to the next picture.



WASHINGTON IN 1783. AGE 51.
JOSEPH WRIGHT.

WASHINGTON IN 1783. PAINTED BY JOSEPH WRIGHT AT HEADQUARTERS, NEAR PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY.

From the original study in the Pennsylvania Historical Society. Panel, 12 by 14. Joseph Wright was born in Bordentown, New Jersey, July 16, 1756, and died in Philadelphia, of the yellow fever epidemic, in December, 1793. He was the son of Mrs. Patience Lovell Wright, with whose artistic temperament he seems to have been imbued, as he painted in oil and miniature, modelled in wax and clay, etched, and engraved dies for coins and medals. He accompanied his mother to England, receiving instruction from West and Hoppner (the latter married his sister), and was in France before returning to this country late in 1782. He brought from France a letter from Franklin to Washington, which was delivered at headquarters, Rocky Hill, near Princeton, New Jersey, in October, 1783, and resulted in his then painting Washington's portrait, with but little doubt the small crude study reproduced here. It became the property of Francis Hopkinson, and remained in his family until within a few years. This likeness is of marked importance, although strangely unlike any other portrait of Washington, for it has received his emphatic stamp of approval. In July, 1783, the Count de Solms, commandant of the Fortress of Königstein, solicited Washington for his portrait, writing: "Let the best pencil trace your image; let no pains or cost be spared to favor me with the most faithful likeness." To comply with this earnest entreaty, Washington employed Wright to paint the portrait, telling him: "As the Count de Solms proposes to honor it with a place in his collection of military characters, I am persuaded you will not be deficient in point of execution." Washington paid for the picture (£18) and sent it to Königstein, so we may rest assured that it was a "most faithful likeness." Nor is this his only endorsement. He had a second portrait painted by Wright, which he presented to Mrs. Samuel Powel, of Philadelphia. It is the large picture reproduced above, and is signed and dated "J. Wright, 1784." If these portraits are "deficient in point of execution," their historical value is second to none. A replica of the head, with some variations of detail, is in the rooms of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

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WASHINGTON IN 1784. AGE 52.
JOSEPH WRIGHT.

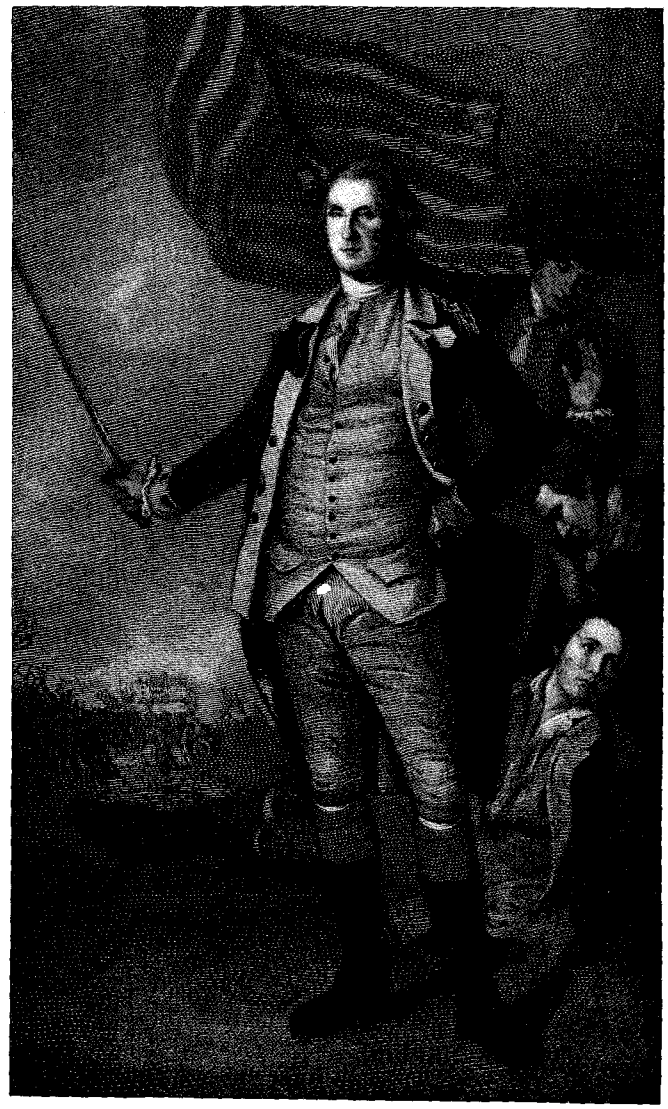
WASHINGTON IN 1784. MODELLED BY JOSEPH WRIGHT.

From the original bas-relief in wax, owned by Mr. Benjamin R. Smith of Philadelphia. Size, 5 by 6 inches. Joseph Wright seems to have quickly gotten into favor with Washington, who, soon after sitting for the portrait reproduced on page 294, submitted to Wright's making a plaster mould of his face. This is said to have been broken irreparably in removing from the skin; but whether this statement is correct or not, Wright made, in the style of his mother's work, the present profile, signed "J. Wright, fecit," and also a bust, for which Congress voted, April 6, 1785, to pay him "233⅓ dollars." Of this bust Washington writes to Patience Wright, in London, June 30, 1785: "If the bust which your son has modelled of me should reach your hands and afford your celebrated genius any employment that can amuse Mrs. Wright, it must be an honor done me." This bust, if it has survived, is not identified; but from it Mrs. Wright made a wax profile. The laureated head on Wright's bas-relief would indicate that he had made it with a view to the resolution of Congress providing for an equestrian statue, "the General to be represented in a Roman dress, holding a truncheon in his right hand and his head encircled with a laurel wreath." A copy of this profile, life-size, reversed, in plaster of Paris, hung in Washington's library at Mount Vernon, and now belongs to General Custis Lee. Washington further showed his esteem for Wright by appointing him the first engraver and die-sinker in the mint, which position he held at the time of his death.

WASHINGTON IN 1784. PAINTED BY C. W. PEALE.

From the original picture, belonging to Princeton University. Canvas, 57 by 94 inches. This is the most dramatic portrait of Washington that we have, and the verge of caricature it has reached shows that Peale was not at home in depicting action. The picture is interesting for its history, as it was painted to replace a portrait of George II. which was shot out of its frame by an American ball during the battle of Princeton. It is a general commemoration of the battle and the death of Mercer, as well as of the Commander-in-chief. The story goes that Washington presented the college with fifty guineas as a contribution to its pressing needs, but the trustees preferred to apply it to having Peale paint his portrait, to fill the frame his cannon-balls had made vacant. The same head and figure, with a change in the position of Washington's arms, are repeated in the picture of Washington, with Lafayette and Tilghman on Yorktown Heights, in the House of Delegates, Annapolis, Maryland. The miniature shown herewith was painted the following year, and is one of the best examples of Peale's work on ivory I have ever seen. It belongs to the Long Island Historical Society, having been received from the estate of Robert Benson, and its ownership is traced from the painter's brother-in-law, Colonel Nathaniel Ramsay. It is reproduced about half its actual size.

1785. AGE 53.



WASHINGTON IN 1784. AGE 52. C. W. PEALE.

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WASHINGTON IN 1785. AGE 53. MODELLED BY HOUDON.

From the original marble, in the State Capitol, Richmond, Virginia. Houdon came to this country to model Washington from life for the statue ordered by the State of Virginia. He arrived at Mount Vernon late on a Sunday night, October 2, 1785, and remained Washington's guest a fortnight, studying his host's pose, action, and physiognomy. While there he made a mould of Washington's face, head, and the upper part of the body, and took accurate measurements of the entire frame. From these he completed the life-size statue within the contract time of three years; but there being no place ready for its reception, it was not delivered until the spring of 1796, when it was placed where it now is. Washington's supreme manhood seems to have paralyzed the power of many of the artists who undertook to delineate him. Even the great Houdon essayed to convey too complete an idea of the man, and thus has overcrowded his statue with symbolism. The cane, the sword, the ploughshare, and the fasces take away from the majesty and simple dignity of the figure, until one might irreverently suppose that the "Father of his Country" required a support on either side, or in boyish awkwardness knew not what to do with his hands. The truthfulness and artistic qualities of the head are beyond criticism, and must be the canon of comparison for all other portraits. As they approach this, or fall away from it, their due relation to the original can be assigned. That it is idealized goes without saying when the craftsman is recalled. But truth has not been sacrificed to imagination; they have been blended and commingled, but not lost in each other. In other words, this portrait is both real and ideal, the perfection of true art. In its present elevated position the delicate and subtle modelling is lost, so that its full value cannot be discerned. Houdon's willingness to cross the ocean to make this statue for £1,000 arose from his eagerness to be employed to make the equestrian statue that had been authorized by Congress, August 7, 1783, and for which he not only prepared himself, but actually made a model, exhibited in the Salon of 1793. If this plaster model could be recovered and reproduced in bronze, we might have one equestrian statue at least to point to with pride as a work of art. Houdon exhibited a marble bust of Washington in the Salon of 1786, which was at Versailles.

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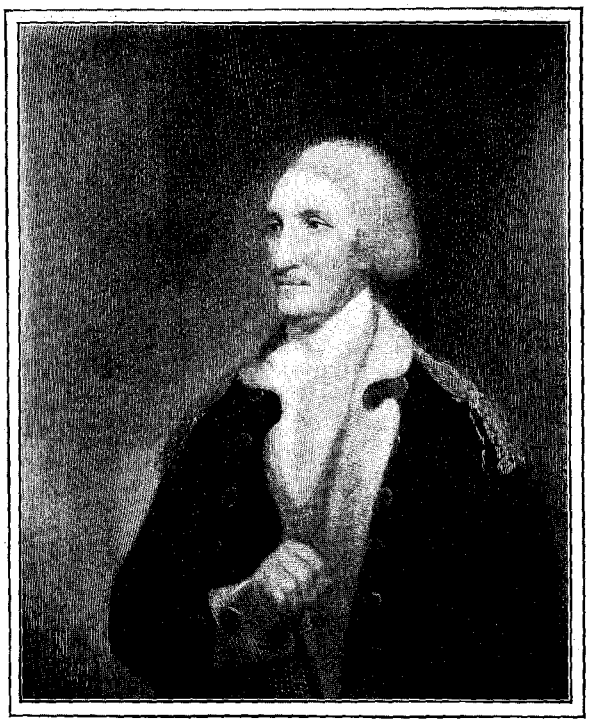
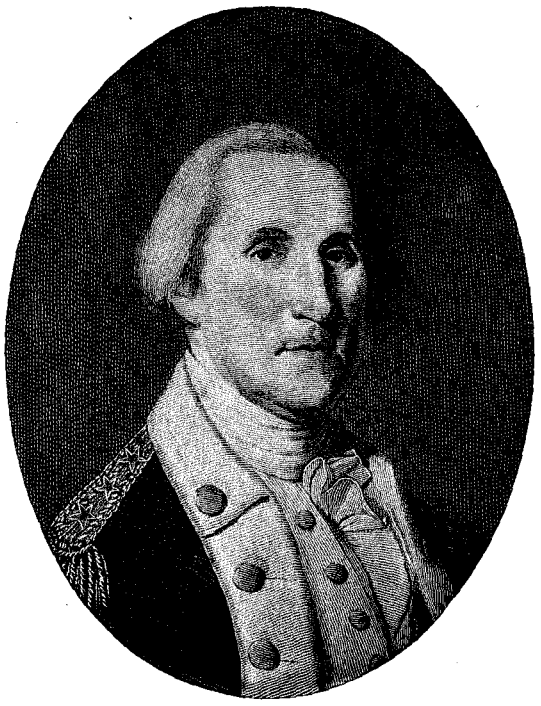
WASHINGTON IN 1785. PAINTED BY PINE.

From the picture in the National Museum, Independence Hall; owned by the city of Philadelphia. Canvas, 28 by 34 inches. Robert Edge Pine was born in London in 1730, and died in Philadelphia November 19, 1788. Imbued with the spirit of "Wilkes and Liberty," he came to America in 1784, with the object of painting a series of pictures representing the principal events of the war, but his sudden death by apoplexy prevented the fulfilment of his design. Washington sat to Pine, at Mount Vernon, in the spring of 1785, and when in Philadelphia, July, 1787, sat again "to Mr. Pine who wanted to correct his portrait of me." The result of these sittings, however, cannot be deemed satisfactory. While the general contour of the face is quite close to Houdon's bust, there is a lack of characterization, which seems to have been a failing in Pine's American portraits. It was regarding the sittings for this picture that Washington wrote his famous "In for a penny, in for a pound" letter. A duplicate of Pine's portrait of Washington is owned by Mr. Grenville Kane, Tuxedo, New York, which was purchased by his grandfather Mr. Henry Brevoort, in Canada, in 1817. Two others, left by Pine at his death, are unaccounted for. The picture reproduced here bears a tablet that it was "presented by Genl. Washington to his godson G.W. Phillips." The statement, however, needs verification.



WASHINGTON IN 1785. AGE 53. R. E. PINE.



WASHINGTON IN 1787. AGE 55. C. W. PEALE.

WASHINGTON IN 1787. PAINTED BY C. W. PEALE.

From the original portrait, in the possession of Mrs. Joseph Harrison, Philadelphia. Canvas, 19 by 24 inches. During the session of the convention to frame a Constitution for the United States, which met in Philadelphia, May to September, 1787, Washington enters in his diary three sittings to Peale, "who wanted my picture to make a print or metzotinto (sic) by." The print from this portrait is among the rarities of early American engravings, and the painting was reserved by Peale for his own gallery, whence it was sold in 1854 and purchased for Mr. Harrison. From it Charles Peale Polk, a nephew and close imitator of his uncle, made many copies, generally extending it to half length, but oftentimes making the simple bust. Many of these copies were carried to Europe on speculation, where they were bought with avidity, and to-day come back to this side of the ocean as original portraits presented by Washington himself to the officer ancestor of the present owner. So much for the value of tradition, that baseless fabric of a dream. The pictures attributed to James Peale, in Independence Hall and the Lenox Gallery, are from this head.

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WASHINGTON IN 1788. AGE 56. JAMES PEALE.

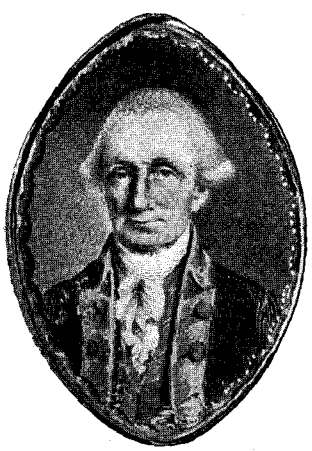
WASHINGTON IN 1788. PAINTED BY JAMES PEALE.

From the original miniature on ivory, in the Pennsylvania Historical Society; owned by the Artillery Corps, Washington Grays. Reproduced here in its actual size. James Peale was born in Annapolis, Maryland, 1749, and died in Philadelphia, May 24, 1831. He was the youngest brother of Charles Willson Peale, from whom he received instruction in painting. He devoted himself almost exclusively to painting miniatures, in which field he became highly distinguished and showed himself possessed of much higher artistic qualities than his more famous brother. He served in the Continental line during the Revolution, and was an original member of the Society of the Cincinnati. The miniature reproduced, signed with his initials and dated, as was his wont, he retained during life. It was purchased from his representatives by the Washington Grays, and served until the company's disbandment as its target-shooting prize. It is exquisitely beautiful as a picture, rather too poetical in its expression for Washington, yet in contour not unlike the Houdon bust, which vouches its general accuracy.

WASHINGTON IN 1789. AGE 57. DE BREHAN.

WASHINGTON IN 1789. PAINTED BY THE MARCHIONESS DE BREHAN.

From the original medallion, in the possession of Mrs. Kate Upsher Moorhead, Washington, District of Columbia. Reproduced here in nearly its actual size. Madame de Brehan was the sister of the Count de Moustier, who succeeded the Chevalier de la Luzerne as minister from France to this country. She was an eccentric and accomplished woman, and painted *en camaïeu* in monochrome several portraits of Washington, one showing the head accolated with the head of Lafayette. She made repeated visits to Mount Vernon, and on one occasion Washington enters in his diary: "October 3, 1789. About two o'clock sat for Madame de Brehan to complete a profile miniature of me which she had begun from memory and which she had made exceedingly like the original." She returned to France a year later, where the medallion was engraved by A. F. Sergent. Several proofs of the engraving she sent to Washington, and he gave them to his lady friends. One, presented to Mrs. Robert Morris, with the autograph inscription, "The President's compliments accompany the enclosed to Mrs. Morris," was given, by her granddaughter, to General McClellan, after the battle of Antietam. The picture reproduced was inherited in a direct line from Mrs. Washington by her great-great-great-granddaughter, the present owner.



WASHINGTON IN 1789. AGE 57. JOHN RAMAGE.

WASHINGTON IN 1789. PAINTED BY JOHN RAMAGE.

From the original miniature on ivory, in the possession of Mrs. Moses S. Beach, Peekskill, New York. Reproduced here in its actual size. John Ramage was an Irishman, who emigrated to Boston, became lieutenant of the Royal Irish Volunteers, organized in 1775 for the defence of the town during the siege, and the next year embarked for Halifax with the British army. He subsequently went to New York, and was commissioned by General Patterson, February 2, 1780, lieutenant of Company 7, City Militia. He remained after the British evacuation and became the fashionable miniature painter of his day, in New York, painting all the belles and beaux of the period in a charming manner and setting them himself with much taste. He became involved in debt, and to escape prison fled to Montreal in 1794, where he died about 1803, poor and friendless. Washington sat to him October 3, 1789, and the miniature here reproduced was purchased in 1884 from the daughter of the man in whose house Ramage died, and to whom the artist had given it on his death-bed. Another miniature, claimed to be by Ramage, is owned in Maryland.

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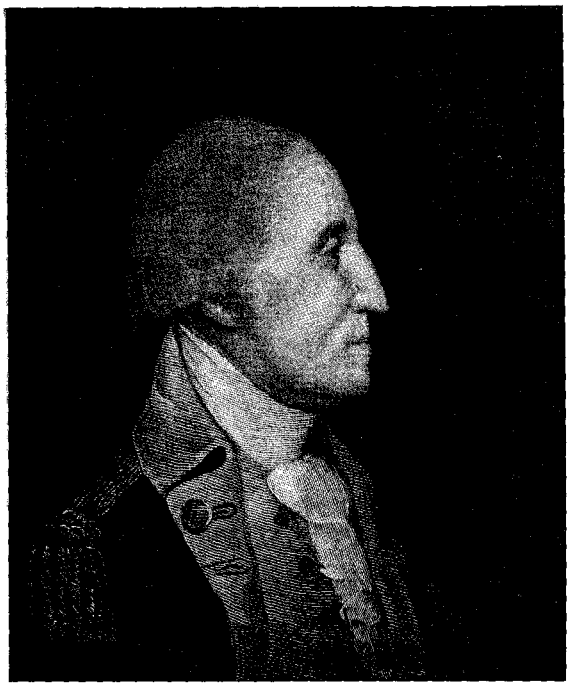


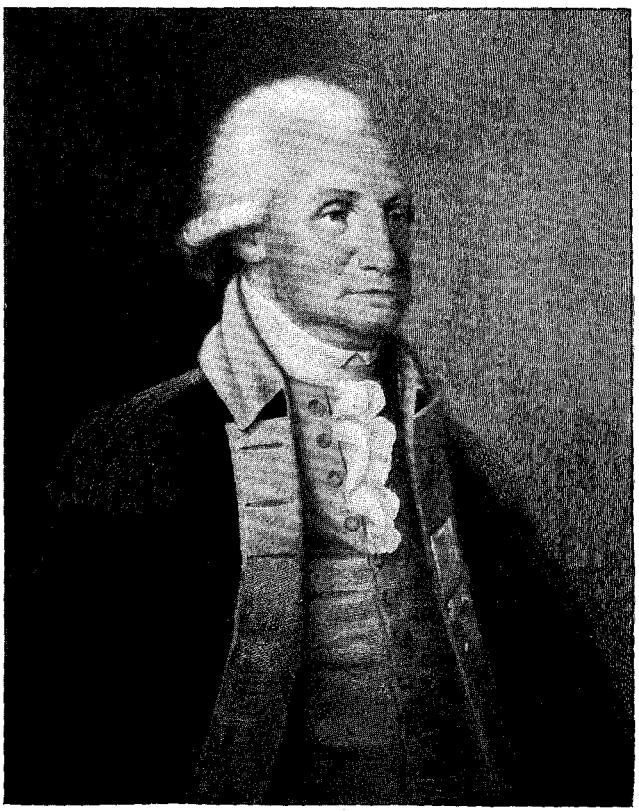
WASHINGTON IN 1790. AGE 58. JOSEPH WRIGHT.

WASHINGTON IN 1790. PAINTED BY JOSEPH WRIGHT.

From the original portrait, in the United States National Museum, Washington, District of Columbia ; owned by Mr. G. L. McKean, Chicago, Illinois. Canvas, 17 by 21 inches. In 1790 Joseph Wright painted a portrait of Washington and etched a small profile, which is the same as the portrait reproduced except that the body in the etching is also in profile. Washington's profile is very attractive, and the simplicity and directness of this one have a charm of reality which is its highest recommendation, while the etched profile from its first publication was universally accepted for its correctness of line and expression.

WASHINGTON IN 1790. PAINTED BY EDWARD SAVAGE.

From the original portrait, owned by Harvard University. Canvas, 25 by 30 inches. Edward Savage was born in Princeton, Massachusetts, November 26, 1761, and died there July 6, 1817. Originally a goldsmith, he turned his attention to portrait painting and engraving, and produced some very creditable work in both departments, although his paintings are of very unequal merit. The portrait for Harvard was begun in New York December 21, 1789, and finished January 6, 1790, as we learn from Washington's diary. The venerated Josiah Quincy pronounced it "the best likeness he had ever seen of Washington," and there certainly is a striking life-likeness about it, especially in Savage's own fine large mezzotinto plate, for which he first painted a panel, the same size, adapting Wright's figure and composition to his Harvard College head. This panel, signed, and dated "1793," belongs to his grandson, and is on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum, New York. Savage subsequently painted another portrait of Washington (25 by 30 inches), which he used in his well-known print of "The Washington Family." It is owned by Mr. Luther Kountze, of Morristown, New Jersey, but cannot be obtained for reproduction. The large canvas of "The Washington Family" is owned by Mr. William F. Havemeyer, of New York.



WASHINGTON IN 1790. AGE 58. EDWARD SAVAGE.

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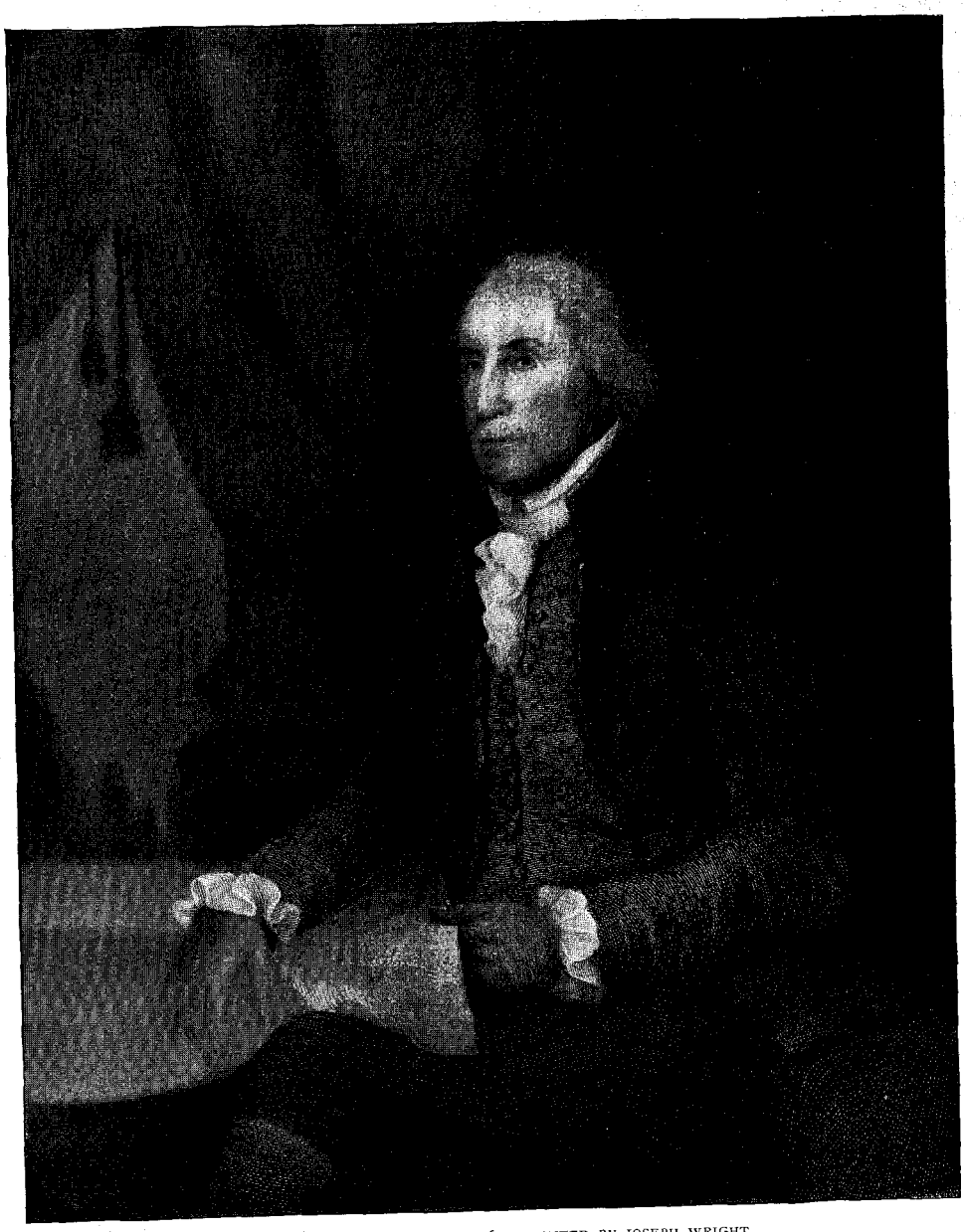

WASHINGTON ABOUT 1792. AGE 60. PAINTED BY JOSEPH WRIGHT.

From the original portrait, belonging to Mr. Clarence Winthrop Bowen, New York, Canvas, 40 by 50 inches. When and where this picture was painted is not known; but it was exhibited in the New York Museum prior to 1798, and must have been painted after 1789, since the plan of the new city of Washington appears in it. It is simple in treatment, as are all of Wright's portraits, and is exceedingly interesting, with every indication of originality. Its composition was used by Edward Savage in the well-known large mezzotinto plate of Washington which he published in London June 25, 1793.

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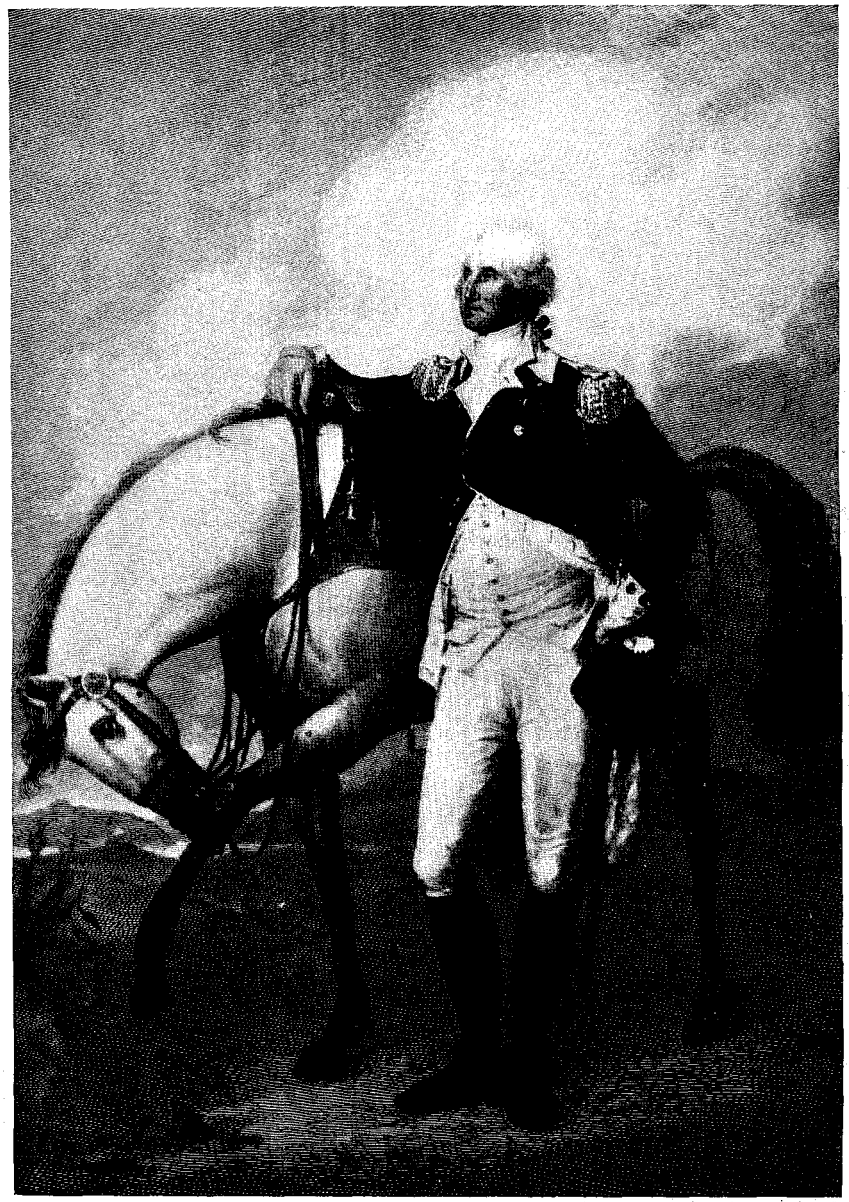

WASHINGTON IN 1790. AGE 58. PAINTED BY JOHN TRUMBULL.

From the original picture, belonging to the Rogers estate, Baltimore, Maryland. Canvas, 20 by 30 inches. John Trumbull was born in Lebanon, Connecticut, June 6, 1756, and died in New York November 10, 1843. When a mere lad he joined the army at Cambridge, and owing to the ability he showed as a topographical draughtsman was attached to Washington's staff. He left the service in February, 1777, owing to some dissatisfaction regarding rank, and three years later went to London to study under West. Upon the execution of Major André he was arrested and thrown into prison, and only released, to leave the country, upon the suretyship of Copley and West. He returned to West's studio towards the close of 1782, where he remained seven years. He came back home, and in February and July, 1790, had a number of sittings from Washington. On Tuesday, July 8, Washington writes in his diary: "Sat from 9 o'clock till after 10 for Mr. Jno. Trumbull, who was drawing a portrait of me at full length which he intends to present to Mrs. Washington." This is the picture reproduced. Mrs. Washington by her will left it to her granddaughter Eliza Parke Law, who bequeathed it to her grandson, the late General Edmund Law Rogers, of Baltimore. The head in this picture is exceedingly fine, equal to the very best of Trumbull's small cabinet heads in the collection he gave to Yale College. From this perfect and complete study Trumbull painted the large canvas, 72 by 108, for the city of New York, which, with the portrait of Governor George Clinton, also painted for the city, he materially altered in 1804.

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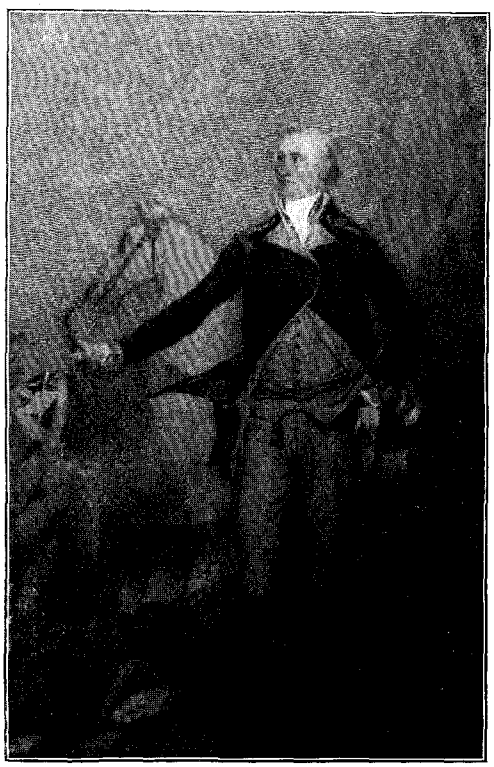
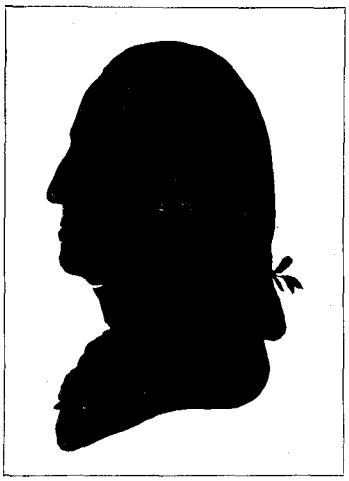


WASHINGTON IN 1792. AGE 60. TRUMBULL.

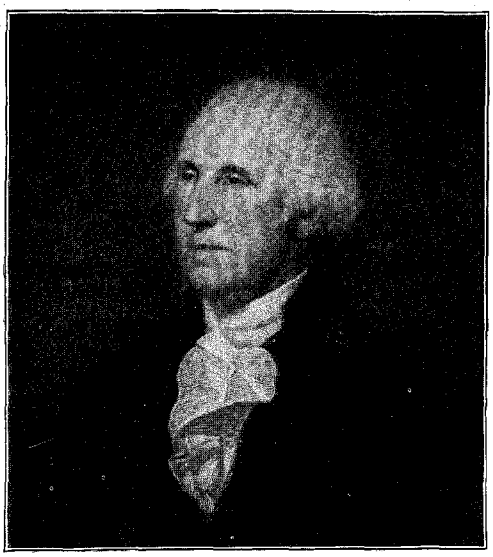
WASHINGTON IN 1792. PAINTED BY TRUMBULL.

From the original picture, in the Trumbull Gallery, School of Fine Arts, New Haven. This picture, which has been termed the best military portrait of Washington, was painted for Charleston, South Carolina, but that city not being satisfied with it, it remained in the painter's hands and went with his other pictures to the gallery he founded as a monument to himself. Owing to its size and position on the wall, it cannot be adequately photographed for reproduction. In 1793 Trumbull painted a bust portrait of Washington, and the following year one of his favorite cabinet size; but neither is satisfactory. The first is at New Haven, and the other in the United States National Museum, Washington, District of Columbia. Perhaps few painters were more unequal in their work than the old patrician, Colonel Trumbull.



AN UNPUBLISHED PROFILE OF WASHINGTON, 1794. AGE 62.

From the original silhouette cut at Peale's Museum, 1794, in the possession of Mr. Edward S. Miles, Philadelphia. Reproduced here half its actual size. This interesting profile, never before published, was cut out of white paper by an instrument that gave an exact outline, and was presented by Washington to Alice Poultney, wife of James Todd, whose brother John Todd married Dorothea Payn, afterwards the wife of President Madison. From Mrs. Todd, who was at the Museum with Washington when the profile was cut, it has descended to her great-grandson, the present owner, who has heard from her own lips the story of her intimacy with President and Mrs. Washington. Mrs. Todd died in Philadelphia February 26, 1867, in her one hundredth year, possessed of all her faculties.



WASHINGTON IN 1795. AGE 63. C. W. PEALE.

WASHINGTON IN 1795. PAINTED BY C. W. PEALE.

From the original portrait, in the Bryan Collection, New York Historical Society. Canvas, 24 by 30 inches. This is the last portrait of Washington painted by Peale from life, and the sittings for it were given in the artist's quarters, on the second floor of the Hall of the American Philosophical Society, Philadelphia. It was on this occasion that his sons Raphaelle and Rembrandt essayed a delineation of the historic features, and his brother James painted the water-color profile reproduced on page 305. If the Houdon bust is what we regard it to be, then this portrait must be an accurate likeness. It certainly so appeals to the observer, and the artist valued it too much to part with it. Mr. Bryan secured it at the final sale of the museum collection. Peale painted several replicas of it, and Rembrandt Peale frequently copied it.

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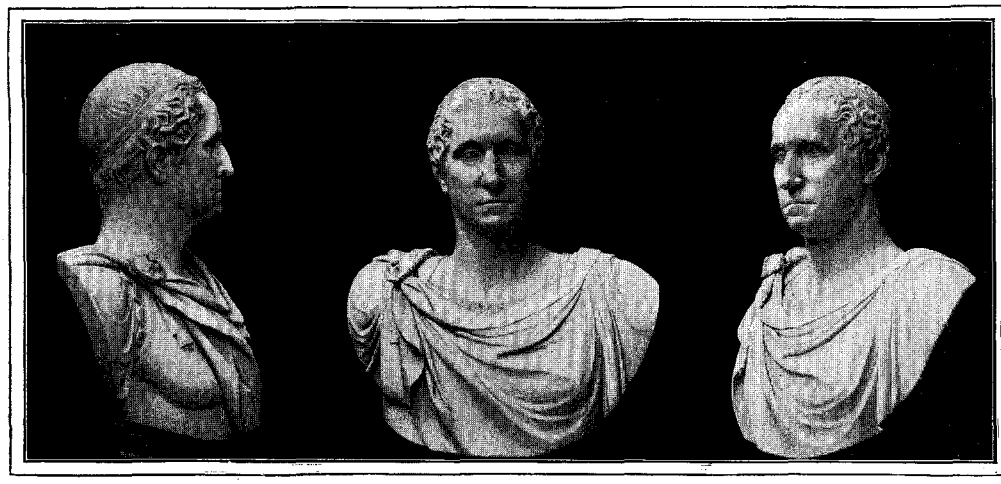
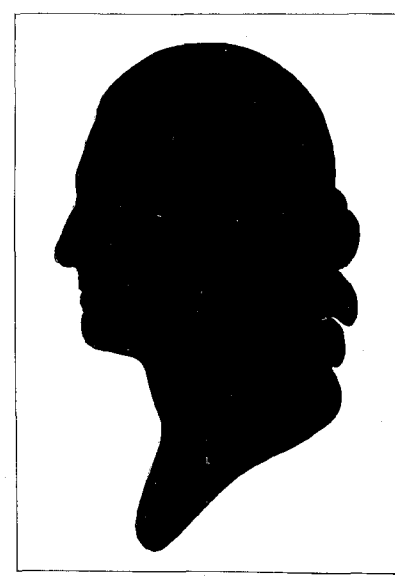


WASHINGTON AS MODELLED BY CERACCHI, 1791–95. AGE ABOUT 60.

From the original marble, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art; owned by the estate of Gouverneur Kemble; photographed by Charles Truscott, of Philadelphia. Giuseppe Ceracchi came to America in 1791 with an elaborate scheme for the erection of a monument to the American Revolution. Madison wrote: "He was an enthusiastic worshipper of Liberty and Fame; and his whole soul was bent on securing the latter by rearing a monument to the former, which he considered as personified in the American Republic." The monument was to be embellished with statues of the chief actors in the Revolution, and he invited several of them to sit to him, among others Washington, who took a lively interest in the project. Ceracchi went back to Europe to formulate his plans, and returned to America in the fall of 1793, bringing with him an elaborate model, anticipating, with southern ardor, that all he would have to do was to proceed with the work. In this he was of course mistaken, and he complained bitterly to Washington of the failure of his plans, which induced Washington to sign a recommendatory circular letter, asking for private subscriptions to carry on the work and naming the members of his cabinet as trustees of the fund, all of whom, save Hamilton, also put signatures to the letter. Even this failed, and Ceracchi, disgruntled, shook the dust of freedom from his feet, after demanding payment for the busts he had asked as a favor to make. Washington, who had sat to him in 1791–92, sat again at his request for some alterations in the bust, which, after these were made, was cut in marble and signed, "Ceracchi faciebat Philadelphiæ, 1795." Washington demurred to the unjust demand for payment, and the bust was purchased by the Spanish minister, who sent it to his home government, where, unwelcome, it was sold to the American agent, Richard W. Meade, father of General Meade, who brought it back to Philadelphia. At the sale of the important Meade collection of works of art, in 1847, it was bought by Mr. Kemble, of Coldspring, New York. Ceracchi was a well-equipped and thoroughly accomplished statuary, but his bust of Washington partakes, perhaps, too much of the character of "the old Roman." The expression of the mouth, however, has been highly commended for its faithfulness.

WASHINGTON IN 1795. AN UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT, DRAWN BY VALLÉE.

From the original drawing in India ink, in possession of the writer. Reproduced here in nearly its actual size. Jean François Vallée came to this country with the intention of starting cotton mills near Alexandria, Virginia, relative to which he had corresponded with Washington, Jefferson, and others. His enterprise was not a success, and he removed to Philadelphia, where for several years he maintained a *pension*, but subsequently went South and settled in New Orleans. He was of an artistic turn, as were many of the French *emigrés*, and after the battle of New Orleans painted a miniature of General Jackson, which the latter presented to Edward Livingston. The above profile, now for the first time published, is signed "J. F. Vallée, 1795."



WASHINGTON IN 1795. AGE 63. AN UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT, BY VALLÉE.

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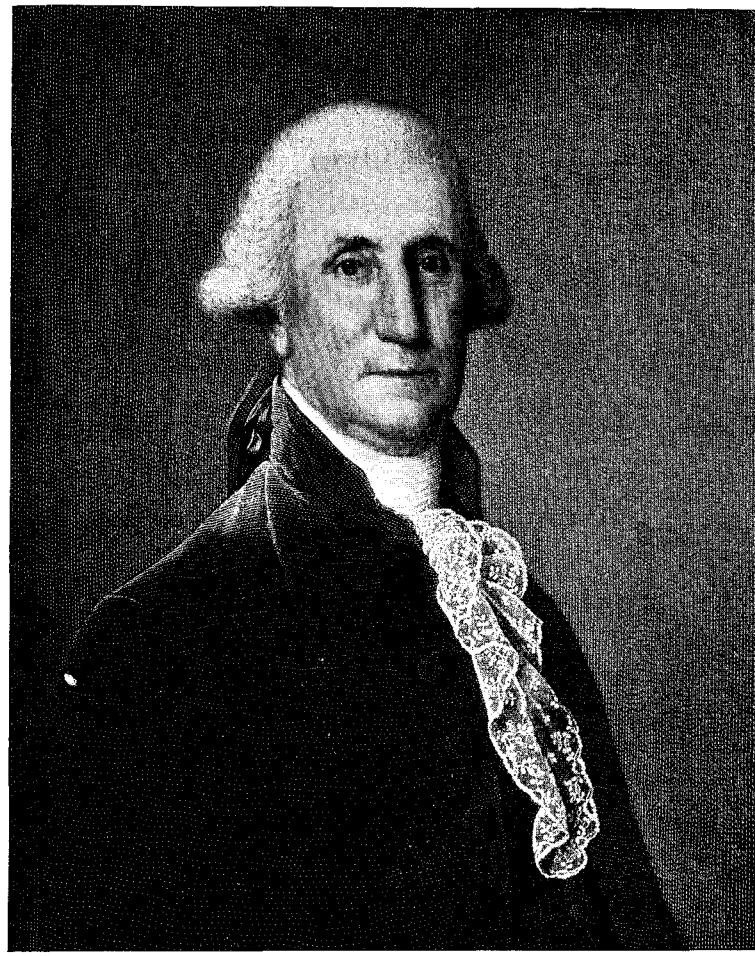

WASHINGTON IN 1794. AGE 62. PAINTED BY WERTMÜLLER.

From the original portrait, belonging to Mr. John Wagner, Philadelphia. Canvas, 21 by 25 inches. Adolph Ulric Wertmüller was born in Stockholm, Sweden, February 18, 1751, and died near Wilmington, Delaware, October 5, 1811, and is buried in the old Swedes' churchyard, Philadelphia. When twenty-one he left Stockholm for Paris, to put himself under his cousin Roslin, one of the chief portrait painters of the French capital, and subsequently received instruction from Vien. He was admitted a member of the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture July 30, 1784, upon the presentation of portraits of Bachelier and Caffiere, having the year previous been brevetted First Painter of the King of Sweden. Upon this appointment he painted for Gustavus III. "Ariadne" and "Marie Antoinette with her Two Children in the Garden of the Little Trianon," both now in the National Museum, Stockholm. In 1787 he painted his famous picture of "Danaë Receiving Jupiter in a Shower of Gold," which, both for conception and purity of execution, entitles him to a commanding place among the painters of his time. Driven from France by the exigencies of the Revolution, he sought a home in America, reaching Philadelphia May 13, 1794. Here, in August, Washington sat to him "dans la maison du Congreés ou le Senat s'assemble," and November 8 he makes record: "Fini le portrait du General Washington, prem. President du Congreés, un habit de velour noir, buste quaré toile de 15. *Ce port. est pour moi.*" These two entries in the artist's autograph, now first published, are of the first importance, as the originality of Wertmüller's portrait of Washington has been directly questioned. He was called to Sweden in 1796 by the death of his agent; but he left his precious portrait of Washington in the care of the lady destined to become his wife, having made replicas of it for Messrs. Greenleaf, Casenove, and Robert Morris. He returned to America in November, 1800, and on January 8 following, married a granddaughter of Herr Gustavus Hesselius, one of the early Swedish settlers, who was an artist and also the first organ-builder in the colonies. Wertmüller purchased land at Namans Creek, in the State of Delaware, and devoted more attention to the farm than to the easel, although he died from the noxious effects of paint upon his system. His original portrait of Washington, scrupulously preserved, was, after the death of his widow, three months later, sold at auction in Philadelphia, with his other pictures, for $50. It is certainly the portrait of a dignified gentleman, and while it may be slightly tinctured with a foreign air, commends itself as a good likeness. It is carefully signed "A. Wertmüller S. Pt. Philadelphia 1794." This note is prepared from the painter's manuscripts, never before used for publication, and now for the first time are given in print accurate and exact data of his life and chief works.

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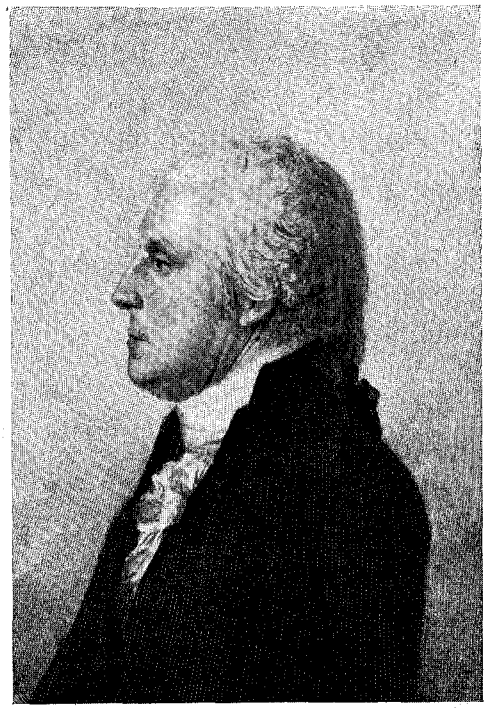
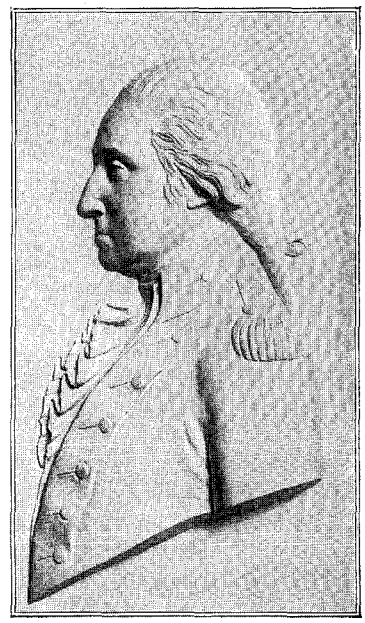


WASHINGTON IN 1795. AGE 63. PAINTED BY JAMES PEALE.

From the original water-color drawing upon paper, $4\frac{3}{8}$ by $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches, in the possession of the writer. While his brother Charles Willson and Charles Willson's sons Raphaelle and Rembrandt were painting Washington in the old Philosophical Society's hall, James Peale painted this miniature, which remained in the possession of the artist and his family until it came to the writer. For placid dignity and serene repose no portrait of Washington surpasses it. There are two oil portraits of Washington attributed to James Peale with some show of reason. But if they are from his easel (and he did paint in oil), they are not from life, but are copies of his brother's portrait of 1787, with accessories. One is in the Lenox Gallery, New York, and the other in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

WASHINGTON IN 1798. CARVED BY GEORGE MILLER.

From the original bas-relief in gypsum, in the possession of the writer. Size, $4\frac{1}{2}$ by $6\frac{1}{8}$ inches. George Miller was a potter, stonecutter, and modeller, an academician of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, a fellow of the first Society of Artists, and an associate of the Columbian Society of Arts, of which Jefferson was first president; so that his position in the art world was fully recognized by his contemporaries. He was doubtless a German, as his name is found early spelled Müller. He contributed to the Academy exhibition of 1813 portraits of Albert Gallatin and Mrs. Madison, "modelled in colours," and of Bishop White and other persons of consideration to the exhibitions of the two succeeding years. He died in 1819, and in the catalogue for 1821 is entered "likeness of the late Talbot Hamilton, finely modelled in wax by the late George Miller." The bas-relief of Washington is not cast, but carved in low relief, and was the property of the celebrated William Bingham, who left this country in 1800 and died at Bath, England, in 1804. It was purchased at the sale of his effects in 1807, and remained for eighty-five years in the possession of the purchaser and his son. As the earliest notice we have of Miller in Philadelphia is in 1798, this bas-relief must have been made when Washington was last in that city, between November 10 and December 14, 1798.



WASHINGTON IN 1798. AGE 66. GEORGE MILLER.

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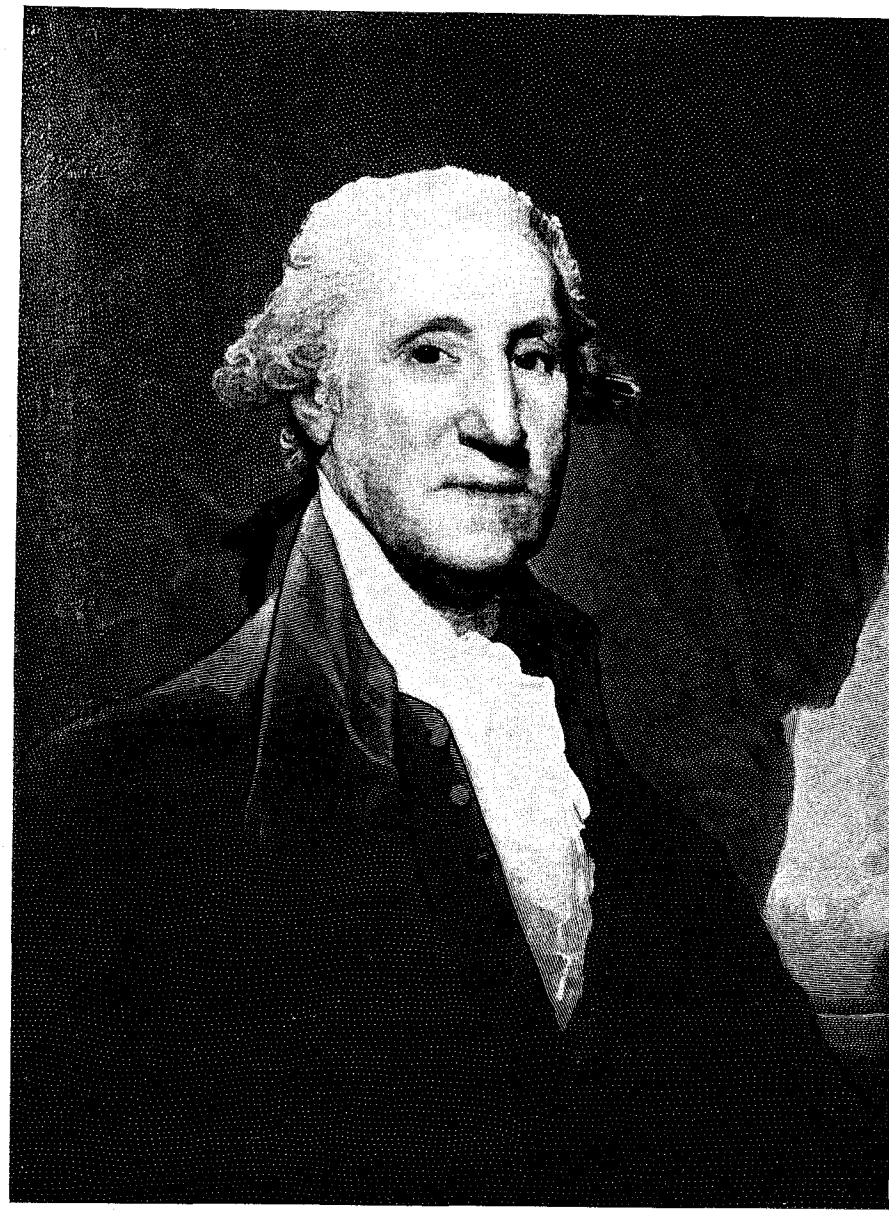

WASHINGTON IN 1795. AGE 63. PAINTED BY STUART.

From the original portrait, in the possession of the writer. Canvas, 24 by 30 inches. Gilbert Stuart was born at Narragansett, Rhode Island, December 3, 1755, and died at Boston July 27, 1828. He is easily first of American artists, and the peer of any portrait painter that has ever lived. Thus he is entitled to take his place with the great masters of all time. The portrait here reproduced is the first painted of Washington by Stuart, and shows the right side of the face. It is a superb example of Stuart's art, and his great reputation could safely be left to it. Until recently it was an unknown type to the general public, but it is gradually coming to the front, its proper place, and being accepted as a more correct and real portrait of Washington than the familiar Athenæum head. A duplicate of this portrait is owned by Mrs. Joseph Harrison of Philadelphia, and these two are the only ones by Stuart of this type known. The beautiful Gibbs portrait, belonging to Mr. S. P. Avery of New York, shows the same side of the face, but otherwise is different.

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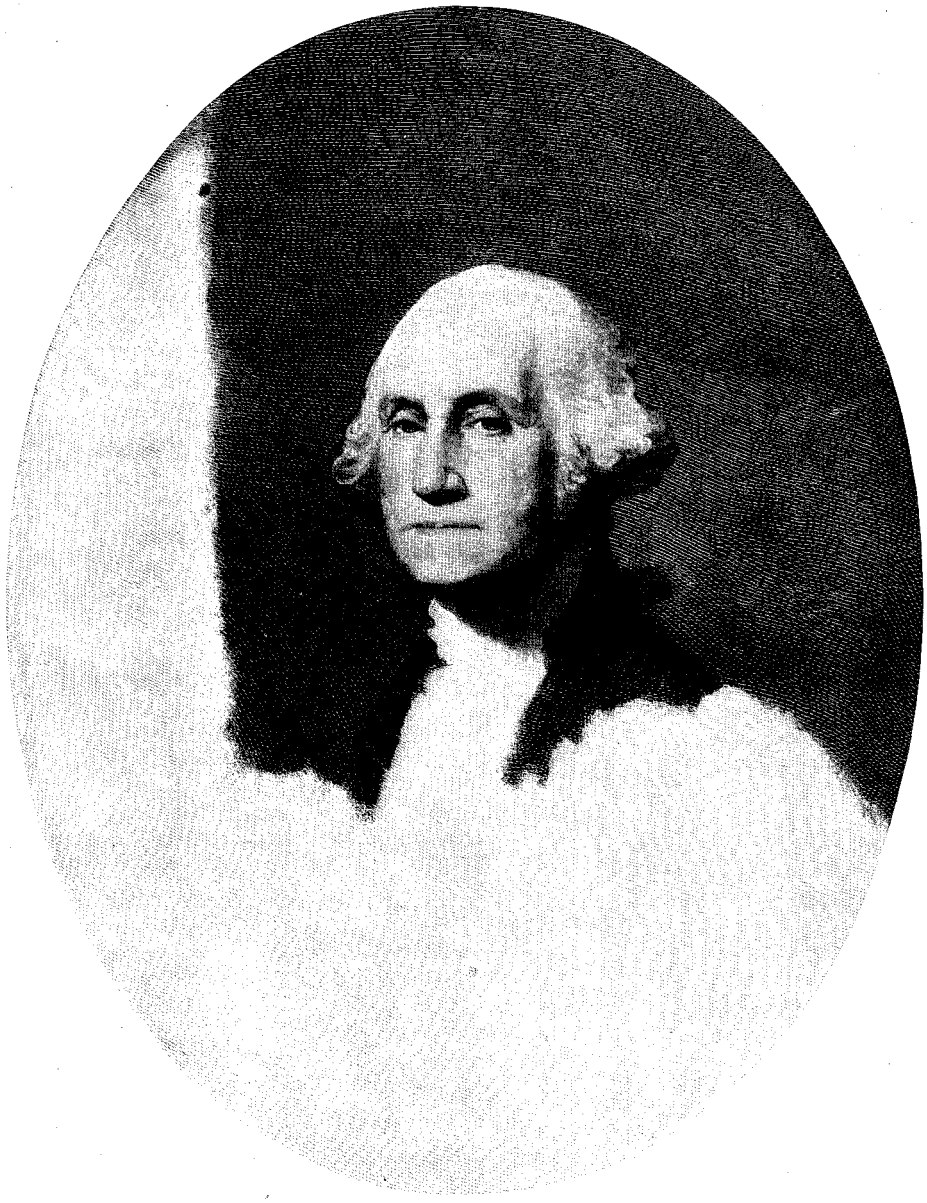

WASHINGTON IN 1796. AGE 64. PAINTED BY STUART.

From the original, in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts; owned by the Athenæum. This world-famed portrait may properly be termed "The Household Washington," for doubtless there are many in this broad land who know Washington's countenance only through its medium. It was the painter's favorite, and he retained it, unfinished, through life, making from it a vast number of completed copies, a few good, some fair, and many very indifferent, but all showing unmistakable evidence of Stuart's hand. It has been engraved more than three hundred times, and has served as a study for almost every tyro of the brush on this side of the ocean during the present century, so that the country is flooded with Stuart's Washingtons, each, in the estimation of its owner, being "the original from life." During the last few months the writer has had nearly a score of them submitted for his opinion; but all, save one, were copies. Between the limning of his first head of Washington and the present one, Stuart painted the whole-length Washington known as the Lansdowne picture, from the supposition that the original had belonged to the Marquis of Lansdowne. The supposition was mistaken, however. The original canvas, painted from life, signed and dated by Stuart, is in the Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia. There is not sufficient difference between the head in that picture and the Athenæum head to warrant its reproduction. "Stuart's Washington," as the Athenæum portrait is called, measured by the Houdon bust and other accepted likenesses, is certainly less like the original than the portrait of 1795, reproduced on the opposite page. This was Mrs. Washington's verdict, who did not consider the Athenæum portrait a "true resemblance."

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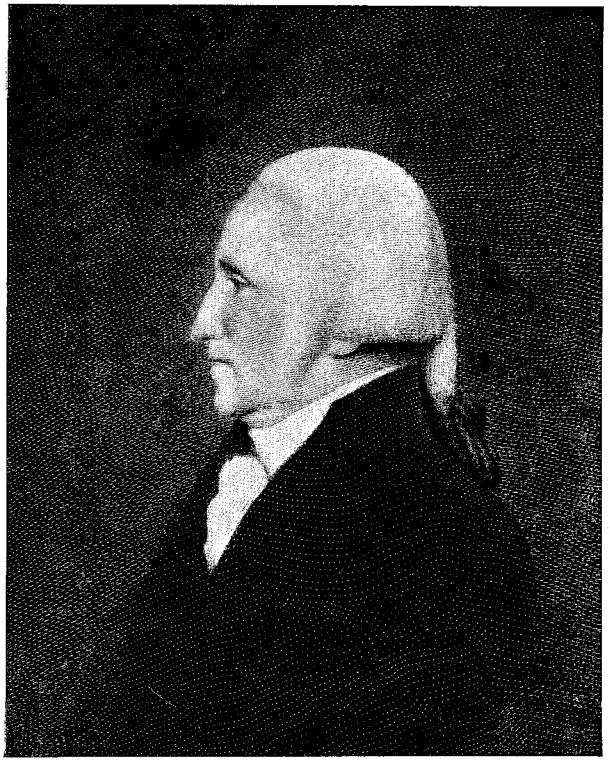

WASHINGTON IN 1796. AGE 64. JAMES SHARPLES.

WASHINGTON IN 1796. DRAWN IN PASTEL BY JAMES SHARPLES.

From the original, in the National Museum, Independence Hall, Philadelphia. Size, 8 by 10 inches. James Sharples was born in England in 1761, and died in New York, February 26, 1811. He came to this country in 1794, and made pastel portraits, chiefly in profile, of many prominent people. He was of a mechanical mind and constructed a travelling carriage, in which he journeyed about the country drawing portraits at fifteen dollars for profile and twenty dollars for full face. He used a thick gray paper, softly grained and of woolly texture. His colored crayons, which he manufactured himself, were kept finely powdered in small glass cups, and he applied them with a camel's-hair pencil. He worked with great rapidity, completing a portrait in two hours. The originals he generally retained, in order to duplicate them if required, and this personal collection was pledged by him, or his son Felix, to General Winder, of Virginia, for a debt, and was never redeemed. In 1876 such fragments of it as had been saved from the ravages of time and war were brought to Philadelphia, and forty of the identified portraits were purchased for the city, including the original of Washington, which was drawn from life in 1796. A comparison of this one with the many duplicates that exist will show its superiority. G. W. Parke Custis said that it had an "uncommon truthfulness of expression." Sharples's wife copied it extensively in miniature, his son in crayon, and his daughter in needle-work. The artist's name is commonly spelled incorrectly Sharpless.

THE LAST PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON FROM LIFE. DRAWN BY ST. MEMIN IN 1798.

From the original crayon when in the possession of the late J. Carson Brevoort of Brooklyn, New York. Charles Balthazer Julien Fevret de Saint Memin was born at Dijon, France, March 13, 1770, and died there, Director of the Museum, June 23, 1852. He came to this country in 1793, and exercised his mechanical and artistic knowledge in the construction of a physionotrace and pantograph, by which contrivances he could take a mathematically accurate outline of the head on paper and reduce it to any size on copper, the original being cleverly finished in crayon and the latter in mezzotinto. He followed in this work Chrétien and Queneday in France, and became so skilful at it that his portraits are replete with animation and character. In November, 1798, Washington was summoned to Philadelphia to take command of the army on the threatened war with France, and St. Memin made good the opportunity to secure the last portrait of Washington taken from life. It is of especial interest for this reason and also because it is absolutely correct. St. Memin did not engrave this the usual size of his plates, two inches in diameter; but upon Washington's decease reduced it to half an inch in width by a little more in height, and used the prints for insertion in mourning rings. The present location of this drawing is not known, which is the more to be regretted as the public have a *quasi* ownership in historical works of such importance.

THE LAST PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON FROM LIFE, 1798. AGE 66. ST. MEMIN.

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# THE MAKERS OF THE UNION

## GEORGE WASHINGTON.

By W. P. Trent.

THERE are two widely dissimilar views of Washington that have been held of recent years in this country. One represents him as a rather commonplace man made prominent by force of circumstances; the other ranks him among the few supremely great characters of the world's history. It is safe to say that the latter view is the one now held by a majority of the serious students of his career; but it is equally safe to affirm that the view which degrades him from his lofty eminence is shared by a large number of persons of average culture and intelligence. To the generality of people and to the scholar Washington is still our greatest hero; but to the numerous class lying between these two extremes his fame is, unfortunately, too often matter either of conventional acquiescence or of ungenerous cavil. If this latter proposition were not true, the mention of his name would elicit greater enthusiasm, and fewer sneers or silly jokes. But Frenchmen do not sneer at Napoleon, and Italians do not joke about Garibaldi; how is it, then, that Americans fail to revere their own national hero, who in the eyes of competent judges is inferior to no character in the range of history? There are perhaps two causes for this strange phenomenon. Many of us do not really understand how truly great Washington is, because silly biographies, like that of Weems, and pompous eulogies have obscured the actual man from our gaze and led to a natural reaction against him. Again, our Anglo-Saxon propensity to drag illustrious men down to the level of mediocrity and to worship the average, has caused many of us unconsciously to derogate from Washington's richly earned fame, and to seek to class him with the other public men of more or less ability whom we have produced in great numbers. With regard to this unworthy propensity, we may at least plead in extenuation the difficulty mankind has always labored under of recognizing and properly appreciating what may be called the genius of balance. A perfect equipoise of powers which taken separately would not be supreme, appears to be the characteristic mark of this rare variety of genius, which, among men of action, is illustrated in Alfred the Great, and among men of letters, in Sophocles. It is to this class that Washington belongs—to the class of men whose balance of faculties is so serenely perfect as to constitute genius of perhaps the highest order. If such be the case, it is no wonder that many of us who understand by genius only the exceptional faculty or faculties, and not the exceptional balance of faculties, should be misled into underrating Washington, and should fatuously apply the epithets "commonplace" and "goody-goody" to the noble hero who headed and carried to success a tremendous revolution, and laid broad and deep the foundations of an empire. But that we may judge more clearly in this important matter, let us briefly review the story of his life—a story which has been told and retold for a century, but which will nevertheless be told and told again as long as the world endures.

George Washington was born of good English stock in Westmoreland County, Virginia, February 22, 1732. His father died early, but his mother, Mary Ball, gave him an admirable training, which was continued later by his elder half-brother Augustine. Of actual schooling he got little, save such as sufficed to make him a practical surveyor. He spelt badly, but did



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accounts well; he wrote poor verses, but was careful to copy out fifty odd "rules of behaviour;" he had as little of the true literary afflatus as any youth of genius could well have, but he tamed the wildest horses and dominated the most unruly of his schoolmates. In short, he was a young Virginian Cyrus, riding well, shooting well, and telling the truth, which was far better than being a young Virginian Milton, not mute, yet likely to be inglorious. But if it was fortunate for his country that he escaped becoming an epic poet of the Barlow variety, it was equally fortunate that he gave up the idea of entering the English service as a midshipman on account of a dutiful regard for his mother's wishes. Washington as a profane old sea dog in the service of George the Third is not a picture which one can contemplate with equanimity.

One can contemplate with pleasure, however, the picture he presents as a sixteen-year-old explorer, surveying the lands of Lord Fairfax amid the wild passes of the Alleghanies. The youth who so bravely fronted all "moving accidents by flood and field," who gained a reputation for sobriety and prudence both with the savage tribes he was forced to encounter and the official circles of Williamsburg, was doing precisely the work best fitted to prepare him for the higher labors of his manhood. He rose rapidly, and in three years was made adjutant-general of militia in one of the border districts. But he was soon called away to accompany his invalid brother Lawrence on a voyage to the West Indies. This was destined to be his only experience of foreign travel; but, like Shakespeare, he was by nature little capable of being tainted by provincialism. Returning to Virginia, he found his military charge renewed, and was given speedy opportunity for active service. He was despatched by Governor Dinwiddie in the fall of 1753 on a mission to the French invaders of the Ohio region—a dangerous task, which others had declined, but which he accepted with alacrity. He braved the rigor of the season and the perils of the long and almost unknown way, and in about three months' time was back at Williamsburg with the French answer. Neither savages, nor treacherous guides, nor ice-gorged rivers could prevail against so bold a heart or so keen an eye; nor could flattery at home undermine a nature so well balanced, a modesty so innate and pure.

He was at once put in command of the temporary militia of the colony, and was subsequently made lieutenant-colonel of the augmented forces. His superior officer soon died, however, and he was left in full charge of the expedition to the Ohio. He acquitted himself admirably in the fight at the Great Meadows, but was forced to capitulate shortly after, the result being honorable, and, on the whole, fortunate, considering the rashness of the enterprise. The death of the French officer Jumonville in a preliminary skirmish, led to a curious sort of European reputation for the young colonial soldier, the future liberator of America being denounced as an assassin because of an absurd mistake by which the leader of a scouting party was converted into the bearer of a flag of truce. But while French censure could not hurt Washington, Dinwiddie's conduct with regard to the reorganization of the Virginian troops did; and after a manly remonstrance he resigned, showing in this matter, as well as in his subsequent refusal to submit to be out-ranked by officers holding royal commissions, that perfectly poised dignity of character for which he is probably more noted than any other great man in history. When Braddock, however, offered him a position as aide-de-camp which he could accept with honor, he was glad enough to march against the foe and to tender advice which no man in America was better fitted to give and no commanding officer less likely to profit by. The prudence of Washington as a counsellor, as well as his intrepid conduct at Fort Du quesne, taught all discerning observers that he had in him the stuff of which not only good border soldiers but also great generals are made; and one of these observers, the eloquent preacher, Samuel Davies, was wise enough to predict that "that heroic youth, Colonel Washington," would one day render his country some distinguished service. For a time his services were chiefly directed toward securing the safety of the Virginia borders, and he found leisure to make a visit to Boston on military business, as well as to fall in love. His marriage with the widow Martha Custis took place in January, 1759, and those who are wont to accuse Washington of lacking sentiment may be advised to study carefully all that can be learned about the romantic affair. Military life seemed over for him, and he settled down as a gentleman farmer, serving his colony in the House of Burgesses, where he was formally thanked for his exertions in the public behalf, but was too modest to be

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able to reply; looking after the interests of his parishes in the local vestries, dispensing hospitality in true Virginian fashion, and superintending his estates in a thrifty fashion peculiarly his own; and last, but not least, keeping up his spirits and his health by frequent indulgence in the manly sport of fox-hunting. At the age of thirty he was plainly the greatest soldier in the colonies, the man to whom all eyes would turn should any public danger impend; and if no danger came, he would nevertheless be one of the wealthiest and most prominent citizens of the "Ancient Dominion." He had thus little to wish for, except children.

But if children did not come, his life was destined to be filled with a higher love and more absorbing cares. He was to be the Father of his Country. From his seat at Mount Vernon, which he had been progressive enough to link with the rest of the world by a private wharf, he watched the clouds gathering in the political heavens, and he showed a statesmanly prescience in being almost the first American to perceive that a complete break with England was necessary to the peace and prosperity of the colonies. He was no revolutionist, but neither was he afraid to trust the conclusions of his own mind; and if he was no orator, he was at least not the man to mince his words. Cæsar himself did not more thoroughly see the necessity for one-man rule at Rome than Washington saw the necessity for public independence in America. He declared at Williamsburg, in 1774, that he was ready to raise a thousand men, support them at his own expense, and march them to the relief of Boston. A few weeks later he rode on horseback with Patrick Henry and Edmund Pendleton to attend the first Continental Congress at Philadelphia. He was, by the confession of Henry himself, easily the greatest man among the delegates. The second Congress saw him again in attendance, and ready to give his life for his country. But although he could brave death he could not face praise, and he left the chamber when John Adams nominated him to be commander-in-chief of the Continental forces. The next day he accepted the position, while protesting his own unworthiness and refusing to accept any pay beyond a reimbursement of his expenses. No Roman of old ever came forward to save the state with purer intentions or with more favorable auguries of success. Although to weaker spirits the prospect was appalling, strong men drew happy omens, not from the flight of birds and the entrails of victims, but from the justice of the common cause and the character of Washington.

Nor did they mistake, nor do we now mistake, when we assign the success of the Revolution to these two causes. As we retrace the weary years that elapsed between Washington's taking command (July 3, 1775), and his laying down his office (December 23, 1783) we perceive clearly that under Providence the issue of the mighty struggle depended on him. Had he lost heart at the supineness and bickerings of the people at large, had he grown weary of correcting the blunders of incapable subordinates, had he disdained to control a fatuous Congress, or to put down a wretched cabal among his own officers, had his nerves given way at the sight of the sufferings at Valley Forge, had his spirit wavered at frequent defeat—in short, had he been anything but the noble patriot and great commander that he was, the course of history might have been changed, and these United States might have died in their birth and forever, or come into existence again years later and under far different auspices. But he was Washington—the noblest figure that any people has ever set in the forefront of its life and history. While he lived and fought on with his ragged troops, the Union was maintained in spite of all State squabbles; while he was in command, any alliance made with France must be one which America could accept with dignity; while his brave heart beat, repulse meant only fresh resolve, and hardship and suffering only more splendid rewards of triumph. It is idle to deny that he was the soul of the Revolution, and it is equally idle to ask whether or not he was a great general. Whether he was, technically speaking, a master of the art of war, students of that art may decide, though it as well to remind them that Frederick the Great praised his Trenton campaign as a masterpiece of strategy. But that he is worthy to rank with the supreme commanders of history no man of sound judgment and capable imagination will deny. Not that he always won his battles, or won them in the most approved way; not that he flamed like a comet in the heavens, threatening desolation to the nations; not that he moved across the world's stage like a Karl or a Timour. His career does not enthrall us as does that of Alexander; it has not such tragic elements of inspiration and pathos as has that of Hannibal; it does not leave

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us breathless with admiration as does that of Cæsar; it does not exalt us and horrify us as does that of Napoleon. But it does give us that supreme sense of satisfaction which flows from the perception of harmony and proportion; it does thrill us with the intense and elevated joy which must ever follow the spectacle of great powers consciously working for the successful accomplishment of divine justice; it does fascinate us by means of those elements of sublimity and pathos that are never absent from the contemplation of a lonely but serene elevation above the common tide of humanity. Nor are concrete evidences of his greatness as a soldier lacking. We remember the Berserker rashness and daring displayed at Fort Duquesne and at Monmouth, and we recall William the Conqueror at Hastings. We watch him at the crossing of the Delaware and at Valley Forge, and we recall Hannibal upon the Alps. We observe him turning a ragged body of suspicious New Englanders into trained soldiers ready to die for him, and we recall no less a man than Cæsar. We see him put down the Conway cabal, and reduce Congress to do his bidding, and we recall Marlborough. We see him quell Lee with his fiery eye and biting words, and we somehow recall Cromwell. We watch him in his tent, brooding over the treason of Arnold and weighing the claims of mercy and of justice in the case of André, and we recall only his own imperial self.

Yes, Washington the general is a supremely great man, and those who deny the fact do so because they have not been able to survey his career from the proper point of view. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that to the trained student his greatness is even implicit in his proclamations to his soldiers from first to last. He was no master of style, but certainly for directness and vigor of phrase, for patriotic purpose, for clear-sighted content, his circular letter to the governors of all the States (June 8, 1783) is unsurpassed among the political documents of the world. His entire correspondence from the time he retired from command of the army till he reëntered the service of his country as its first President, is a monument to his modesty, his magnanimity, his prudence, and his wisdom. Frederick the Great himself, resting from war that he might restore order and peace to his people, is no grander figure than this victorious American general watching from Mount Vernon the fortunes of his country, and lending the weight of his counsel and his example to the sacred cause of union. He served this cause still further by presiding over the convention of 1787, and in 1789 he entered upon the Presidency of the nation, assuming a new *rôle* for which he was admirably fitted and in which he was destined to achieve magnificent success.

To many persons Washington the statesman is harder to realize than Washington the general. This is probably a result of political partisanship. Men look back to those two great founders of parties, Jefferson and Hamilton, and forget the chief who dominated and controlled them. Washington really made Hamilton, and he always used Jefferson when he needed him; it was thus perhaps in accordance with weak human nature that Hamilton should have been ungrateful to his memory, while Jefferson was impelled to pay him a tribute noble in spite of its jealous touches. No fact in history is more clearly established than that Washington was the chief figure in his own administrations. He came to the chair of state with the best equipment possible, and he would have left it vacant forever had it been requisite to fill it with a successor who should be his equal. He had not the analytic mind of Hamilton nor the philosophic grasp of Jefferson, but his training for the duties of a statesman had been superior to theirs. He came of a race used to act and to command. From an early age he had to rely upon himself, and so he attained to that self-discipline which is indispensable to a political leader. Circumstances determined that he should learn the lessons of life from men rather than from books; thus he stood in no danger of becoming a doctrinaire. His early experiences as a surveyor, a backwoodsman, and a soldier gave him a true sympathy with democracy, and hence enabled him to understand the only rational principle on which a stable government could be founded in America; while his good birth and training, and his position as a planter-aristocrat, put him in touch with that English past from which it would have been impossible for the new nation to break entirely. Add to all this the fact that his nature was essentially straightforward and manly, that he had not a conspicuous weakness, that his mind was clear and flexible, and if not quick, certainly not slow, and we surely have as well equipped a statesman as the world's history can furnish. Compared with him, how the other

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figures of the period, even the greatest, shrink and diminish. The spiritual dignity of his altruism sits not upon Franklin; his breadth and catholic clarity of judgment belong neither to Hamilton nor to Jefferson; and who would think of comparing with him the Madisons, the Jays, the Morrises, the Ameses, the Wilsons of the time, able and patriotic men though they all were? Dignity, steadfastness, uprightness, serenity, benignity, wisdom—these are the characteristics of Washington's statesmanship, whether we regard his firm policy of resistance to the insolence of revolutionary France, or his refusal to plunge his country into a second war with England, or his cordial acceptance of the financial measures of Hamilton, or his steady accentuation of the national principle, or his noble efforts to reconcile his cabinet, or his strong but humane policy toward the Indians, or his prompt crushing of the Whiskey Rebellion, or, finally, his progressive views on the subjects of slavery and national education, and his prophetic comprehension of the importance of the West. What shall we say of such a man, save that he was as great in peace as he was in war; that he was veritably the Father of his Country?

# AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER BY LINCOLN

## REGARDING HIS DEFEAT BY DOUGLAS IN 1858.

THE autumn of 1858 is distinguished in the political history of the United States by the important series of public debates between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas on the justice and constitutionality of the extension of slavery into free territories. The occasion for these debates was the contest between the two men for a seat in the Senate of the United States. Douglas won the senatorship and was the apparent victor; the real rewards, as we now know, were in the end to Lincoln. This, however, Lincoln did not at the moment understand. The defeat seemed to him the probable end of his political career. Yet not for an instant did he regret the bold and hazardous line of argument he had taken in the campaign. He believed implicitly that he had contributed to the struggle against the extension of slavery, and that some time his work would be recognized, though he thought it probable this would not be until after he had fallen.

Nowhere, so far as we know, are Lincoln's feelings regarding his defeat and the part he had played in the debates so concisely and comprehensively stated as in a private letter written, a month after the election of Douglas, to Mr. H. D. Sharpe of Brooklyn, and here printed for the first time. Mr. Sharpe, who in spite of his eighty-five years is still an active man, going daily to his post at Tiffany & Co.'s, with which house he has been for many years connected, was in Illinois on business through the fall of 1858. He had been all his life an active opponent of slavery, and was in correspondence for many years with most of the great anti-slavery leaders of the day. He was the author of a plan of emancipation which had received considerable attention from many anti-slavery thinkers, being first published in 1849 in the "National Era," and again in 1859 in the New York "Evening Post." Naturally, he followed the debates between Lincoln and Douglas with keen and critical interest. As they progressed, he, like all the candid political thinkers of that day whatever their peculiar point of view, was deeply impressed by the new light in which Lincoln's clear and convincing logic placed Douglas's arguments. Realizing, when the defeat at the polls came, that Lincoln might feel that his efforts had been a failure, Mr. Sharpe, who by this time had returned to New York, wrote Lincoln the following letter:

NEW YORK, *Nov. 9th*, 1858.

HON. ABRM. LINCOLN,
SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Dear Sir,

I have watched the progress of your late political canvass in the Prairie State with great interest, and hoped (though against hope) that the party whose leader for the time you have been might triumph. It was too much to expect; though not too much to hope for. Had you been successful in the contest, I should not have written you; but as the reports indicate the contrary, I wish to thank you, as a man and as a Republican of the type of Franklin, Sherman, and Jefferson, for your advocacy of the rights of man as understood by those sages. Your opening remarks at Springfield interested me much, being in harmony with my own views of the subject, the correctness of which time will determine.

As it is an attribute of Providence to help the weak and defenceless, let this encourage you, with everyone, in future endeavors to extend the blessings of liberty, until equal rights and franchises may be enjoyed by all in our beloved country.

Respt. yours,
H. D. SHARPE.

Nearly a month after this letter was received Lincoln sent the following reply:

SPRINGFIELD, *Dec.* 8, 1858.

H. D. SHARPE, Esq.,

Dear Sir:

Your very kind letter of Nov. 9th was duly received. I do not know that you expected or desired an answer; but glancing over the contents of yours again, I am prompted to say that, while I desired the result of the late canvass to have been different, I still regard it as an exceeding small matter. I think we have fairly entered upon a durable struggle as to whether this nation is to ultimately become all slave or all free, and though I fall early in the contest, it is nothing if I shall have contributed, in the least degree, to the final rightful result.

Respectfully yours,
A. LINCOLN.

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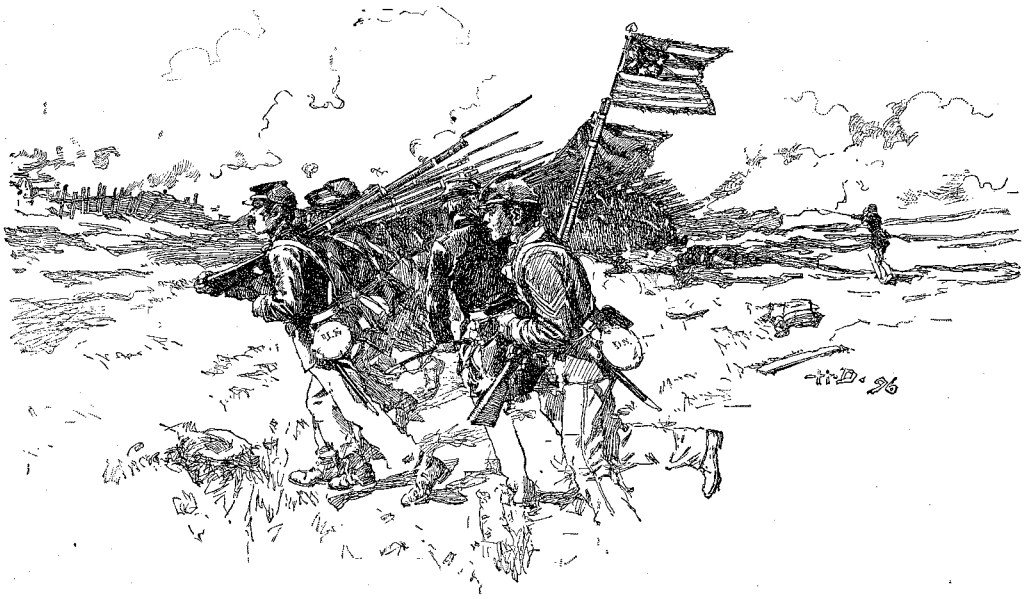

# THE SONG OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

## THE REAL EXPERIENCE IN BATTLE OF A YOUNG SOLDIER OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

By Ira Seymour.

THE Song has been silent for more than thirty years. In another thirty years it will cease to be a living memory save to a handful of very old men. But those who once heard can never forget its weird, fantastic, sinister tones. Sometimes it was a fearful yet persuasive whisper addressed to you personally; again it would burst in uncontrolled passion into a chorus of awful and discordant screams mingled with thunderous and reverberating roar. With marvellous range of tone and expression it was, however, always one Song with one fateful burden.

I was a young soldier of the Army of the Potomac in those days; one of the several thousand who wore the white cross of the Second Division of the Sixth Army Corps, and the Song in all its variations became a familiar sound.

For instance, once when we were occupying the hills north of the Rappahannock, nearly half the regiment were on the sick list by reason of the bad water which supplied our camp. Down by the river bank, perhaps a mile and a half away, was a spring of good clear water. "Joe" and myself, both non-commissioned officers, thought we must at all hazards keep fit for duty, and on alternate mornings one of us would make the trip to fill our canteens. Wide and open fields lay between us and the spring, and I think I never crossed that open space without hearing the Song. Following a distant detonation from beyond the river, a faint quavering whistle would come, growing louder as with apparently increasing hurry it drew near. It seemed to speak in fascinating, insinuating tone, of some very special message to you alone; then suddenly, with venomous buzz in your very ear, while your heart stood still, it would speed by and die away again in the farther distance. It was the voice of a minié bullet from the rifle of some sharpshooter on the Confederate picket line. But the range was long, the risk slight, as such things went, and not to be compared, so Joe and I thought, to the very real danger of the camp water.

Toward evening one of our field batteries would gallop down to the river bank and open fire upon those troublesome sharpshooters; then the heavy guns on the other side would make reply, and a new variation of the Song would be heard—a very Wagnerian orchestral effect: the quick crack of the field guns, the more distant boom of the siege cannon, the scream of



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shells rushing hither and thither through the evening air, always with that rising and falling cadence, that mournful moan, and that peculiar hurrying, threatening, almost speaking quaver which, once heard, goes with you evermore, so that years afterwards you hear it in your dreams.

Those big shells from the enemy's guns three miles away made regular evening visits to our camp. They seldom did any real harm. When we first occupied the position, a few tents were pitched too near the crest of the hill, within sight of the gunners beyond; but after one of those tents had been torn to rags and the head of a poor fellow standing near had been neatly shorn off, everything came down behind the slope out of view; and though we were always favored with our vesper serenade and close calls were not uncommon, no one else, I think, was seriously hurt.

The evening performance had, if not an appreciative, certainly a grimly critical audience. A veteran in the adjoining regiment calmly proceeds with the all-important business of boiling his coffee until a shell explodes uncomfortably close. Then you hear his disgusted growl: "The rascals! They spoil my supper every night!" and the answering jeer of his comrades: "Jim, did you hear what that one said? It said, 'Which 'un, which 'un, which 'un, *you!*'"

The ring of the bursting shells was not the least impressive of the notes of the Song. It is hard to describe; but strange as it may seem to say so, it was certainly music, often with absolutely sweet tones like the sudden stroke of a bell, followed by the singing hum, in curious harmony, of the rushing, jagged iron fragments through the air. One of the friends of my boyhood was a musical genius, a pianist of no mean power, who had studied his profession in Germany. The democratic make-up of our army is illustrated by the fact that, in the early sixties, this man enlisted as a private soldier. And he used to amuse himself while lying in the trenches by noting the varying keys of the music of moaning and bursting shells.

But the Song was not always harmless or ineffectual. No one knows precisely how many men suffered wounds and death beside the banks of the pretty, placid Rappahannock. It is within bounds to put the number at fifty thousand. The war history of that region is peculiar. It is a tale of incessant and resultless strife, seldom without at least the intermittent fire of opposing picket lines. Three of the greatest, most deadly, yet most indecisive battles of the war were fought there.

The veil of time has begun to fall over the actual agonies of the nation while the fury of that great war tempest lingered; but some of us remember how real it was, and the Song of the Rappahannock seems its very voice. It was Delphic in the ambiguity of its utterance. Neither the pæan of victory nor the wail of the conquered, it was the breath of the Titanic struggle, with its bitter pain, its dark suspense, its grim and terrible stress and strain.

In early May, that sweet season when in Virginia springtime is just passing into summer, we came to the banks of the Rappahannock, about to take our heavy share in the battle of Chancellorsville. The river was no stranger: we had formed its intimate acquaintance in December, during the bloody days of Fredericksburg; and now, separated from the main body of the army, which had crossed about fifteen miles above, we found ourselves once more facing the old battle-ground, with its familiar sleepy town, its wide fields and amphitheatre of gentle hills spread out in portentous panorama before us. Peace seemed to have settled down upon the scene, blotting out all memory of strife; yet we knew the semblance was but a mocking phantasm, for our comrades of the First Corps stirred up a very hornet's nest of enemies and had a sharp brush before they could lay their pontoon bridge. And though with this exception the Song was ominously silent in our front, we could hear its distant voice from up the river.

On one day it rose into an angry roar, and immediately afterward the First Corps received marching orders, and went filing past us along the river road toward the sound of the Song, and the Sixth was left alone. On Saturday night our time came. It was a lovely evening, full of the breath of springtime; but our hearts were very solemn as, in the darkness and in sternly enforced silence, our lines crept across the pontoon bridge out into the fields full of the ghosts of December's awful sacrifices, and finally, with rifles loaded and with sixty rounds of cartridge and battle rations to every man, we halted before the spectral outlines of the Fredericksburg hills.

Then in low tones the order passed from company to company: "Lie down where you are. Let every man keep his gun by his side. Do not take off any of your

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equipments; do not even loosen your belts. Keep silence!"

A battery moves like a group of shadows out a little way to the front; we can hear the subdued orders of the officers, the unlimbering and loading of the guns, and then all is quiet along the Rappahannock. Beyond the guns we know there are pickets whose duty it is to wake and watch; but soon all along the inner lines the May moon shines peacefully on rows of sleeping men. By to-morrow night many of them will lie very quiet in another and a deeper sleep.

Dawn comes soon in May, and the first gray light brought the Song. With hum and buzz like that of ghostly insects, the bullets came stealing over from the enemy's skirmish line. It was a grim awakening, and its first impression inexpressibly mournful. Each singing bullet seemed to chant a dirge—and the morning air held a very graveyard chill. Swearing is a common dialect with soldiers, but not an oath was heard as that morning Song began. Everyone was solemn; we were thinking of home and of loved ones, and there was a great despairing sense of separation in our hearts. I think almost any man who has seen war would tell the same story, and count those moments of the skirmish firing in the gray dawn on the brink of battle among the most gloomy of his life.

But hark! The batteries are opening fire, the Song is bursting into fuller voice; and up and down the line orders ring out sharply, "Attention, battalion!" There is movement now, and it brings life and dispels the gloom. There is marching and countermarching for better position, and soon the line is placed in a sunken road whose banks protect us against the enemy's shot and shell, while just behind, on slightly higher ground, our own batteries fire over our heads. And so the morning passes; the Song, never silent, sometimes swells out clamorously; and anon it sinks to intermittent growls.

Suddenly, about noontime, there is a restless movement along the line; staff officers are galloping furiously hither and thither; something is in the air. We are ordered to unsling our knapsacks and pile them together by companies, while our batteries open a furious fire. The men say to each other, "The bulldogs are barking, and our turn is coming!" And as the Song swells with their baying, by quick orders our line is formed for the charge. We must storm those hills flaming with the fire of the Confederate batteries. A few breathless moments that seem like hours, and suddenly our batteries cease fire, the expected order is given, and the line surges forward.

I make no attempt to tell how the Sixth Corps on that Sunday morning won the Fredericksburg heights, storming successfully, though with fearful loss, the very same works from which the army had been beaten back in December.

I am not a military critic, I can tell only what one very young and obscure soldier saw and felt.

I was a sergeant, and on that day my especial duty was that of "left general guide." The regiment was comparatively new and raw, and in our rush across the rough ploughed fields under the awful fire of the enemy's batteries we were thrown into some confusion. With great presence of mind our colonel halted us, ordered the men to lie down, and then called for "guides on a line." That meant that I and the two other guides, one on the right and one in the centre, were to stand up and take position by which the regiment could align itself. I sprang to my feet, soon caught the line from the others, and there we stood, while the regiment crawled up and "dressed" by us. It was a trying situation; and the Song! it was deafening. The air was full of wild shrieks of grape and shrapnel; the ringing shells were bursting all about with maddening and stunning detonations. I remember, as I stood there for those few moments, I seemed indeed to have lost all sense of fear, and yet I wondered whether I was actually myself and whether my head was really on or off my shoulders.

Then, as we raced forward once more and neared the enemy's position, I remember that at regular intervals a bullet would strike close to my feet and throw a stinging little shower of gravel in my face. I thought little of it at the time, but among the prisoners captured were some sharpshooters who had been posted off at our left; and when I heard how those fellows had bragged about the number of shots they had fired at individual officers in our regiment, then I understood. My place as guide had brought me into view, and one of those skirmishers had tried to pick me off, but had each time made a little too much allowance for my running.

When we neared the face of the hill against which our charge was directed, the storm of fire first went harmlessly over our heads, then it ceased; and stumbling

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through a thicket of brush and felled trees, we came suddenly upon a great, frowning earthwork. How its yellow sides loomed up! And just over its edge the muzzles of two great brass guns gaped at us; but everything within was silent as death. The same thought flashed through every mind. "They are lying low for us, and presently we shall look into the barrels of a row of rifles and receive their deadly volley at this short range!" For an instant the regiment as one man recoiled and faltered. Then a sergeant from one of the centre companies stepped forth. I can see him now, a handsome, fair-haired young fellow. With cool and quiet voice he called, "Boys, let's see what is inside of this thing!" and straight up the slope of the yellow mound he started, and the regiment followed with a cheer. We found a deserted fort. It had been outflanked by the regiment on our right. They received from another side the volley which we narrowly missed, and it laid low more than a hundred of their men. Away to our right, all along the line, the charge had been successful, and the heights of Fredericksburg were won.

Is there any intoxication like the joy of victory? For the moment, men forget everything else: fatigue, thirst, wounds, dead and suffering comrades, the parting shots of fleeing foe. But it is a short-lived joy; at least ours was, for the victory had been costly, and there were sad gaps in the ranks of all the regiments as we reformed on the crest of the hills. Moreover, our work was but begun. The Sixth Corps had been ordered to join Hooker by cutting a road for itself through Lee's army.

Regaining our knapsacks, we were speedily on the march, the First Division now in the advance, as ours, the Second, had been in the morning. Ghastly sights met us as we passed through the old town where the Light Division had charged; almost every house showed marks of shot or shell, and here and there on the sidewalks or at street corners, in the hot sunshine, lay the dead bodies of poor heroes whose last battle was fought. I remember how almost always some comrade's friendly hand had pulled the corner of a blanket over their swollen and blackening faces. On we went, leaving the town behind, marching along a well-made highroad into a country of small fields set in the midst of dense and scrubby pine woods, and the afternoon was wearing away when suddenly, from the direction in which we were going, out of those mysterious thickets of pine, came the Song.

This time there was no prelude of cracking rifles and whispering bullets; but, as though some mighty hand smote at once all the bass notes of a great organ, the cannonade roared out, swelling louder and louder all along our front. Soon we reached an open field where an ammunition train was parked, and here we were halted to rest and replenish our cartridge boxes, while the fierce roar of the Song still thundered until, as we were thus busied, there was a hush—one of those instant and ominous silences which smite the heart more loudly than any sound: the Song did not die away, it stopped. And then, after a breathless moment, a new movement of the symphony began. Like the pattering roar of rain after thunder, or like the long roll from a hundred tenor drums, it swept along and swelled out until the woods seemed to vibrate to its rattle. It was the file-fire of the line of battle. We could see nothing, not even the smoke, through the dense wood; we could only listen. "Hark!" said an old soldier standing near me. "D'ye hear that? Them's the little things that kills!"

But swiftly now we are on the march again, pressing toward the sound of the Song. And soon the wounded begin to appear, making their way past us toward the rear by the side paths of the road on which we march; every moment their numbers increase, until we find ourselves marching between two ghastly lines of wounded men: only a detachment, indeed, from the growing company of the victims of the Song, only those who can walk. But there were gruesome sights in that procession of pain. Here a man holding up his hand, across which a bullet has ploughed a bloody track; there one with a ragged hole through his cheek; and then an officer leaning on two other men, both wounded, the ashy hue of death on his face and the blood streaming from his breast. This is no picture of the imagination. I am telling things that I saw, things that burned themselves into my memory; and I remember that every one of those wounded men, whether his hurt were great or small, was pale as death and wore a fixed expression, not of terror, but of stony despair. They all walked slowly and wearily, and if you asked one of them, "How is the battle going?" you got the invariable answer, "Our regiment is all cut to pieces;" and they said it in a tone of tired reproach, as though you ought

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to know and had insulted them by asking, or else with an inflexion which meant, "Presently you will catch it yourselves." It was a procession of spectres, and cold cheer it furnished for us, hurrying forward toward the ever-nearing and now frightful tones of the Song; yet I think the emotion chiefly uppermost in our minds was not precisely fear but a sort of awful curiosity: we burned to see as well as hear the dreadful mystery beyond the pines; the Song seemed to come from a deadly but luring siren whose call we must obey.

But night was now coming fast, and all the ways began to darken; and just when we expected to emerge into the heart of battle, as though an invisible conductor had suddenly raised his wand, as abruptly as it began the Song ceased, and there was a great silence. We had heard though we had not seen the fight at Salem Church, a bitterly contested but drawn battle, in which many hundreds of brave men fell. The Sixth Corps had begun to feel the weight of Lee's army.

The night after battle was one of those sweet nights of early summer when earth seems not to sleep, but to unloosen her bands and lie down to play with her merry brood of new-born children. But there was strange mystery abroad: everywhere a weird sound—was it of sorrow or of foreboding, nature's wail or nature's warning? It seemed to mingle both as the May moon shone down on those who died yesterday and those who were to die to-morrow. I have often heard the spirit-like cry of the whippoorwill, but never as I heard it that night. It came from every tree and bush, from every side and all around, until it pervaded all the air. Perhaps I thought more of it because I was not one of the fortunate ones who could sleep undisturbed. The first sergeant was among the missing, the second sergeant had to take his duty, and I was obliged to act as "commissary," rouse a detail of sleepy and unwilling men, stumble through the fields with them until we found the supply train, and bring back a load of rations for the company; but I never hear a whippoorwill that I do not think of that night.

In the morning we found a little brook near our lines; it was a welcome friend; it offered us water for coffee, and for a much-needed wash, and its banks were speedily lined with chaffing, gossiping, half-dressed soldiers. But the coffee-pots had scarce begun to send their grateful fragrance through the lines when that monotonously awful Song broke forth again. From the hills in our rear, which we had victoriously assaulted yesterday, came screaming shells from an enemy's battery. Our breakfast was cut short: "Fall in, men!" "Attention, battalion!" The orders flew from rank to rank, and soon the lines were formed. A pleasant Virginia mansion stood on rising ground near by, and the pretty lawn in front offered a good position, which was speedily taken by one of our batteries, the horses ruthlessly trampling down the flowers and shrubbery; and there before that peaceful home the war-dogs began their baying answer to the hostile shots. Meantime the regiments were in motion, and as we crossed a field below the house its fleeing occupants went by us. I was near enough to see them closely: an intelligent-looking man, with his fair, pale wife and two little children. They were friends of our foes, but every heart ached for them, and we let them pass in respectful silence. I noticed that the man's face bore the same set, despairing expression that I had seen the day before in the faces of the wounded men. A new and horrid discord sounded in the Song as that sad little company went by.

The firing soon ceased; but all the morning we marched and countermarched, taking up first one, then another position, while now and then in the valleys below we caught glimpses of the brown ranks of the Confederates, who seemed pouring in from all sides. The situation was evident even to us in the ranks. Hooker had abandoned the Sixth Corps, and Lee was concentrating all his available force to crush us. I remember that Joe tried all day to keep the bearings of the river in mind, and proposed that, if worst came to worst, we should, even under fire, attempt to swim it rather than go to Andersonville.

But the day passed quietly, and all the afternoon we lay in a little field with woods on three sides, in apparent security, and the men talked and joked and laughed as though battles were a far-off story. And thus time wore on, until toward evening a distant cannon shot sounded; then another, and a spent shell came harmlessly over the tree-tops, tumbling end over end to the ground; and then, all at once, pandemonium seemed let loose. It was the Song in another of its wild and wonderful variations. As yesterday at Salem Church, there was no prelude of skirmish fire; but unlike yesterday's evening song, this did not begin with the growl of the bulldogs. All instruments of wrath and war seemed

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taking part in it, and it seemed to come, not from our front alone, but from three sides—in the woods, in front, and to the right; while out in the open space a battery of ours was savagely firing at an enemy we could not see. Quickly but quietly we formed in line. Even now I can see my dear comrade, Sergeant W——, passing along the company front counting off the files in his grave, careful way. Then he took his place next the captain, and I saw him no more: he fell in the battle, a noble young Christian, with a wife and child waiting for him in the far-away home to which he never returned.

Presently our orders came, and we moved at the double-quick past the wood out into a larger field, which sloped gently toward a dry ditch and then rose in the same manner on the other side. Coming over the crest of the farther slope, in full view, was a brigade of the enemy; another body of them was well up into the wood in front of the field we were leaving; just before us was our battery already mentioned: we could hear the captain shouting his orders for the timing of the shells in seconds and half-seconds. It was getting too hot for him: his horses were beginning to fall, and to save his guns he was, as we passed him, calling out to his men to "limber up and be off."

Every incident of that scene is wonderfully vivid to me even now. I was conscious of none of "the frenzy of battle," but, instead, every sense seemed more than naturally quickened. I remember that, as we entered the larger field and the panorama of war opened full before me, and the Song roared its diapason, I thought and said to myself, "How inexpressibly grand this is!" And I noticed everything: the very color of the ground and of the evening light and the brown ranks of the oncoming foe; and a little tragedy that was being enacted at one side, which I always think of as illustrative of the sort of stuff which was to be found in that old Army of the Potomac and of the grit which makes the Anglo-Saxon the hardest of all men to conquer. A little regiment of veterans, either a Maine or a Wisconsin regiment—I never certainly knew which—was in that field, and as we came near they were being outflanked by the enemy, who were penetrating the woods at close range. Their position was untenable, they were suffering severely, and the regulation move for them would have been to fall back; but instead they deliberately changed front and moved up nearer, wheeling slowly by battalion, not an easy manœuvre even on the parade ground; and they did it without ceasing or even slacking their fire; and all the while they had to close up the gaps left in their ranks by men who were dropping, dropping, dropping, to the savage fire of the foe.

I suppose the commander of the division thought such raw troops as we fit only for sacrifice. At any rate, we were rushed to the bottom of the field and posted in the ditch, to check the onset of a Confederate brigade as best we might. It is needless to say that we suffered severely, or that we could hold our desperate position only for a little while. But our fire must have told, for the enemy swerved to the right as we opened on them; yet they kept coming on, and soon began to outflank us.

The same strange intensity of perception with which I entered the field stayed with me and photographed its scenes upon my mind. I can see the man several files away, just too far for me to reach, who vexed me because in his excitement he would, every time he fired, shoot before he aimed, with his rifle pointed toward the sky; and little S——, a boy whom we were all fond of, shot through the body, yet coolly walking off toward the rear, saying, "Well, boys, I'm hit!" And I can hear our brave but eccentric colonel shouting: "Give it to them! Give them Blissom!" And I remember that just above my head there seemed to be a stratum of flying bullets, so that in loading, every time I was about to raise my arm to ram down the charge, I said to myself, "Here goes a bullet through this arm." And yet, at the same time, I noticed the vicious snips with which the grass blades all about were being cut. How anyone escapes in close battle is a mystery; yet the killed and wounded are almost always a small minority.

Strange to say, the companies on the left, which were most exposed, held out longest, and when, as was inevitable, the regiment broke, many of their men and officers refused to run but retired fighting stubbornly. I remember how one captain, a fiery little man, tried to hold his men together, how he implored and threatened and swore at them and drew his revolver upon them, and at last, when it was no use, flung himself down upon the ground and cried like a baby; and how another, a tall German, whose company was next to ours, held his men to their work nobly until they could be held no longer, and then with slow and moody steps walked

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up that deadly slope, muttering oaths to himself and switching off the grass blades with his sword. Some veterans who saw him told me afterward that they expected every moment to see him drop.

Our regiment was not the only broken one: the whole front line was apparently gone; the sudden savage charge of twice our number was sweeping everything before it. As the fragments of our company retired up the slope of the field, a few, of whom I happened to be one, came to a slightly sunken road, a mere farm track, but in it lay the Sixth Regiment of the old Vermont Brigade. As they saw us they called out, "Rally on us, boys!" and we gladly accepted the invitation. A few weeks before I had been on duty on the picket line: it was the reserve, and we were allowed to kindle fires, and all night by the blazing logs I had talked to a young Vermonter, a plain Green Mountain farmer lad, and we had made a soldier's friendship. When I came to the sunken road, the first man I saw in that prone line of men was my camp-fire friend. I called out to him, and dropped by his side. Others of our men fell in, and we lengthened out their too short line by about a dozen files.

It was apparently the last desperate hope of the corps. Our division commander, sitting on his horse and watching us, is reported to have said to one of his aides, "If that line breaks, we're gone!"

We lay at full length on the ground, silent save for the exhortation of the officers: "Hold your fire, boys!" "Keep quiet, there!" "Down with that rifle!" For we had reached the point where heed of consequences was gone, and a cold recklessness had taken possession of us, and it was hard to restrain the men.

On came the Confederates, their rebel yell now sounding shrill and clear; and they were firing as they came with so deadly an aim that several of our officers who rose up slightly the better to control their men were hit and fell back dead or wounded.

They crossed the ditch where our regiment had been, and we could see each separate star and bar upon their red battle-flags, and their slouch hats pulled down to shield their eyes from the setting sun, and then their very faces. I remember how I singled out one and another and admired certain big brown beards as they swarmed up the slope straight toward us.

They were almost on us—some of the men said, not ten feet away, but perhaps imagination shortened the distance—when the Vermont colonel, who, as I remember, wore a long, black rubber coat over his uniform and looked like a Methodist parson, shouted out the command: "Rise! Fire!"

Like spectres rising from the grave, the line of men stood up, and the Song shrieked out in one awful death-laden volley. The field before us was changed as though by some dire magic. A moment before it had been filled with a yelling, charging host; now it was suddenly cleared. As though an October gust had swept across that May evening, away down to the bottom of the field and beyond, the ground was strewn with brown, prostrate forms; but they were not leaves, they were dead and wounded men!

The little Vermont regiment had repulsed and shattered a charging Mississippi brigade: the battle of Bank's Ford, the closing scene in the sad drama of Chancellorsville, was over; and the Sixth Corps was saved.

Thank God, the Song is silent now.

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# KANSAS STORIES.

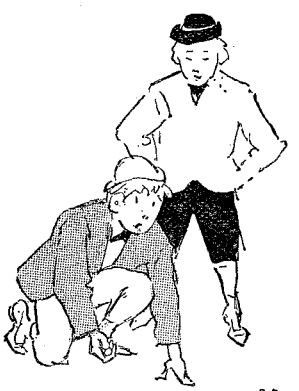
By William Allen White,

Editor of the Emporia (Kansas) "Gazette."

[Editorial writing is not usually a very quick way to literary fame; but a single editorial in the Emporia (Kansas) "Gazette,"—"What's the Matter with Kansas?"—has lately made the name of William Allen White pretty well known the country over. Mr. White now makes a still stronger claim on public attention in a collection of short stories, published by Way and Williams of Chicago, and entitled "The Real Issue." By the special permission of the author and publishers we present two of these stories here. Mr. Allen is native to the land of which he writes. He was born in Kansas, at El Dorado; grew up in that town, and graduated from the high school there. He spent a year in Emporia College; then, returning to El Dorado, learned the printer's trade. This was in 1885. Next, he returned to Emporia, where he worked at his trade and at "odd times" went to school. He spent three years in the State University at Lawrence, at the same time doing work now and then on the Lawrence "Journal." In 1890 he returned again to El Dorado, and took a position on the weekly "Republican." Before long he received an invitation to join the Kansas City "Journal" as an editorial writer. Just after he had accepted it he was offered a similar position on the Kansas City "Star." Six months later he went to Topeka to follow Kansas politics for the Kansas City "Journal" in the campaign of 1892. He travelled all over Kansas during that campaign, attending conventions and rallies, and having, as he himself once expressed it, "all kinds of fun." Then he joined the Kansas City "Star" as editorial writer, and remained with it until June, 1895, when he went back to Emporia and bought the "Gazette," which, under his direction, began at once to attract particular attention. As Mr. White is still only twenty-eight years old, his work, one may hope, is but begun. That it is begun, however, with exceptional force and originality, the stories given here are ample proof.—Editor.]

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

## THE KING OF BOYVILLE.



Boys who are born in a small town are born free and equal. In the big city it may be different; there are doubtless good little boys who disdain bad little boys, and poor little boys who are never to be noticed under any circumstances. But in a small town every boy, good or bad, rich or poor, stands among boys on his own merits. The son of the banker who owns a turning-pole in the back yard does homage to the baker's boy who can sit on the bar and drop down and catch by his legs; while the good little boy who is kept in wide collars and cuffs by a mistaken mother gazes through the white paling of his father's fence at the troop headed for the swimming-hole, and pays all the reverence which his dwarfed nature can muster to the sign of two fingers.

In the social order of boys who live in country towns, a boy is measured by what he



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can do, and not by what his father is. And so Winfield Hancock Pennington, whose boy name was Piggy Pennington, was the King of Boyville. For Piggy could walk on his hands, curling one foot gracefully over his back, and pointing the other one straight in the air; he could hang by his heels on a flying trapeze; he could chin a pole so many times that no one could count the number; he could turn a somersault in the air from the level ground, both backwards and forwards; he could "tread" water, and "lay" his hair; he could hit any marble in any ring from "taws" and "knucks" down; and, better than all, he could cut his initials in the ice on skates, and whirl around and around so many times that he looked like an animated shadow, when he would dart away up the stream, his red "comfort" flapping behind him like a laugh of defiance. In the story-books such a boy would be the son of a widowed mother, and turn out very good or very bad; but Piggy was not a story-book boy, and his father kept a grocery store, from which Piggy used to steal so many dates that the boys said his father must have cut up the almanac to supply him. As he never gave the goodies to the other boys, but kept them for his own use, his name of "Piggy" was his by all the rights of Boyville.

There was one thing Piggy Pennington could not do, and it was the one of all things which he most wished he could do; he could not, under any circumstances, say three consecutive and coherent words to any girl under fifteen and over nine. He was invited, with nearly all the boys of his age in town, to children's parties. And while any other boy, whose only accomplishment was turning a cart-wheel, or skinning the cat backwards, or, at most, hanging by one leg and turning a handspring, could boldly ask a girl if he could see her home, Piggy had to get his hat and sneak out of the house when the company broke up. He would comfort himself by walking along the opposite side of the street from some couple while he talked in monosyllables about a joke which he and the boy knew, but which was always a secret to the girl. Even after school Piggy could not join the select coterie of boys who followed the girls down through town to the post-office. He could not tease the girls about absent boys at such times and make up rhymes like

> "First the cat and then her tail;
> Jimmy Sears and Maggie Hale,"

and shout them out for the crowd to hear. Instead of joining the courtly troupe, Piggy Pennington went off with the boys who really didn't care for such things, and fought, or played "tracks up," or wrestled his way leisurely home in time to get in his "night wood." But his heart was not in these pastimes; it was with a red shawl of a peculiar shade, that was wending its way to the post-office and back to a home in one of the few two-story houses in the little town. Time and time again had Piggy tried to make some sign to let his feelings be known, but every time he had failed. Lying in wait for her at corners and suddenly breaking upon her with a glory of backward and forward somersaults did not convey the state of his heart. Hanging by his heels from an apple-tree limb over the sidewalk in front of her, unexpectedly, did not tell the tender tale for which his lips could find no words. And the nearest he could come to an expression of the longing in his breast, was to cut her initials in the ice beside his own when she came weaving and wobbling past on some other boy's arm. But she would not look at the initials, and the chirography of his

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skates was so indistinct that it required a key; and, everything put together, poor Piggy was no nearer a declaration at the end of the winter than he had been at the beginning of autumn. So only one heart beat with but a single thought, and the other took motto candy and valentines and red apples and picture cards and other tokens of esteem from other boys, and beat on with any number of thoughts, entirely immaterial to the uses of this narrative. But Piggy Pennington did not take to the enchantment of corn-silk cigarettes and rattan and grapevine cigars; he tried to sing, and wailed dismal ballads about the "Gipsy's Warning," and "The Child in the Grave with its Mother," and "She's a Daisy, She's a Darling, She's a Dumpling, She's a Lamb," whenever he was in hearing distance of his Heart's Desire, in the hope of conveying to her some hint of the state of his affections; but it was useless. Even when he tried to whistle plaintively as he passed her house in the gloaming, his notes brought forth no responsive echo.

One morning in the late spring, he spent half an hour before breakfast among his mother's roses, which were just in first bloom. He had taken out there all the wire from an old broom and all his kite-string. His mother had to call three times before he would leave his work. The youngster was the first to leave the table, and by eight o'clock he was at his task again. Before the first schoolbell had rung, Piggy Pennington was bound for the schoolhouse with a strange-looking parcel under his arm. He tried to put his coat over it, but it stuck out, and the newspaper that was wrapped around it bulged into so many corners that it looked like a home-tied bundle of laundry.

"What you got?" asked the freckle-faced boy who was learning at Piggy's feet how to do the "muscle-grind" on the turning-pole.

But Piggy Pennington was the King of Boyville, and he had a right to look straight ahead of him, as if he did not hear the question, and say: "Lookie here, Mealy, I wish you would go and tell Abe I want him to hurry up, for I want to see him."

"Abe" was Piggy's nearest friend. His other name was Carpenter. Piggy only wished to be rid of the freckle-faced boy. But the freckle-faced boy was not used to royalty and its ways, so he pushed his inquiry.

"Say, Piggy, have you got your red ball-pants in that bundle?"

There was no reply. The freckle-faced boy grew tired of tattooing with a stick as they walked beside a paling fence, so he began touching every tree on the other side of the path with his fingers. They had gone a block when the freckle-faced boy could stand it no longer, and said:

"Say, Piggy, you needn't be so smart about your old bundle; now, honest, Piggy, what have you got in that bundle?"

"Aw—soft soap, take a bite—good fer your appetite," said the King, as he faced about and drew up his left cheek and lower eyelid pugnaciously. The freckle-faced boy saw he would have to fight if he stayed, so he turned to go, and said, as though nothing had happened, "Where do you suppose old Abe is, anyhow?"

Just before school was called, Piggy Pennington was playing "scrub" with all his might, and a little girl—his Heart's Desire—was taking out of her desk a wreath of roses tied to a shaky wire frame. There was a crowd of girls round her, admiring it and speculating about the probable author of the gift; but to these she did not show the patent-medicine card on which was scrawled, over the druggist's advertisement, "Yours truly, W. H. P."

When the last bell rang, Piggy Pennington was the last boy in, and he did not look toward the desk where he had put the flowers, until after the singing.

Then he stole a sidewise glance that way, and his Heart's Desire was deep in her geography. It was an age before she

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filed past him with the "B" class in geography, and took a seat directly in front of him, where he could look at her all the time, unobserved by her. Once she squirmed in her place and looked toward him, but Piggy Pennington was head over heels in the "Iser rolling rapidly." When their eyes did meet at last, just as Piggy, leading the marching around the room, was at the door to go out for recess, the thrill amounted to a shock that sent him whirling in a pinwheel of handsprings toward the ball ground, shouting "scrub—first bat, first bat, first bat," from sheer bubbling joy. Piggy made four tallies that recess, and the other boys couldn't have put him out if they had used a hand-grenade or a Babcock fire-extinguisher.

He received four distinct shots that day from the eyes of his Heart's Desire, and the last one sent him home on the run, tripping up every primary urchin whom he found tagging along by the way, and whooping at the top of his voice. When his friends met in his barn, some fifteen minutes later, Piggy tried to turn a double somersault from his spring-board, to the admiration of the crowd, and was only calmed by falling with his full weight on his head and shoulders at the edge of the hay, with the life nearly jolted out of his little body.

The next morning Piggy Pennington astonished his friends by bringing a big armful of red and yellow and pink and white roses to school.

He had never done this before; and when he had run the gauntlet of the big boys, who were not afraid to steal them from him, he made straight for his school-room, and stood holding them in his hands while the girls gathered about him, teasing for the beauties. It was nearly time for the last bell to ring, and Piggy knew that

his Heart's Desire would be in the room by the time he got there. He was not mistaken. But Heart's Desire did not clamor with the other girls for one of the roses. Piggy stood off their pleadings as long as he could with "Naw;" "Why, naw, of course I won't;" "Naw, what I want to give you one for?" and "Go away from here, I tell *you*;" and still Heart's Desire did not ask for her flowers. There were but a few moments left before school would be called to order, and in desperation Piggy gave one rose away. It was not a very pretty rose, but he hoped she would see that the others were to be given away, and ask for one. But she, his Heart's Desire, stood near a window, talking to the freckle-faced boy. Then Piggy gave away one rose after another. As the last bell began to ring, he gave them to the boys, as the girls were all supplied. And still she came not. There was one rose left, the most beautiful of all. She went to her desk, and as the teacher came in, bell in hand, Piggy surprised himself, the teacher, and the school, by laying the beautiful flower, without a word, on the teacher's desk. That day was a dark day. When a new boy, who didn't belong to the school, came up at recess to play, Piggy shuffled over to him and asked gruffly:

"What's your name?"

"Puddin' 'n' tame, ast me agin an' I'll tell you the same," said the new boy, and then there was a fight. It didn't soothe Piggy's feelings one bit that he whipped the new boy, for the new boy was smaller than Piggy. And he dared not turn his flushed face towards his Heart's Desire. It was almost four o'clock when Piggy

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Pennington walked to the master's desk to get him to work out a problem, and as he passed the desk of Heart's Desire, he dropped a note in her lap. It read:

"Are you mad?"

But he dared not look for an answer as they marched out that night; so he contented himself with punching the boy ahead of him with a pin, and stepping on his heels, when they were in the back part of the room, where the teacher would not see him. The King of Boyville walked home alone that evening. The courtiers saw plainly that his majesty was troubled.

So his lonely way was strewn with broken stick-horses which he took from the little boys, and was marked with trees adorned with the string which he took from other youngsters who ran across his pathway playing horse. In his barn he sat listlessly on a nail-keg, while Abe and the freckle-faced boy did their deeds of daring on the rings and the trapeze. Only when the new boy came in did Piggy arouse himself to mount the flying bar, and, swinging in it to the very rafters, drop, and hang by his knees, and again drop from his knees, catching his ankle in the angle of the rope where it meets the swinging bar. That was to awe the new boy.

After this feat the King was quiet.

At dusk, when the evening chores were done, Piggy Pennington walked past the home of his Heart's Desire, and howled out a doleful ballad which began:

"You ask what makes this darky wee-eep,
Why he like others am not gay."

But a man on the sidewalk, passing, said, "Well, son, that's pretty good; but wouldn't you just as lief sing as to make that noise?" So the King went to bed with a heavy heart.

He took that heart to school with him the next morning, and dragged it over the schoolground, playing crack-the-whip and "stinkbase." But when he saw Heart's Desire wearing in her hair one of the white roses from his mother's garden —the Penningtons had the only white roses in the little town—he knew it was from the wreath he had given her; and so light was his boyish heart that it was with an effort that he kept it out of his throat. There were smiles and smiles that day. During the singing they began, and every time she came past him from a class, and every time he could pry his eyes behind her geography or her grammar, a flood of gladness swept over his soul. That night Piggy Pennington followed the girls from the schoolhouse to the post-office, and in a burst of enthusiasm walked on his hands in front of the crowd for nearly half a block.

When his Heart's Desire said, "Oh! ain't you afraid you'll hurt yourself doing that?" Piggy pretended not to hear her, and said to the boys:

"Aw, that ain't nuthin'; come down to my barn, an' I'll do somepin that'll make your head swim."

He was too exuberant to contain himself; and when he left the girls he started to run after a stray chicken that happened along, and ran till he was out of breath. He did not mean to run in the direction his Heart's Desire had taken, but he turned a corner and came up with her suddenly.

Her eyes beamed upon him, and he could not run away as he wished. She made room for him on the sidewalk, and he could do nothing but walk beside her. For a block they were so embarrassed that neither spoke.

It was Piggy who broke the silence. His words came from his heart He had not yet learned to speak otherwise.

"Where's your rose?" he asked, not seeing it.

"What rose?" said the girl, as though she had never in her short life heard of such an absurd thing as a rose.

"Oh, you know," returned the boy, stepping irregularly, to make the tips of his toes come on the cracks in the sidewalk. There was another pause, during which Piggy picked up a pebble and threw it at a bird in a tree. His heart was sinking rapidly.

"Oh, that rose?" said his Heart's Desire, turning full upon him with the enchantment of her childish eyes. "Why, here it is in my grammar. I'm taking it to keep with the others. Why?"

"Oh, nuthin' much," replied the boy.

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"I bet you can't do this," he added, as he glowed up into her eyes from an impulsive handspring.

And thus the King of Boyville first set his light little foot upon the soil of an unknown country.

## THE HOME-COMING OF COLONEL HUCKS.

A GENERATION ago, a wagon covered with white canvas turned to the right on the California road, and took a northerly course toward the prairie stream that nestled just under a long, low bluff. When the white pilgrim, jolting over the rough, unbroken ground, through the tall "blue stem" grass, reached a broad bend in the stream, it stopped. A man and a woman emerged from under the canvas, and stood for a moment facing the wild, green meadow and the distant hills. The man was young, lithe, and graceful, but despite his boyish figure, the woman felt his unconscious strength, as he put his arm about her waist. She was aglow with health; her fine, strong, intelligent eyes burned with hope, and her firm jaw was good to behold. They stood gazing at the virgin field a moment in silence. There were tears in the woman's eyes, as she looked up after the kiss and said:

"And this is the end of our wedding journey; and—and—the honeymoon—the only one we can ever have in all the world—is over."

The horses moving uneasily in their sweaty harness, cut short the man's reply.

When he returned, his wife was getting the cooking utensils from under the wagon, and life—stern, troublous—had begun for them.

It was thus that young Colonel William Hucks brought his wife to Kansas.

They were young, strong, hearty people, and they conquered the wilderness. A home sprang up in the elbow of the stream. In the fall, long rows of corn shucks trailed what had been the meadow. In the summer the field stood horse-high with corn. From the bluff, as the years flew by, the spectator might see the checkerboard of the farm, clean cut, well kept, smiling in the sun. Little children frolicked in the king row, and hurried to school down the green lines of the lanes where the hedges grow. Once, a slow procession, headed by a spring wagon with a little black box in it, might have been seen filing between the rows of the half-grown poplar trees and out across the brown stubble-covered prairie, to the desolate hill and the graveyard. Now, neighbors from miles around may be heard coming in the rattling wagons across vale and plain, laden with tin presents; after which the little home is seen ablaze with lights, while the fiddle vies with the mirth of the frolicking party, dancing with the wanton echoes on the bluff across the stream.

There were years when the light in the kitchen burned far into the night, when two heads bent over the table, figuring to make ends meet. In these years the girlish figure became bent, and the light faded in the woman's eyes, while the lithe figure of the man was gnarled by the rigors of the struggle.

There were days—not years, thank God—when lips forgot their tenderness; and, as fate tugged fiercely at the curbed bit, there were times when souls rebelled and cried out in bitterness and despair at the roughness of the path.

In this wise went Colonel Hucks and his wife through youth into maturity, and in this wise they faced towards the sunset.

He was tall, with a stoop, grizzled, brawny, perhaps uncouth in mien. She was stout, unshapely, rugged, yet her face was kind and motherly. There was a boyish twinkle left in her husband's eyes, and a quaint, quizzing, one-sided smile often stumbled across his care-furrowed countenance. As the years passed, Mrs. Hucks noticed that her husband's foot fell heavily when he walked by her side, and the pang she felt when she first observed his plodding step was too deep for tears. It was in these days that the minds of the Huckses unconsciously reverted to old times. It became their wont, in these latter days, to sit in the silent house, whence the children had gone out to try issue with the world, and of evenings to talk of the old faces and of the old places in the home of their youth. Theirs had been a pinched and busy life. They had never returned to visit their old Ohio home. The colonel's father and mother were gone. His wife's relatives were not there. Yet each felt the longing to go back. For years they had talked of the charms of the home of their childhood. Their children had been brought up to believe that the place was

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little less than heaven. The Kansas grass seemed short and barren of beauty to them, beside the picture of the luxury of Ohio's fields. For them the Kansas streams did not ripple and dimple so merrily in the sun as the Ohio brooks that romped through the dewy pastures, in their memories. The bleak Kansas plain, in winter and in fall, seemed to the colonel and his wife to be ugly and gaunt, when they remembered the brow of the hill under which their first kiss was shaded from the moon, while the world grew dim under a sleigh that bounded over the turnpike. The old people did not give voice to their musings. But in the woman's heart there gnawed a yearning for the beauty of the old scenes. It was almost a physical hunger.

After their last child, a girl, had married and had gone down the lane towards the lights of the village, Mrs. Hucks began to watch with a greedy eye the dollars mount toward a substantial bank account. She hoped that she and her husband might afford a holiday.

Last year Providence had blessed the Huckses with plenty. It was the woman who revived the friendship of youth in her husband's cousin, who lives in the old township in Ohio. It was Mrs. Hucks who secured from that cousin an invitation to spend a few weeks in the Ohio homestead. It was Mrs. Hucks, again, who made her husband happy by putting him into a tailor's suit—the first he had bought since his wedding—for the great occasion. Colonel Hucks needed no persuasion to take the trip. Indeed, it was his wife's economy which had kept him from being a spendthrift and from borrowing money with which to go on a dozen different occasions.

The day which Colonel and Mrs. William Hucks set apart for starting upon their journey was one of those perfect Kansas days in early October. The rain had washed the summer's dust from the air, clearing it, and stencilling the lights and shades very sharply. The woods along the little stream which flowed through the farm, had not been greener at any time through the season. The second crop of grass on the hillside almost sheened in vividness. The yellow of the stubble in the grain fields was all but a glittering golden. The sky was a deep, glorious blue, and the big, downy clouds which lumbered lazily here and there in the depths of it, appeared near and palpable.

As Mrs. Hucks "did up" the breakfast dishes for the last time before leaving for the town to take the cars, she began to feel that the old house would be lonesome without her. The silence that was about to come seemed to her to be seeping in, and it made her feel "creepy." In her fancy she petted the furniture as she "set it to rights," saying mentally that it would be a long time before the house would have her care again. To Mrs. Hucks every bit of furniture brought up its separate recollection, and there was a hatchet-scarred chair in the kitchen which had come with her in the wagon from Ohio. Mrs. Hucks felt that she could not leave that chair. All the while she was singing softly, as she went about her simple tasks. Her husband was puttering around the barnyard with the dog under his feet. He was repeating, for the twentieth time, the instructions to a neighbor about the care of the stock, when it occurred to him to go into the house and dress. After this was accomplished, the old couple paused outside the front door while Colonel Hucks fumbled with the key.

"Think of it, father," said Mrs. Hucks, as she turned to descend from the porch. "Thirty years ago—and you and I have been fighting so hard out here—since you let me out of your arms to look after the horses. Think of what has come—and—and—gone, father, and here we are alone after it all."

"Now, mother, I—" But the woman broke in again with:

"Do you mind how I looked that day? Oh, William, you were so fine and so handsome then. What's become of my boy—my young, sweet, strong, glorious boy?"

Mrs. Hucks's eyes were wet, and her voice broke at the end of the sentence.

"Mother," said the colonel, as he went around the corner of the house, "just wait a minute till I see if the kitchen door is fastened."

When he came back, he screwed up the corner of his mouth into a droll, one-sided smile, and said, with a twinkle in his eyes, to the woman emerging from her handkerchief:

"Mother, for a woman of your age, I should say you had a mighty close call to being kissed just then. That kitchen door was all that saved you."

"Now, pa, don't be silly," was all that Mrs. Hucks had the courage to attempt, as she climbed into the buggy.

Colonel Hucks and his wife went down the road, each loath to go and leave the place without their care. Their ragged,

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uneven flow of talk was filled with more anxiety about the place which they were leaving than it was with the joys anticipated at their journey's end. The glories of Ohio, and the wonderful green of its hills, and the cool of its meadows, veined with purling brooks, was a picture that seemed to fade in the mental vision of this old pair, when they turned the corner that hid their old Kansas home from view. Mrs. Hucks kept reverting in her mind to her recollection of the bedroom, which she had left in disorder. The parlor and the kitchen formed a mental picture in the housewife's fancy, which did not leave space for speculations about the glories into which she was about to come. In the cars, Colonel Hucks found himself leaning across the aisle, bragging mildly about Kansas, for the benefit of a travelling man from Cincinnati. When the colonel and his wife spread their supper on their knees in the Kansas City Union Depot, the recollection that it was the little buff Cochin pullet which they were eating made Mrs. Hucks very homesick. The colonel, on being reminded of this, was meditative also.

They arrived at their destination in the night. Mrs. Hucks and the women of the homestead refreshed old acquaintance in the bedroom and in the kitchen, while the colonel and the men sat stiffly in the parlor and called the roll of the dead and the absent. In the morning, while he was waiting for his breakfast, Colonel Hucks went for a prowl down in the cow lot. It seemed to him that the creek which ran through the lot was dry and ugly. He found a stone upon which as a boy he had stood and fished. He remembered it as a huge boulder, and he had told his children wonderful tales about its great size. It seemed to him that it had worn away one half in thirty years. The moss on the river bank was faded and old, and the beauty for which he had looked was marred by a thousand irregularities, which he did not recall in the picture of the place that he had carried in his memory since he left it.

Colonel Hucks trudged up the bank from the stream with his hands clasped behind him, whistling "O Lord, Remember Me," and trying to reconcile the things he had seen with those he had expected to find. At breakfast he said nothing of his puzzle, but as Mrs. Hucks and the colonel sat in the parlor alone, during the morning, while their cousins were arranging to take the Kansas people over the neighborhood in the buggy, Mrs. Hucks said:

"Father, I have been lookin' out the window, and I see they've had such a dreadful drought here. See that grass there; it's as short and dry—and the ground looks burneder and crackeder than it does in Kansas."

"Uhm, yes," replied the colonel. "I had noticed that myself. Yet the crops seem a pretty fair yield this year."

As the buggy in which the two families were riding rumbled over the bridge, the colonel, who was sitting in the front seat, turned to the woman in the back seat and said:

"Lookie there, mother, they've got a new mill—smaller'n the old mill, too." To which his cousin responded, "Bill Hucks, what's got into you, anyway? That's the same old mill, where me and you used to steal pigeons."

The colonel looked closer, and drawled out, "Well, I be doggoned! What makes it look so small? Ain't it smaller, mother?" he asked, as they crossed the mill-race, that seemed to the colonel to be a diminutive affair compared with the roaring mill-race in which as a boy he had caught minnows.

The party rode on thus for half an hour, chatting leisurely, when Mrs. Hucks, who had been keenly watching the scenery for five minutes, pinched her husband and cried enthusiastically as the buggy was descending a little knoll:

"Here 'tis, father. This is the place."

"What place?" asked the colonel, who was head over heels in the tariff.

"Don't you know, William?" replied his wife, with a tremble in her voice which the woman beside her noticed.

Every one in the buggy was listening. The colonel looked about him; then, turning to the woman beside his wife on the back seat, he said:

"This is the place where I mighty nigh got tipped over trying to drive two horses to a sleigh with lines between my knees. Mother and me have remembered it, someway, ever since."

And the old man stroked his grizzled beard, and tried to smile on the wrong side of his face, that the women might see his joke. They exchanged meaning glances when the colonel turned away, and Mrs. Hucks was proudly happy. Even the dulness of the color on the grass, which she had remembered as luscious green, did not sadden her for half an hour.

When the two Kansas people were alone that night, the colonel asked:

"Don't it seem kind of dwarfed here to

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what you expected it would be? Seems to me like it's all shrivelled, and worn out, and old. Everything's got dust on it. The grass by the road is dusty. The trees that used to seem so tall and black with shade are just nothing like what they used to be. The hill I've thought of as a young mountain don't seem to be so big as our bluff back—back home."

Kansas was home to them now. For thirty years the struggling couple on the prairie had kept the phrase "back home" sacred to Ohio. Each felt a thrill at the household blasphemy, and both were glad that the colonel had said "back home" and that it meant Kansas.

"Are you sorry you come, father?" said Mrs. Hucks, as the colonel was about to fall into a doze.

"I don't know; are you?" he asked.

"Well, yes; I guess I am. I haven't no heart for this, the way it is, and I've some way lost the picture I had fixed in my mind of the way it was. I don't care for this, and yet it seems like I do, too. Oh, I wish I hadn't come, to find everything so washed out like it is."

And so they looked at pictures of youth through the eyes of age. How the colors were faded! What a tragic difference there is between the light which springs from the dawn and the glow which falls from the sunset!

After the first day Colonel Hucks did not restrain his bragging about Kansas. And Mrs. Hucks gave rein to her pride when she heard him. Before that day she had reserved a secret contempt for the Kansas boaster, and had ever wished that he might see what Ohio could do in the particular line which he was praising. But now Mrs. Hucks caught herself saying to her hostess, "What small ears of corn you raise here!"

The day after this concession Mrs. Hucks began to grow homesick. At first she worried about the stock; the colonel's chief care was about the dog. The fifth day's visit was their last. As they were driving to the town to take the train for Kansas, Mrs. Hucks heard her husband discoursing something after this fashion:

"I tell you, Jim, before I'd slave my life out on an 'eighty' the way you're doin', I'd go out takin' in whitewashin'. It is just like this—a man in Kansas has lower taxes, better schools, and more advantages in every way, than you've got here. And as for grasshoppers! Why, Jim West, sech talk makes me tired. My boy Bill's been always born and raised in Kansas, and now he's in the legislature, and in all his life, since he can remember, he never seen a hopper. Wouldn't know one from a sacred ibex, if he met it in the road."

While the women were sitting in the buggy at the depot waiting for the train, Mrs. Hucks found herself saying:

"And as for fruit—why, we fed apples to the hogs this fall. I sold the cherries, all but what was on one tree near the house, and I put up sixteen quarts from just two sides of that tree, and never stepped my foot off the ground to pick 'em."

When they were comfortably seated on the homeward-bound train, Mrs. Hucks said to her husband:

"How do you suppose they live here in this country, anyway, father? Don't any one here seem to own any of the land joinin' them, and they'd no more think of puttin' in water-tanks and wind-mills around their farms than they'd think of flyin'. I just wish Mary could come out and see my new kitchen sink with the hot and cold water in it. Why, she almost fainted when I told her how to fix a dreen for her dishwater and things." Then, after a sigh, she added, "But they are so onprogressive here, nowadays."

That was the music which the colonel loved, and he took up the strain, and carried the tune for a few miles. Then it became a duet, and the two old souls were very happy.

They were overjoyed at being bound for Kansas. They hungered for kindred spirits. At Peoria, in the early morning, they awakened from their chair-car naps to hear a strident female voice saying:

"Well, sir, when the raid did finally come, Mr. Morris he just didn't think there was a thing left worth cutting on the place, but, lo and behold, we got over forty bushel to the acre off of that field as it was."

The colonel was thoroughly awake in an instant, and he nudged his wife as the voice went on:

"Mr. Morris he was so afraid the wheat was winter killed; all the papers said it was; and then came the late frost, which every one said had ruined it—but law me—"

Mrs. Hucks could stand it no longer. With her husband's cane she reached the owner of the voice, and said:

"Excuse me, ma'am, but what part of Kansas are you from?"

It seemed like meeting a dear relative

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The rest of the journey to Kansas City was a hallelujah chorus, wherein the colonel sang a powerful and telling bass.

When he crossed the Kansas State line, Colonel Hucks began, indeed, to glory in his State. He pointed out the schoolhouses that rose in every village, and asked his fellow-passenger to note that the schoolhouse is the most important piece of architecture in every group of buildings. He told the history of every rod of ground along the Kaw to Topeka. He dilated eloquently, and at length, upon the coal mines in Osage County, and he pointed with pride to the varied resources of his State. Every prospect was pleasing to Colonel Hucks, as he rode home that beautiful day, and his wife was more radiantly happy than she had been for many years.

As the train pulled into the little town of Willow Creek that afternoon, the colonel craned his head at the car window to catch the first glimpse of the big, red standpipe, and of the big stone schoolhouse on the hill. When the whistle blew for the station, the colonel said:

"What is it that fool Riley feller says about 'Grigsby's Station, where we used to be so happy and so pore'?"

As the colonel and his wife passed out of the town into the quiet country, where the shadows were growing long and black, and where the gentle blue haze was hanging over the distant hills that undulated the horizon, a silence fell upon the two hearts. Each mind sped back over a lifetime to the evening when they had turned out of the main road in which they were travelling. A dog barking in the meadow behind the hedge did not startle them from their reveries. The restless cattle wandering down the hillside toward the bars, made a natural complement to the picture which they loved.

"It is almost sunset, father," said the wife, as she put her hand on her husband's arm.

Her touch and the voice in which she had spoken tightened some cord at his throat. The colonel could only repeat, as he avoided her gaze:

"Yes, almost sunset, mother; almost sunset."

"It has been a long day, William, but you have been good to me. Has it been a happy day for you, father?"

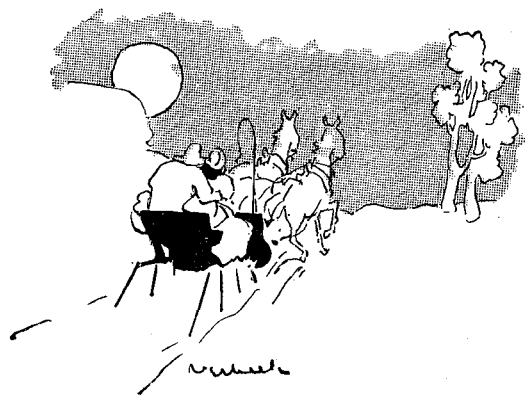
The colonel turned his head away. He was afraid to trust himself to speech. He clucked to the horses and drove down the lane. As they came into the yard, the colonel put an arm about his wife and pressed his cheek against her face. Then he said drolly:

"Now, lookie at that dog, come tearin' up here like he never saw white folks before."

And so Colonel William Hucks brought his wife back to Kansas. Here their youth is woven into the very soil they love; here every tree around their home has its sacred history; here every sky above them recalls some day of trial and hope.

Here in the gloaming to-night stands an old man, bent and grizzled. His eyes are dimmed with tears, which he would not acknowledge for the world, and he is dreaming strange dreams, while he listens to a little, cracked voice in the kitchen half humming and half singing:

"Home again, home again,
From a foreign shore."



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# THE MAKING OF THE BIBLE.

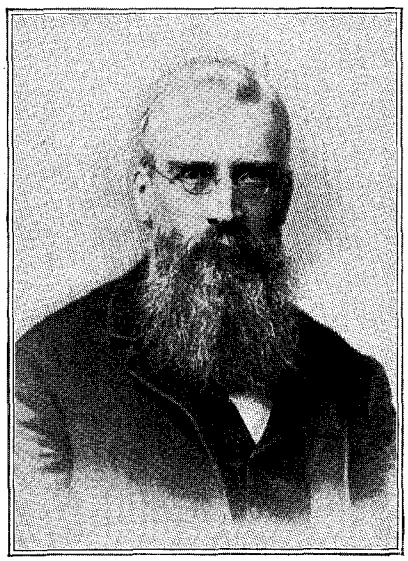
By H. J. W. Dam.

HAVING undertaken the responsibility of an article on the making of the Bible—a book you do not know too much about—you naturally repair at once to the Bible House of the British and Foreign Bible Society, a massive and imposing structure in Queen Victoria Street near the "Times" Building, London.

As you enter the airy vestibule, which is panelled in polished light brown marble, an inscription, the letters of which are cut deep in the stone and painted in vivid red, catches your eye and holds it. There is food for thought, even to the lay mind, in this inscription. It clings to you, even after you have mounted the broad stairways and are waiting in the library for the genial head of the translation department, Dr. William T. Wright.

"Here," says Dr. Wright, waving his hand towards the east side of the great room, "is the finest and largest collection of Bibles in the world."

You nod, somewhat absently, for your mind is still dwelling upon the inscription in the vestibule.



HENRY FROWDE, PUBLISHER AND LONDON REPRESENTATIVE OF THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

From a photograph by Henry Van der Weyde, London.

Dr. Wright, the most admirable of raconteurs, touches in a continuously interesting way upon this wonderful collection of nearly all the famous and curious Bibles that ever were, which now seem to have found a haven of safety on these shelves reaching from floor to ceiling. Here are sixteenth century Bibles, some perfect, many mutilated, having columns and pages daubed out in dull red ochre by the Roman Catholic censors of the dead centuries. Here are the Bibles of dead kings and dead queens, with the royal signatures of hands which have long been dust. Here is the "Wicked Bible," issued in 1632, which said, "Thou shalt commit adultery," and brought a fine of 1,000 marks to its unhappy publisher for leading the weak world astray in so authoritative and magnificent a fashion. Here is the "Breeches Bible" (the Geneva Bible of 1560), which says that Adam and Eve "sewed fig leaves together and mayde themselves breeches." Here is the Geneva Bible of 1557, the first one in which the text was printed in verses, and you wonder how ministers managed to properly announce the texts of their sermons before that happy day. Here is the Tyndale Bible of 1525, the first printed in English; the Coverdale of 1535, and the Matthew's of 1537.

It is profoundly interesting, and yet—your mind seems somehow glued to that inscription in the vestibule.

"Wyclif," says the doctor, "who first translated the Bible into English, about 1382, escaped torture, but his bones were dug up by the frenzied Roman priests and burned. Tyndale was strangled and burned near Brussels. Matthew, whose real name was Rogers, was burned at Smithfield."

Everybody, in fact, who translated this strange book, which came from beyond the earth to men, seems to have met with a violent death.

Down past the products of clumsy old hand-presses of the centuries, through convocations of devout men in spectacles fighting bitter battles over the nine parts of speech, through edition after edition from the Authorized Version of 1611 to the Revised Version of 1884, through a pilgrimage of publications lasting three hundred years, your eloquent guide leads you in thirty charming minutes; and—still your mind goes back to the red letters cut deep

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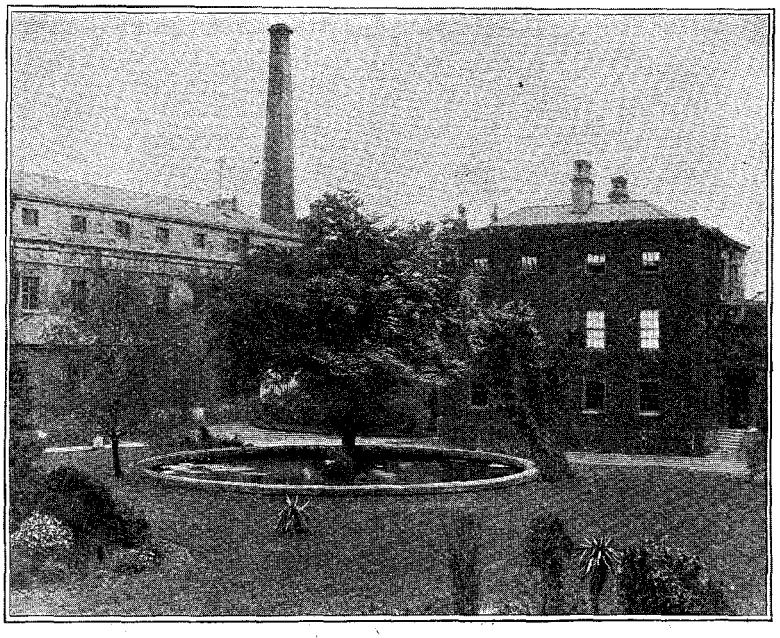
in stone on the polished panels of the vestibule walls.

And finally you bid adieu to the genial doctor, go down the broad stairways, and once more stand gazing thoughtfully at the red letters. And with your mind full of great Bible houses; of eight thousand Bibles per day going out of these doors, in all languages, to all parts of the earth; of three great presses in England alone, which last year printed six millions of Bibles and parts of Bibles, for Christian worship—with all these in your mind you gaze at the simple words which were pronounced on the Mount of Olives in Palestine, nearly nineteen hundred years ago:

"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."

Nineteen hundred years ago these words were merely spoken—not written or imperishably recorded in any way. And nineteen hundred years afterwards they dominate the social system and the lives of one hundred and fifty millions of the world's most advanced peoples. Beside this great fact, the miracles of the New Testament seem for the moment comparatively trivial. This impressive contemporaneous fact becomes the miracle of miracles to any mind. For be that mind saintly or sinful, it is unable to deny that from the moment the Words were uttered they spread abroad like a running fire of fervor, they seized upon and entered into people like the germs of a benignant epidemic, in a way which history clearly records but which science cannot remotely explain. It is the miracle of all the miracles because it is a cold, inexplicable but indisputable fact among the facts of today.



THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS: INNER COURT, SHOWING THE CONTROLLER'S RESIDENCE IN THE BACKGROUND, ON THE RIGHT.

The founder of the Christian religion left no writing. No apostle was deputed to keep the record, and none, so far as is known, kept it. Matthew and John, who were of the twelve, and Mark and Luke, who were not, wrote accounts, many years after the death of the Master, of his life and doings. But no man known to history ever saw these original accounts, and no allusion has ever been made to them by any ancient writer whose writings exist. No manuscript written within three hundred years after the death of Christ has ever been seen by any modern eye. How those Words have lived no man knows. The most tremendous empire of antiquity massed all its forces against them without avail. The Words, living mainly in men's minds, passed from mouth to ear and meeting to meeting, until they vanquished the Roman Empire and set a Christian king upon a pagan throne. Time, decay, the errors of translators, the injurious vanity of copyists, the distortion of fought-for creeds, the bloodthirstiness of inquisitors, and the malignant persecution by the world's greatest hierarchy of those who would put the Words into the hands of the people—all these the Words have overcome with a seemingly effortless supremacy, and after nineteen centuries are still moving forward majestically, invincibly, and irresistibly to ends that no men know.

The making of the Bible in its modern aspect does not begin until the middle of the fourth century after Christ. It is a

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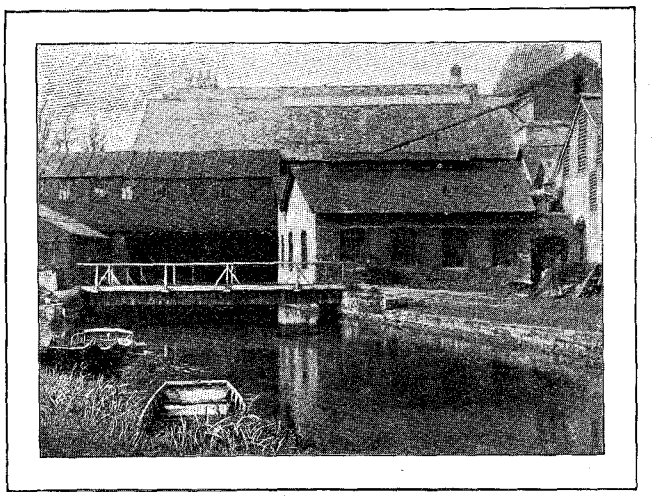
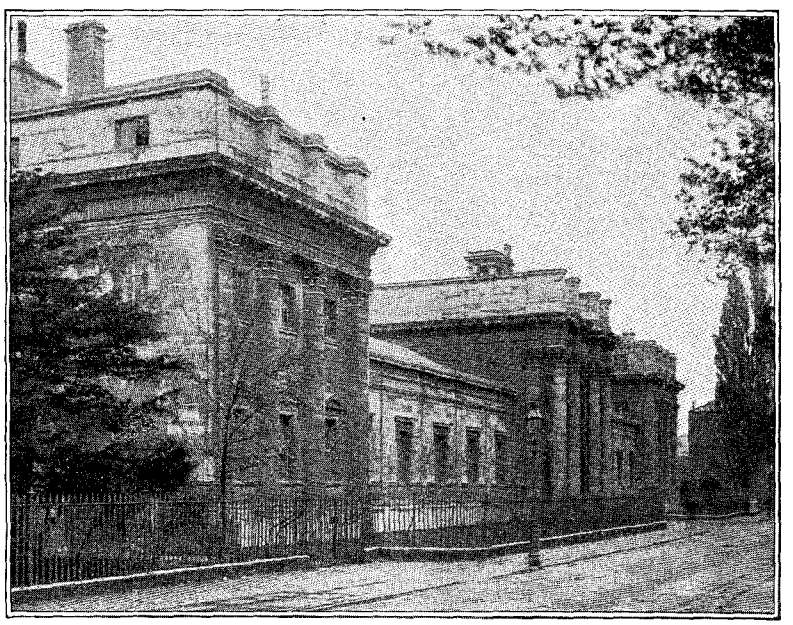
story of manuscripts and of researches concerning which libraries of history and of criticism have been written. But as these volumes are read by the student of theology rather than the general public, a brief outline of the work may prove of general interest and be not inappropriate in an article of this kind. The authority for it is Mr. W. G. Kenyon, the keeper of the manuscripts in the British Museum, who has written a valuable book on the subject. In one of the locked rooms of the Museum is an ancient document in vellum, fifteen hundred years old, which is perhaps the rarest and most priceless object in that great collection. This is the Codex Alexandrinus, one of the four great manuscripts from which the Bible of to-day has mainly come. As Mr. Kenyon places it before you, it consists of 773 sheets of dull gray goatskin, the skin being exceptionally thin. Each sheet measures 12¾ by 10¾ inches, and is written on both sides of the sheet in two columns of faint but clear Greek characters. The Museum has bound the leaves in four volumes, and has had photographic copies made of each page for the use of students, in order that the precious original need not be touched.



WOLVERCOTE MILLS, WHERE THE INDIA PAPER IS MADE FOR THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

The manuscript—one of the best, if incomplete, copies of the Bible handed down from antiquity—was a copy made by Thecla, a noble Christian lady of Alexandria, in the fifth century. It was brought from Alexandria to Constantinople by Cyril Lucar, Patriarch of Constantinople, who in 1624 gave it into the charge of the English ambassador for presentation to King James I.; but owing to James's death before the presentation could be made, it was presented instead to Charles I. It remained in the possession of the English sovereigns until the Royal Library was presented to the nation by George II. With the exception of the greater part of Matthew to Chapter xxv., two leaves of John, and three of Second Corinthians, it contains the whole Greek Bible, including the two Epistles of Clement of Rome, which in early times ranked



THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, OXFORD, ENGLAND

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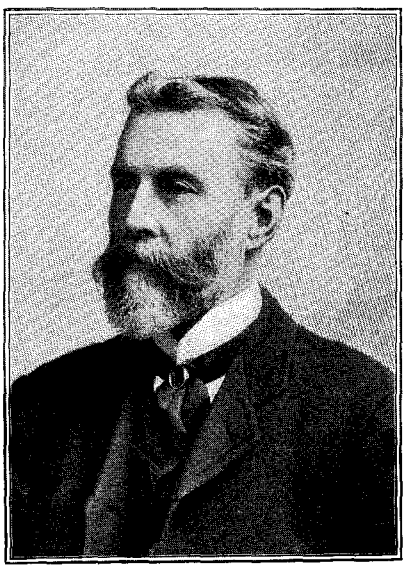
among the inspired books. Its table of contents shows that it once included also the Psalms of Solomon, though, from their position and title in the index, it is evident that they were regarded as standing apart from the other books.

The other three manuscripts, all more or less incomplete, are the Codex Vaticanus, the Codex Sinaiticus, and the Codex Ephraemi. The Codex Vaticanus, the most ancient and most valuable of the four, has been in the Vatican since about 1450. Napoleon carried it to Paris as a prize, but it was returned to the Vatican in 1815. It originally contained the whole Greek Bible, but the beginning to Genesis xlvi. 28, has been lost. The Psalms from cvi. to cxxxviii. inclusive have dropped out; and the latter part of the Epistle to the Hebrews, the Catholic Epistles, and the whole of the Apocalypse have disappeared.



HORACE HART, CONTROLLER OF THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

The Codex Sinaiticus, next in age and next in importance, was discovered so late as 1859, by Constantine Tischendorf, the great biblical scholar, in the Monastery of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai. While visiting the monastery in 1844, he seized upon some leaves of old manuscripts which the monks were using to light fires, and found them to be parts of a manuscript of the Bible older than any he had ever seen. He picked out forty-three leaves, and was permitted to keep them; but was unable to get sight of eighty more leaves which the monks possessed. For years he tried in vain to obtain them, paying a special visit to the monastery for the purpose in 1853. Finally, through the intervention of the Czar in 1859, he was enabled to obtain from the steward of the monastery a bundle of loose leaves which contained a part of the Old Testament, and the New Testament from beginning to end; and this he quickly found to be one of the most valuable copies of the Bible in the possession of man.

The Codex Ephraemi was brought from the East to Italy early in the sixteenth century, and taken from Italy to Paris by Queen Catherine de' Medici. Its discovery as a Bible manuscript occurred in the seventeenth century. Up to that time it was supposed to contain merely the writings of St. Ephraem the Syrian, who wrote in the twelfth century. But underneath these writings, more or less imperfectly erased, was found a portion of the text of the Bible. The removal of the later writing and the restoration of the old gave the world sixty-four leaves containing portions of the Old Testament and one hundred and forty-five leaves containing fragments of the New. All the rest was undiscoverably lost. This manuscript dates from the fifth century.

From manuscripts such as these; from the old Latin version of the fourth century; from manuscript translations of the Bible into Syriac, Coptic, and other languages, dating from the sixth century; and from the writings of early Christian fathers, dating as far back as the middle of the second century, our Bible has come in its present form. Two manuscripts date from the fourth century, two from the fifth, and twenty-seven, only five of which contain a complete book, from the sixth century. These materials, and the later manuscripts based upon them, have been studied, compared, and collated by the great scholars of the ages. There have been corrections, convocations, and revisions in the past, and there will doubtless be corrections, convocations, and revisions in the future. The debates and disputes, however, have dealt mainly with minor matters, important only to scholars; the essential message, the good tidings of great joy to all the world, have never at any time been the subject of doubt.

From the most ancient of the ancient manuscripts to the most modern of the modern Bibles is a long step. It is sixty-one miles long in fact, the distance from the British Museum to the University Press at Oxford. As you are carried toward Oxford you naturally reflect that there, in the field of mere printing and publication, there can be no novelty, no

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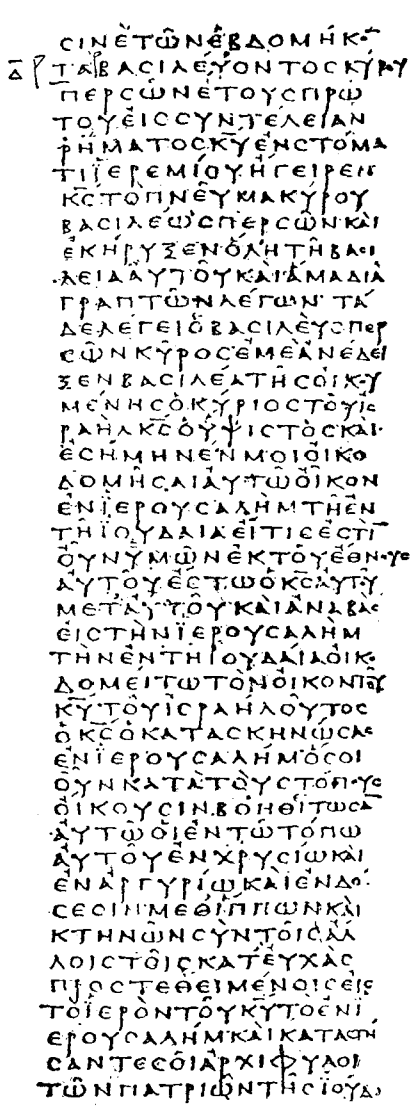
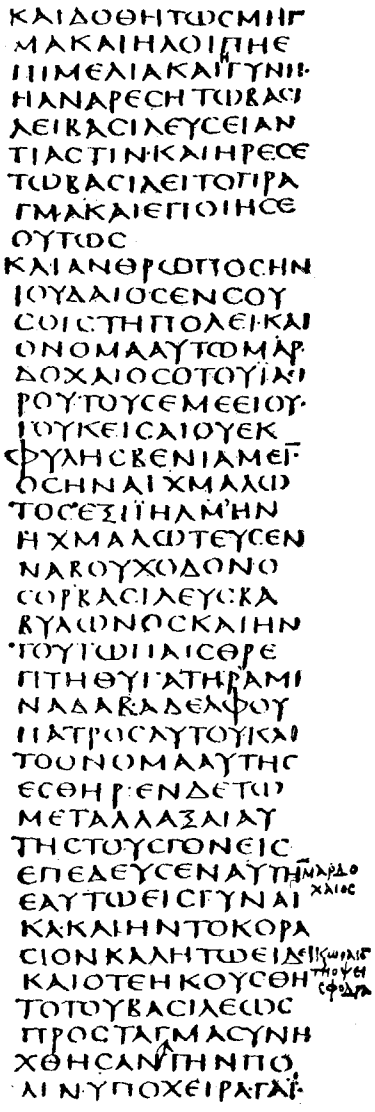


A PASSAGE FROM THE CODEX VATICANUS.
FOURTH CENTURY.



A PASSAGE FROM THE CODEX SINAITICUS.
FOURTH OR FIFTH CENTURY.

The above facsimiles are reproduced, by special permission of the Oxford University Press, from the new copyright edition of the Oxford Teachers' Bible, copyrighted by Henry Frowde, 1896. The Codex Vaticanus is the oldest and most valuable of the four manuscripts from which the Bible as we now have it is mainly derived. It is of the fourth century; but nothing is known of its history prior to the fifteenth century, when it was already in the Vatican Library in Rome, where it is still treasured. The passage shown above is 1 Esdras ii. 1-8. The Codex Sinaiticus, next in age and importance to the Vaticanus, is of the fourth or fifth century. It is the manuscript discovered by Tischendorf in 1859 in the monastery on Mount Sinai. The passage given here is Esther ii. 3-8. Both manuscripts are Greek, written in the uncial letter.

mystery. But no sooner do you reach the great Bible press of the historic university than the same atmosphere of the unusual becomes apparent. The Bible is the Bible, and even in its printing is unlike any other book on earth.

The Oxford Press has been actively engaged in the printing of books for more than four centuries, and has been printing Bibles for more than three hundred years. Its first volume bears the date of 1468, but through an error (they made errors in those days); it should have been marked 1478. The main building, which was erected and became the home of the Press in 1830, is quadrangular, in the usual college form, and surrounds a large square court in lawns and flowers. The right wing

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constitutes the Learned Press, an institution established in 1669 "for the printing of learned books." The left wing is the "Oxford Press," a name probably known to every Bible-reader in the world.

The head, for thirteen years past, of this great press has been Mr. Horace Hart, an autocrat of the sternest rigidity, but a martinet of the most courteous kind. Upon your entrance he asks you to excuse him for twenty minutes until a business conference is concluded. And while you are waiting for him you are conducted through the various departments—composing, proof-reading, and press rooms—of the Learned Press. You quickly perceive that this is, beyond question, the most learned press on the face of the earth. The very forms and type-boxes contain a metallic knowledge that no man could reach in a lifetime. Here they will print for you a Bible in any type of any tongue, past, present, or future. There may be an error about the future, but this is certainly your first impression. Persian, Sanscrit, Chinese, Hebrew, these are mere details; their daily bread, so to speak. But when it comes to Arabic, Syriac, Javanese, Burmese, Macassar, Tinneh, Jaski, and a hundred other kinds of hieroglyphics that you never heard of, it is too much to be instantly digested, and you wish to pause and think. Your guide explains to you that Jaski and Multain are really one and the same. This is gratifying, and you nod gravely. It is good to know that Jaski and Multain are really one, and not two or four or seven, as designing men might easily have induced you to believe. As if languages were mendicants, Mr. Hart says quietly: "We never turn a language away." And the metallic evidences before you do not permit the statement to be clouded by any doubt. In this great composing-room are types representing the sound symbols of all the savages of earth, so far as they have been caught and listened to; and unless your eyes are prejudiced, the more fiendish the character of the hoped-for proselyte, the more awful are his literary tools, so to speak. The erstwhile humble compositor now assumes in your eyes the glamour of greatness. The despised and hated proof-reader becomes a leader among his kind.

At one case a compositor is setting up a little brochure in Peshito Syriac, a thesaurus for the use of the old manuscript students of by and by, which has engaged the steady labor of the Press for the past thirty-three years, having been begun in 1863. Thirty-one compositors have gone to that bourne from which no traveller returns, while engaged on this piece of work; and this is by no means to be wondered at. The compositor's case has a thousand boxes, a thousand dots, curls, curves, bacteria, and microbes, while the ordinary Roman case holds only one hundred simple characters. He, the compositor, sets up for you one simple letter by way of illustration. This requires six different pieces of metal, and would further require, if left to you, a journey to Syria to inquire as to its correctness. He proceeds to set up another letter, requiring perhaps ten pieces of metal—a compositorial *tour de force*. You feel, however, that the other achievement is quite sufficient for one day's labor, and that a half-holiday for him would really be no more than right.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," are the quoted words of the Founder. And in three hundred and twenty different languages, in all the byways and highways of the globe, these mute types are preaching it to-day.

Mr. Hart is as full of surprising facts as a tenement house of children. They develop unexpectedly, at every turn and corner, quite in the fashion of the children aforesaid. In the type-foundry, the oldest in England, we learn that the Press makes all its own type, and that the type from which the Bible is printed is different from any other type in the world. The "type-heights" are different, and they will not "range" with any other. The lead used in their making is all purchased from house to house in the country round-about. It is lead from tea chests, and it is used partly because it is pure, being free from solder, and partly because it is accessible, the freight being an item in dealing with the metal which stands for the description of heaviness.

He has a language of his own, this printer of the Oxford Bible. He speaks of Bibles only in tons. In a great ex-malt house, now a Bible storehouse, he shows you sheets in millions upon millions, printed and ready for the binder, and filling the whole building from floor to rafters. "Editions" in his speech take on new magnitudes. Fifty thousand is an ordinary order. The demand from Mr. Frowde for half a million of this or that leaves him calm. You incline to believe that if Mr. Frowde should send him from London, on one of the blue paper

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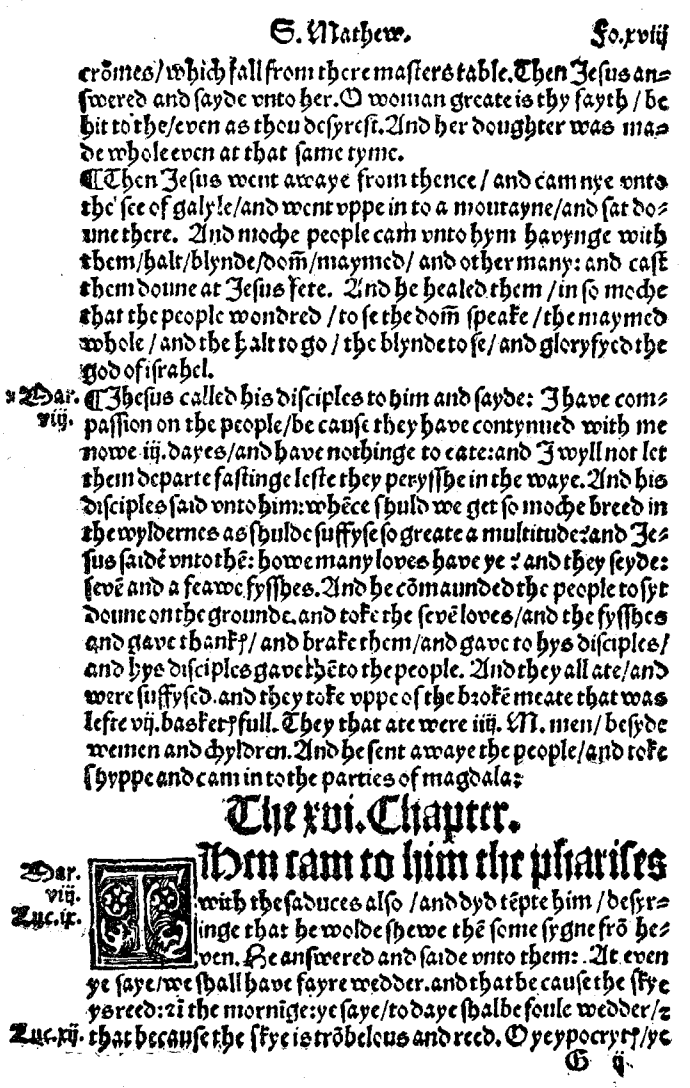

S. Mathew. Fo. xviij

crõmes/ which fall from there masters table. Then Jesus answered and sayde vnto her. O woman greate is thy fayth/ be it to the/ even as thou desyrest. And her doughter was made whole even at that same tyme.

¶ Then Jesus went awaye from thence/ and cam nye vnto the see of galyle/ and went vppe in to a mountayne/ and sat downe there. And moche people cam vnto hym havynge with them/ halt/ blynde/ dom̃/ maymed/ and other many: and cast them downe at Jesus fete. And he healed them/ in so moche that the people wondred/ to se the dom̃ speake/ the maymed whole/ and the halt to go/ the blynde to se/ and glorysyed the god of israhel.

Mar. viij. ¶ Jhesus called his disciples to him and sayde: I have compassion on the people/ because they have contynued with me nowe iij. dayes/ and have nothinge to eate: and I wyll not let them departe fastinge leste they perysshe in the waye. And his disciples said vnto him: whẽce should we get so moche breed in the wyldernes as should suffyse so greate a multitude: and Jesus saidẽ vnto thẽ: howe many loves have ye? and they seyde: seuẽ and a feawe fysshes. And he cõmaunded the people to syt downe on the grounde. and toke the seuẽ loves/ and the fysshes and gave thanke/ and brake them/ and gave to hys disciples/ and hys disciples gave thẽ to the people. And they all ate/ and were suffysed. and they toke vppe of the brokẽ meate that was leste vij. baskettfull. They that ate were iiij. M. men/ besyde wemen and chyldren. And he sent awaye the people/ and toke shyppe and cam in to the parties of magdala:

# The xvi. Chapter.

Mar. viij. Luc. ij. Then cam to him the phariseis with the saduces also/ and dyd tẽpte him/ desyringe that he wolde shewe thẽ some sygne frõ heven. He answered and saide vnto them: At even ye saye/ we shall have fayre wedder. and that be cause the skye is reed: 2 i the morninge: ye saye/ to daye shalbe foule wedder/ z Luc. xij. that because the skye is tröbelous and reed. O ye poecrytes/ ye

G ij.

A PAGE FROM TYNDALE'S NEW TESTAMENT, THE EARLIEST SPECIMEN OF A PRINTED VERSION OF THE SCRIPTURES IN ENGLISH: 1525.

Reproduced by special permission of the Oxford University Press, from the new copyright edition of the Oxford Teachers' Bible, copyrighted by Henry Frowde, 1896. The first edition of Tyndale's New Testament was printed at Cologne in 1525. The above page is from the only remaining fragment of it, consisting of thirty-one leaves, and now preserved in the British Museum.

The pressure to obtain an advance copy was enormous. One American publisher had offered $25,000. Enterprising American journalists hung about in the shadows of Oxford like Russian diplomatic agents at Sofia. Bribes up to $10,000 were offered where it was hoped they would do the most good, or the most bad, according to the point of view. All tricks were tried, even the forgery of Mr. Frowde's name on an order. They did not succeed at Oxford, because the thirty press sheets, each carrying thirty-two pages of the Testament, were, in bundles of a million, in the hands of thirty different employees. Moreover, the employees were incorruptible. At the last moment, the bundles were brought together and the volumes collated and bound. Mr. Frowde tells us later that thousands of copies were in the hands of nearly every bookbinder in London. There was no betrayal, no mishap, and no opening for journalistic enterprise, beyond that of the Chicago "Times," which telegraphed the whole book from New York to Chicago.

Mr. Hart recalls a curious incident. When they were printing the revised Bible, in 1884, there was one day a high wind, and as he was coming up Walton Street a printed sheet from one of the windows fluttered out and fell nearly into his own hands. It was so strange, he says, that this sheet, carrying thirty-two pages of the new Bible, the only sheet that went astray, should blow into the hands of the man in the street who was chiefly responsible and in whose hands it could do no harm.

forms, an order for a round billion, Mr. Hart, upon reading it, would perhaps knit his brows; but this evidence of discomposure cannot be predicted with any degree of certainty.

Mr. Hart tells about the printing of the Revised Version of the New Testament in May, 1881. Early in April, Mr. Frowde, who is the publisher and the London representative of the Oxford Press, had received orders for over a million copies, and would undertake the delivery of no more than these upon the day of publication.

Through composing-rooms, press-rooms, proof-reading rooms we pass, and then look at the ink-houses. These are three

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large brick structures, on the ground floor of which creosote is burned, the smoke passing upward into chambers lined with green baize hung an inch from the walls and ceiling. The soot gathers on the baize to a depth of four inches, is swept off, purified, and specially treated with boiled linseed oil. The Bible is printed with its own special ink. Why? Because they are compelled to use a special ink for its special paper. And now we have come to the special paper, the "India paper" on which the Oxford Bibles are printed, the great specialty and pride of the Oxford Press.

India paper is indeed a wonderful paper. It has revolutionized Bible-making. It is a mechanical mystery and a trade secret, a secret known only to three men. It is made at the Wolvercote Mills of the Oxford Press, but as no employee is in touch with more than one stage of the process the complicated secret is held in hand. In 1842 an Oxford graduate returned from India with a paper peculiarly thin, peculiarly tough, and peculiarly opaque. A few Bibles were made from it, one of which was presented to the Queen. It reduced the thickness of the Bible by one half. Every effort was made to obtain a supply of it, but without success. Efforts to make it were equally futile. Attempts were made and abandoned, made and abandoned, for thirty years. Mr. Gladstone's ubiquity of research was drawn upon, and his letter to Mr. Hart is on file. He could only recommend a search in Japan. Papers equally thin and equally tough were obtained, but they were too transparent. It was not possible to print them on both sides of the sheet. Finally a paper thin enough, and tough enough, and opaque enough developed; but it was too yellow. It was tried, but the color was unacceptable to the public. It was not till thirty years had passed that the tenacity and perseverance of Mr. Frowde triumphed over all obstacles, and Bibles were issued in 1874 on the wonderfully thin paper on which they are issued to-day, a paper which distinguishes the Oxford Bible from all the other books of the world.

The printing standard of Mr. Hart is an ideal one. It is nothing less than infallibility. When an edition of the Bible is issued, a guinea is paid to the discoverer of any mistake. About five guineas per year are thus paid out as the reward of diligence. When one person discovers an error and gets his guinea, some thousands discover it after him; and this entails much correspondence of a diplomatic character and much postal expense. Once, after an edition of 50,000 Bibles had been printed, it was discovered that early in the printing two letters had pulled out of one of the pages. The first was "t," turning teaching into "eaching." The second was "e," turning "eaching" into aching. It finally read through most of the edition, "Christ aching in the temple." Some thousands had been bound and sent out to the trade. These were recalled; and Mr. Frowde's special stamper, a unique, unparalleled, and wonderful stamper, was set to work, and stamped into nearly 50,000 Bibles the letters "t" and "e" by hand. It appears that there are fashions, fads, if you will, in Bibles. The American church-goer likes a Bible with a pocket or slide in the cover for the prayer-book. These the English devotee will have none of, but desires only two unattached volumes. The American Bible-reader wants a single reference column down the centre of the page; the English, two reference columns at the two sides. And neither country will have the other at any price.

Bible-printing in England is done *cum privilegio*, by privilege of the Queen. This privilege is held by the Oxford Press, the Cambridge Press, and the Queen's printers, Messrs. Spottiswoode and Eyre. They hold it, however, only in the public interest, and if any man can print a Bible better or cheaper, or in any way benefit the public in this connection, the privilege will go to him. Some printers assume this: Mr. Bagster, for instance, who prints a polyglot Bible; and now and then a Scotch printer prints an edition by special privilege. It is interesting to know that the Bible is ever being reduced in price and improved in quality. Certain sixpenny Bibles and penny Testaments are full evidence of this. The Oxford Press, in the year ending March, 1896, published Bibles, parts of Bibles, and prayer-books numbering 2,906,977. In 1894–95 the number was 2,622,807.

All this and more, too much to be set down, from Mr. Hart. Then away to London, to Paternoster Row and Amen Corner, in the shadow of St. Paul's. Here is the Oxford Press Publishing House, and here is Mr. Henry Frowde, whose name is on every Oxford Bible issued in the last twenty years. Mr. Frowde is a tall, grave man, whose speech gives faint evidences of having been acquired north of the border. Like all the other men connected

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with Bibles, he combines a unique savor of his exalted business responsibilities with the shrewd worldly experience that is only learned in the marts of men.

You have depended upon Mr. Frowde for the statistical portion of your inquiry, which has an importance of its own. The output of Oxford Bibles averages 20,000 per week, or say one million per year. The weekly shipment to America is five and a half tons, and is increasing, the Press having established its own agency in Fifth Avenue, New York. There are seventy-one editions of the Oxford Bible, ranging from mighty folios for pulpits to tiny little squares in "brilliant." The Revised Version, though it has been fifteen years before the public, makes slow progress. The setting generation, even the rising generation, prefer the old version with the verses. You now remember that Dr. Wright mentioned the same fact in connection with the Authorized Version of 1611. It was forty years before it began to seriously displace its predecessor.

Mr. Frowde as a publisher is visibly proud of the fine art of his trade. The special binding treatment made necessary by the precious India paper, the sewing with silk, the new processes of handling, are all due to him. So also the treatment of the skin for covers, the special processes of stone-rolling for bringing up the grain—all these he exhibits as Oxford specialties. To oblige Macmillan, the Press has done editions of Tennyson, Shakespeare, and other classics on India paper. They seem incredible. All of Tennyson, all of Shakespeare, in a little box of eight or five volumes, clearly printed, the thinnest, daintiest *éditions de luxe* that could be conceived. Mr. Frowde says, too, that a notable change in the last twenty years has been the great demand for the finest possible editions in Bibles and Testaments.

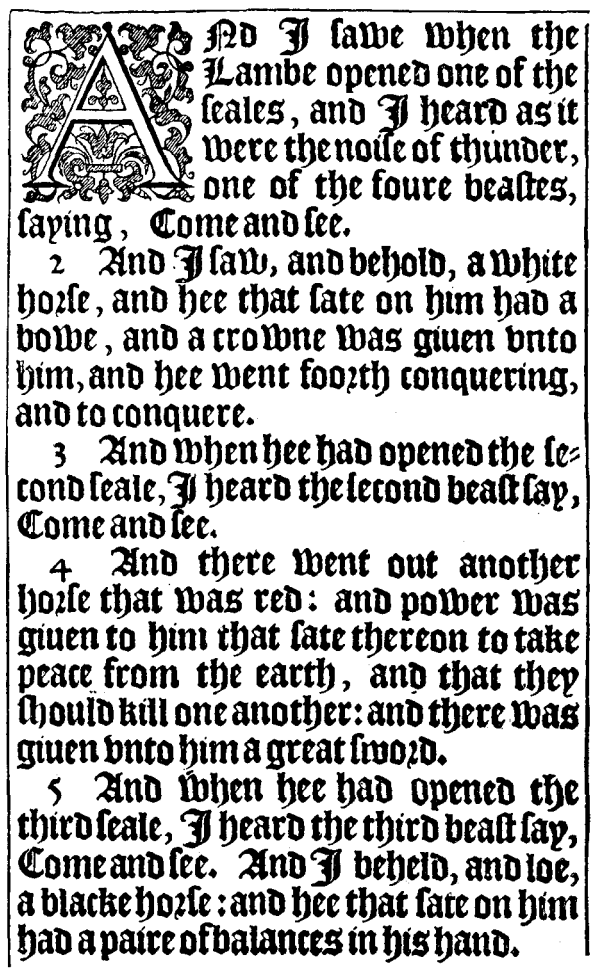
Mr. Frowde's statistics are most important. His own records as publisher go back only about twenty-five years. In that period the demand for the Bible, so far as it can be measured by the Oxford Press, has about doubled, as the following figures illustrate.

Approximate figures of Oxford Bibles sold:

| | |
|---|---|
| 1875 | 500,000 |
| 1880 | 650,000 |
| 1885 | 700,000 |
| 1890 | 900,000 |
| 1895 | 1,000,000 |

Here are the totals of the Bibles, Testaments, and bound portions of the Bible issued by the British and Foreign Bible Society in the years named, since 1808:

| | |
|---|---|
| 1808 | 81,157 |
| 1818 | 272,101 |
| 1828 | 430,895 |
| 1838 | 594,398 |
| 1848 | 1,124,067 |
| 1858 | 1,602,187 |
| 1868 | 2,400,776 |
| 1878 | 2,943,597 |
| 1883 | 2,964,636 |
| 1896 | 3,970,439 |



And I sawe when the Lambe opened one of the seales, and I heard as it were the noise of thunder, one of the foure beastes, saying, Come and see.

2 And I saw, and behold, a white horse, and hee that sate on him had a bowe, and a crowne was giuen vnto him, and hee went forth conquering, and to conquere.

3 And when hee had opened the second seale, I heard the second beast say, Come and see.

4 And there went out another horse that was red: and power was giuen to him that sate thereon to take peace from the earth, and that they should kill one another: and there was giuen vnto him a great sword.

5 And when hee had opened the third seale, I heard the third beast say, Come and see. And I beheld, and loe, a blacke horse: and hee that sate on him had a paire of balances in his hand.

KING JAMES'S BIBLE: "AUTHORIZED VERSION" (REV. VI. 1–5). 1611.

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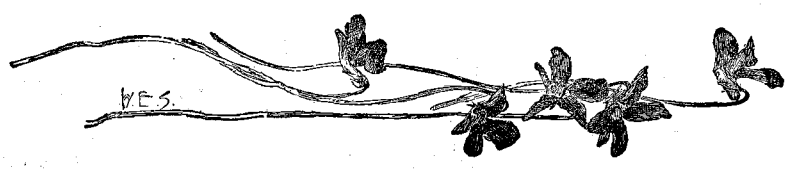
In July, 1884, the penny Testament was issued, and this carried the figures above four millions in 1885, 1886, 1888, and 1893. People bought the penny Testament by dozens and hundreds, and gave them away in hundreds and thousands broadcast. There have been issued of the penny Testament, from 1884 to 1896, 5,956,958 copies, and the society's total Bible issue since 1804 is 147,366,669.

Thus it is that the Bible, nineteen hundred years after Christ, is moving ever onward, reaching out farther and faster to the unknowing men of the unknown lands. However it may be regarded by faith, this book must be accepted by fact as one of the great natural, terrestrial forces. The vanity of professed believers, the jealousy of sects, the intolerance of churches, do not appear to have affected it. In the light of history these seem more like the vagaries of sea-gulls on the surface of a great tide which obeys no law of earth, but follows only the invisible beck of its unseen moon. The champions of religion and of science have recently broken lances, as they have broken them before in the past and will doubtless break them again in the future. But they seem to be only doughty warriors fighting on the floor of a great glacier, which, heedless of them, tears its way onward through the mountain gorges of all time toward its own conscious goal. Perhaps, however, they are more than this. For the Bible, in its human interpretation, is governed by the law of evolution which controls all things human, and in this process they play an undoubted part.

Huxley has come and gone. To-day he is numbered among the enemies of the faith, but in a not distant to-morrow he may be named as one of the greatest of its friends. In the language of pure science, and for all time, he laid down a principle which removes the greatest stumbling-block in the path of the eager seekers of this and future time. This is, that the apprehension of the higher truths of life is within the reach of the æsthetic faculties only; that the human reason is not the door by which the truths of religion find entrance to the mind, and that it is no evidence of the untruth of religion that the reason alone cannot receive it. This had been said before, nineteen hundred years before, but Huxley's statement is the one for modern sceptics' need.

Science learned in the late conflict to admit that, since its own deeps are fathomless, it may not reasonably expect that the great mysteries of life and death shall be any less so. And science is to-day beginning to bring to the aid of religion a help it has never given before. Moral science, using an infidel Napoleon who failed at forty and a Gladstone eloquent at eighty as illustrations, is now presenting the practical theorem that lasting success in the life of any man depends directly upon moral strength. Social science is demonstrating that that healthy state of public opinion which can alone conserve the vitality and progress of communities and nations depends absolutely upon the united support of a majority of the citizens given to a moral code which can have no existence except upon a basis of religious faith. And the physical and human sciences, which are known to be converging to a period of great and wonderful discovery, may eventually present us with the physical organization of thoughts, with the permanency of memory apart from the recording body, and with the indefinite endurance of post-mortem personality—these and other facts which will certainly smooth the way to the general acceptance of religious conceptions now difficult to the minds of many men.

And when all these have been discovered, and all these have been told, they will all be found to have been clearly stated, in simple words, in the peaceful land of Palestine, nineteen hundred years ago.



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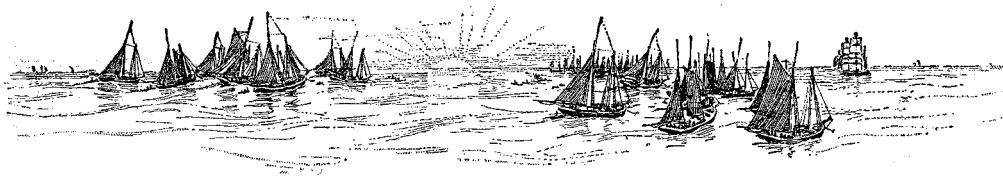

# "CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS."

## A STORY OF THE GRAND BANKS.

By Rudyard Kipling,

Author of "The Jungle Book," "Barrack-room Ballads," etc.

SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Harvey Cheyne, the pampered son of an American millionnaire, falls overboard from an Atlantic liner as he is voyaging to Europe in company with his mother. He is picked up, off the Grand Banks, by the fishing schooner "We're Here," of Gloucester. His story of his rich connection is too fabulous to be believed by the humble-minded skipper of the "We're Here," and he is forced to fall to work as a member of the crew, and bide with the schooner on the Banks until she finishes her season. It is a hard ordeal, but soon brings out in the boy a rather fine spirit.

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### CHAPTER VI.

THE thing that struck him most was the exceedingly casual way in which some craft loafed about the broad Atlantic. Fishing-boats, as Dan said, were naturally dependent on the courtesy and wisdom of their neighbors; but one expected better things of steamers. That was after another interesting interview, when they had been chased for three miles by a big lumbering old cattle-boat, all boarded over on the upper deck, that smelt like a thousand cattle-pens. A very excited officer yelled at them through a speaking-trumpet, and she lay and lollopped helplessly on the water while Disko ran the "We're Here" under her lee and gave the skipper a piece of his mind. "Where might ye be—eh? Ye don't deserve to be anywheres. You barn-yard tramps go hoggin' the road on the high seas with no blame consideration fer your neighbors, an' your eyes in your coffee-cups instid o' in your silly heads."

At this the skipper danced on the bridge and said something about Disko's own eyes. "We haven't had an observation for three days. D'you suppose we can run her blind?" he shouted.

"Wa-al, *I* can," Disko retorted. "What's come to your lead? Et it? Can't ye smell bottom, or are them cattle too rank?"

"What d'ye feed 'em?" said Uncle Salters with intense seriousness, for the smell of the pens woke all the farmer in him. "They say they fall off dretful on a v'yage. Dunno as it's any o' my business, but I've a kind o' notion that oil-cake broke small an' sprinkled——"

"Thunder!" said a cattle-man in a red jersey as he looked over the side. "What asylum did they let His Whiskers out of?"

"Young feller," Salters began, standing up in the fore-rigging, "let me tell *yeou* 'fore we go any further that I've——"

The officer on the bridge took off his cap with immense politeness. "Excuse me," he said, "but I've asked for my reckoning. If the agricultural person with the hair will kindly shut his head, the sea-green barnacle with the wall eye may per-haps condescend to enlighten us."

"Naow you've made a show o' me, Salters," said Disko angrily. He could not stand up to that particular sort of guying, and snapped out the latitude and longitude without more lectures.

"Well, that's a boat-load of lunatics," said the skipper, as he rung up the engine-room and tossed a bundle of newspapers into the schooner.

"Of *all* the blamed fools, next to you, Salters, him an' his crowd are abaout the likeliest I've ever seen," said Disko as the

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"We're Here" slid away. "I was jest givin' him my jedgment on lullsikin' round these waters like a lost child, an' you must cut in with your fool farmin'. Can't ye never keep things sep'rate?"

Harvey, Dan, and the others stood back, winking one to the other and full of joy; but Disko and Salters wrangled seriously till evening, Salters arguing that a cattle-boat was practically a barn on blue water, and Disko insisting that, even if this were the case, decency and fisher pride demanded that he should have kept "things sep'rate." Long Jack stood it in silence for a time—an angry skipper makes an unhappy crew—and then he spoke across the table after supper:

"Fwhat's the good o' bodderin' fwhat they'll say?" said he.

"They'll tell thet tale agin us fer years—thet's all," said Disko. "Oil-cake sprinkled!"

"With salt, o' course," said Salters the impenitent, reading the farming reports from a week-old New York paper.

"It's plumb mortifyin' to all my feelin's," the skipper went on.

"Can't see ut that way," said Long Jack the peacemaker. "Look at here, Disko! Is there another packet afloat this day in this weather cud ha' met a tramp an', over an' above givin' her her reckonin'—over an' above that, I say—cud ha' discoorsed wid her quite intelligent on the management av steers an' such at sea? Forgit ut! Av coorse they will not. 'Twas the most compenjus conversation that iver accrued. Double game an' twice runnin'—all to us." Dan kicked Harvey under the table, and Harvey choked in his cup.

"Well," said Salters, who felt that his honor had been somewhat plastered, "I said I didn't know as 'twuz any business o' mine, 'fore I spoke."

"An' right there," said Tom Platt, experienced in discipline and etiquette. "Right there, I take it. Disko, you should ha' asked him to stop ef the conversation wuz likely, in your jedgment, to be anyways—what it shouldn't."

"I dunno but that's so," said Disko, who saw his way to an honorable retreat from a fit of the dignities.

"Why, o' course it was so," said Salters, "you bein' skipper here; an' I'd cheerful hev stopped on a hint—not from any leadin' *or* conviction, but fer the sake o' bearin' an example to these two blame boys of aours."

"Didn't I tell you, Harve, 'twould come araound to us 'fore we'd done? Always those blamed boys. But I wouldn't have missed the show fer half-share in a halibutter," Dan whispered.

"*Still*, things should ha' been kep' sep'rate," said Disko, and the light of new argument lit in Salters's eye as he crumbled cut plug into his pipe.

"There's a power av vartue in keepin' things sep'rate," said Long Jack, intent on stilling the storm. "That's fwhat Steyning of Steyning and Hare's f'und when he sent Counahan fer skipper on the 'Marilla D. Kuhn,' instid o' Cap. Newton that was took with inflam'try rheumatism an' couldn't go. Counahan the navigator we called him."

"Nick Counahan, he never went aboard fer a night 'thout a pond o' rum somewheres in the manifest," said Tom Platt, playing up to the lead. "He used to bum araound the c'mission houses to Boston lookin' fer the Lord to make him captain of a tow-boat on his merits. Sam Coy, up to Atlantic Avenoo, give him his board free for a year or more on account av his stories. Nick Counahan the navigator! Tck! Tck! Dead these fifteen year, ain't he?"

"Seventeen, I guess. He died the year the 'Caspar McVeagh' was built; but he could niver keep things sep'rate. Steyning tuk him fer the reason the thief tuk the hot stove—bekaze there was nothin' else that season. The men was all to the Banks, and Counahan he whacked up an iverlastin' hard crowd fer crew. Rum! Ye cud ha' floated the 'Marilla,' insurance an' all, in fwhat they stowed aboard her. They lef' Boston Harbor for the great Grand Bank wid a roarin' nor'wester behind 'em an' all hands full to the bung. An' the hivens looked after thim, for divil a watch did they set, an' divil a rope did they lay hand to, till they'd seen the bottom av a fifteen-gallon cask o' bug-juice. That was about wan week, so far as Counahan remembered. (If I cud only tell the tale as he told ut!) All that whoile the wind blew like ould glory, an' the 'Marilla'—'twas summer, and they'd give her a fore topmast—struck her gait and kept ut. Then Counahan tuk the hog-yoke an' thrembled over it for a whoile, an' made out, betwix' that an' the chart an' the singin' in his head, that they was to the south'ard o' Sable Island, gettin' along glorious; but speakin' nothin'. Then they broached another keg, an' quit speculatin' about anythin' fer another spell. The 'Marilla' she lay down when she dropped Boston Light, and she never lufted her lee-rail up to that time—hustlin' on one an' the same slant. But they saw no weed, nor gulls, nor schooners; an' prisintly they ob-

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"IT WAS WONDERFUL FISHING. HARVEY COULD SEE THE GLIMMERING COD BELOW, . . . BITING AS STEADILY AS THEY SWAM. . . . BUT SO CLOSE WERE THE BOATS THAT EVEN SINGLE HOOKS SNARLED."

sarved they'd bin out a matter o' fourteen days, and they mistrusted the Bank had suspended payment. So they sounded, an' got sixty fathom. 'That's me,' sez Counahan. 'That's me iv'ry time! I've run her slat on the Bank fer you, an' when we get thirty fathom we'll turn in like little men. Counahan is the b'y,' sez he. 'Counahan the navigator!'

"Nex' cast they got ninety. Sez Counahan: 'Either the lead-line's tuk to stretchin' or else the Bank's sunk.'

"They hauled ut up, bein' just about in that state when ut seemed right an' reasonable, and sat down on the deck countin' the knots, an' gettin' her snarled up hijjus. The 'Marilla' she'd struck her gait, an' she held ut, an' prisintly along come a tramp, an' Counahan spoke her.

"'Hev ye seen any fishin'-boats now?' sez he, quite casual.

"'There's lashin's av them off the Irish coast,' sez the tramp.

"'Oh! go shake yerself,' sez Counahan. 'Fwhat have I to do wid the Irish coast?'

"'Then fwhat are ye doin' here?' sez the tramp.

"'Sufferin' Christianity!' sez Counahan (he always said that whin his pumps sucked an' he was not feelin' good)—'sufferin' Christianity!' he sez, 'where am I at?'

"'Thirty-five mile west-sou'west o' Cape Clear,' sez the tramp, 'if that's any consolation to you.'

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"Counahan fetched wan jump, four feet sivin inches, measured by the cook.

"'Consolation!' sez he, bould as brass. 'D'ye take me fer a dialect? Thirty-five mile from Cape Clear, an' fourteen days from Boston Light. Sufferin' Christianity, 'tis a record, an' by the same token I've a mother to Skibbereen!' Think av ut! The gall av um! But ye see he could niver keep things sep'rate.

"The crew was mostly Cork an' Kerry men, barrin' one Marylander that wanted to go back, but they called him a mutineer, an' they ran the ould 'Marilla' into Skibbereen, an' they had an illigant time visitin' around with friends on the ould sod for a week. Thin they wint back, an' it cost 'em two an' thirty days to beat to the Banks again. 'Twas gettin' on towards fall by thin, and grub was low, so Counahan ran her back to Boston, an' no more bones to ut."

"And what did Steyning say?" Harvey demanded.

"Fwhat could they? The fish was on the Banks, an' Counahan was at T-wharf talkin' av his record trip east! They took their satisfaction out o' that, an' ut all came av not keepin' the crew and the rum sep'rate in the first place; an' confusin' Skibbereen wid 'Queereau, in the second. Counahan the navigator!"

"Once I was in the 'Lucy Holmes,'" said Manuel, in his gentle voice. "They not want any of her feesh in Gloucester. Eh, wha-at? Give us no price. So we go across the water, and think to sell to some Fayal man. Then it blow fresh, and we cannot see well. Eh, wha-at? Then it blow some more fresh, and we go down below and drive very fast—no one know where. By and by we see a land, and it get some hot. Then come two, three nigger in a brick. Eh, wha-at? We ask where we are, and they say—now, what you all think?"

"Grand Canary," said Disko, after a moment. Manuel shook his head, smiling.

"Blanco," said Tom Platt.

"No. Worse than that. We was below Bezagos, and the brick she was from Liberia! So we sell our fish *there!* Not bad, so? Eh, wha-at?"

"Can a schooner like this go right across to Africa?" said Harvey.

"Go araound the Horn ef there's anythin' worth goin' fer, and the grub holds aout," said Disko. "My father he run his packet, an' she was a kind o' pinkey, abaout fifty ton, I guess—the 'Rupert'—he run her over to Greenland's icy mountains the year ha'af our fleet got tryin' after cod there. An' what's more, he took my mother along with him,—to show her haow the money was earned, I presoom,—an' they was all iced up, an' I was born at Disko. Don't remember nothin' abaout it, o' course. We come back when the ice eased in the spring, but they named me fer the place. Kinder mean trick to put up on a baby, but we're all baound to make mistakes in aour lives."

"Sure! Sure!" said Salters, wagging his head. "All baound to make mistakes, an' I tell you two boys here thet after you've made a mistake—ye don't make fewer 'n a hundred a day—the next best thing's to own up to it, like men."

Long Jack winked one tremendous wink that embraced all hands, except Disko and Salters, and the incident was closed.

Then they made berth after berth to the northward, the dories out almost every day, running along the east edge of the Grand Bank in thirty to forty fathom water, and fishing steadily.

It was here Harvey first met the squid, who is one of the best cod-baits, but uncertain in his moods. They were waked out of their bunks one black night by yells of "Squid O!" from Salters, and for an hour and a half every soul aboard hung over his squid-jig—a piece of lead painted red and armed at the lower end with a circle of pins bent backward like half-opened umbrella ribs. The squid—for some unknown reason—wraps himself round this thing and is hauled up ere he can escape from the pins. But as he leaves his home, he squirts first a stream of water and next a stream of ink into his captor's face; and it was curious to see the men weaving their heads from side to side, to dodge the shot. They were as black as sweeps when the flurry ended; but a pile of fresh squid lay on the deck, and the cod thinks very well of a little shiny piece of squid tentacle at the tip of a clam-baited hook. Next day they caught many fish, and met the "Carrie Pitman," to whom they shouted their luck, and she wanted to trade—seven cod for one fair-sized squid; but Disko would not agree at the price, and the "Carrie" dropped sullenly down wind and anchored half a mile away, in the hope of striking on to some for herself.

Disko said nothing till after supper, when he sent Dan and Manuel out to buoy the "We're Here's" cable and announced his intention of going to bed with the broad-axe. Dan naturally repeated these remarks to a dory from the "Carrie," who wanted to know why they were buoying their cable since they were not on rocky bottom. "Dad sez he wouldn't trust a ferryboat within five mile o' you," Dan howled cheerfully.

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"Why don't he git out then? Who's hinderin'?" said the other.

"'Cause you've jest the same ez lee-bowed him, an' he don't take that from any boat; not to speak o' sech a driftin' gurry-butt as you be."

"She ain't driftin' any this trip," said the man angrily, for the "Carrie Pitman" had an unsavory reputation for breaking her ground-tackle.

"Then haow d'you make berths?" said Dan. "It's her best p'int o' sailin'. An' ef she's quit driftin', what in thunder are you doin' with a new jib-boom?" That shot went home.

"Hey, you Portugoosy organ-grinder, take your monkey back to Gloucester. Go back to school, Dan Troop," was the answer.

"Overalls! Overalls!" yelled Dan, who knew that one of the "Carrie's" crew had worked in an overall factory the winter before.

"Shrimp! Gloucester shrimp! Get aout, you Novy!"

To call a Gloucester man a Nova Scotian is not well received. Dan answered in kind.

"Novy yourself, ye Scrabble-towners! ye Chatham wreckers! Get aout with your brick in your stockin'!" And the forces separated, but Chatham had the worst of it.

"I knew how t'would be," said Disko. "She's drawed the wind raound already. Some one oughter put a *dee*sist on thet boat. She's snore till midnight, an' jest when we're gettin' our sleep she'll strike adrift. Good job we ain't crowded with craft hereaways. But I ain't goin' to up anchor fer *her*. She may hold—perhaps."

The wind, which had hauled round, rose at sundown and blew steadily. There was not enough sea, though, to disturb even a dory's tackle, but the "Carrie Pitman" was a law unto herself. At the end of the boys' watch they heard the *crack-crack-crack* of a huge muzzle-loading revolver aboard her.

"Glory, glory, hallelujah!" sung Dan. "Here she comes, dad; butt-end first, walkin' in her sleep same's she done on 'Queereau."

With any other boat Disko would have taken his chances, but now he cut the cable as the "Carrie Pitman" lurched down directly upon them. The "We're Here," under jib and riding-sail, gave her no more room than was absolutely necessary. Disko did not wish to spend a week hunting for his cable, but scuttled up into the wind as the "Carrie" passed within easy hail, a silent and angry boat, at the mercy of a raking broadside of Bank chaff.

"Good evenin'," said Disko, raising his head-gear, "an' haow does your garden grow?"

"Go to Ohio an' hire a mule," said Uncle Salters. "We don't want no farmers here."

"Will I lend you my dory-anchor?" cried Long Jack.

"Unship your rudder an' stick it in the mud," said Tom Platt.

"Say!" Dan's voice rose shrill and high. "Sa-ay! Is there a strike in the overall factory; or hev they hired girls, ye Shackamaxons?"

"Veer out the tiller-lines," cried Harvey, "and nail 'em to the bottom." That was a salt-flavored jest he had been put up to by Tom Platt. Manuel leaned over the stern and yelled: "Johnna Morgan play the organ! Ahaaaa!" He flourished his broad thumb with a gesture of unspeakable contempt and derision, while little Penn covered himself with glory by piping up: "Gee a little. Hssh! Come here. Haw!"

They rode on their chain for the rest of the night, a short, snappy, uneasy motion as Harvey found, and wasted half the next forenoon recovering the cable. But the boys agreed the trouble was cheap at the price of triumph and glory, and thought over all the beautiful things that they might have said to the discomfited "Carrie."

## CHAPTER VII.

NEXT day they fell in with more sails, all circling slowly from the east northerly towards the west. But just when they expected to make the shoals by the Virgin the fog shut down, and they anchored, surrounded by tinklings of invisible bells. There was not much fishing, but occasionally dory met dory in the fog and exchanged news.

That night, a little before dawn, Dan and Harvey, who had been sleeping most of the day, tumbled out to "hook" fried pies. There was no reason why they should not have taken them openly; but they tasted better so, and it made the cook angry. The heat and smell below drove them on deck with their plunder, and they found Disko at the bell, which he handed over to Harvey.

"Keep her goin'," said he. "I mistrust I hear somethin'. Ef it's anything, I'm best where I'm so's to get at things."

It was a forlorn little jingle; the thick

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air seemed to pinch it off; and in the pauses Harvey heard the muffled shriek of a liner's siren, and he knew enough to know what that meant. It came to him, with horrible distinctness, how a boy in a cherry-colored jersey—he despised fancy blazers now with all a fisherman's contempt—how an ignorant, rowdy boy had once said it would be "gay" if a steamer ran down a fishing-boat. That boy had a stateroom with a hot and cold bath, and spent ten minutes each morning picking over a gilt-edged bill of fare. And that same boy—no, his very much older brother—was up at four of the dim dawn in streaming, crackling oilskins, hammering, literally for the dear life, on a bell smaller than the steward's breakfast bell, while somewhere, close at hand, a thirty-foot steel stem was storming along at twenty miles an hour! The bitterest thought of all was that there were folks asleep in dry cabins who would never learn that they had massacred a boat before breakfast. So Harvey rang the bell.

"Yes, they slow daown one turn o' their blame propeller," said Dan, applying himself to Manuel's conch, "fer to keep inside the law, an' that's consolin' when we're all at the bottom. Hark to her! She's a humper!"

"Hoooo—whoooo—whupp!" went the siren. "Wingle—tingle—tink," went the bell. "Graaa—ouch," went the conch, while sea and sky were all milled up in milky fog. Then Harvey felt that he was near a moving body, and found himself looking up and up at the wet edge of a cliff-like bow, leaping, it seemed, directly over the schooner. A jaunty little feather of water curled in front of it, and as it lifted it showed a long ladder of Roman numerals—XV., XVI., XVII., XVIII., and so forth—on a salmon-colored, gleaming side. It tilted forward and downward with a heart-stilling "Ssssooo"; the ladder disappeared; a line of brass-rimmed portholes flashed past; a jet of steam puffed in Harvey's helplessly uplifted hands; a spout of hot water roared along the rail of the "We're Here," and the little schooner staggered and shook in a rush of screw-torn water, as a liner's stern vanished in the fog. Harvey got ready to faint or be sick, or both, when he heard a crack like a trunk thrown on a sidewalk, and, all small in his ear, a far-away telephone voice drawling: "Heave to! You've sunk us!"

"Is it us?" he gasped.

"Shucks, no; some one outside. Ring! We're goin' to look," said Dan, running out a dory.

In half a minute all, except Harvey, Penn, and the cook, were overside and away. Presently a schooner's foremast, snapped clean across, drifted past the bows. Then an empty green dory came by, knocking on the "We're Here's" side, as though it wished to be taken in. Then followed something, face down, in a blue jersey, but—it was not the whole of a man. Penn changed color and caught his breath with a click. Harvey pounded despairingly at the bell, for he feared they might be sunk at any minute, and jumped at Dan's hail as the crew came back.

"The 'Jennie Cushman,'" said Dan, hysterically, "cut clean in half—graound up an' trompled on at that! Not a quarter of a mile away. Dad's got the old man. There ain't anyone else, and—there was his son too. Oh, Harve, Harve, I can't stand it! I've seen—" He dropped his head on his arms and sobbed while the others dragged a gray-headed man aboard.

"What did you pick me up for?" the stranger groaned. "Disko, what did you pick me up for?"

Disko dropped a heavy hand on his shoulder, for the man's eyes were wild and his lips trembled as he stared at the silent crew. Then up and spoke Pennsylvania Pratt, who was also Haskins or Rich or McVitty when Uncle Salters forgot; and his face was changed on him from the face of a fool to the countenance of an old, wise man, and he said in a strong voice: "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord! I was—I am a minister of the Gospel. Leave him to me."

"Oh, you be, be you?" said the man. "Then pray my son back to me! Pray back a nine-thousand-dollar boat an' a thousand quintal of fish. If you'd left me alone my widow could ha' gone on to the Provident an' worked fer her board, an' never known—an' never known. Now I'll hev to tell her."

"There ain't nothin' to say," said Disko. "Better lie down a piece, Jason Olley."

When a man has lost his only son, his summer's work, and his means of livelihood, in thirty counted seconds, it is hard to make consolation.

"All Gloucester men, wasn't they?" said Tom Platt, fiddling helplessly with a dory becket.

"Oh, *that* don't make no odds," said Jason, wringing the wet from his beard. "I'll be rowin' summer boarders araound East Gloucester this fall." He rolled heavily to the rail, singing:

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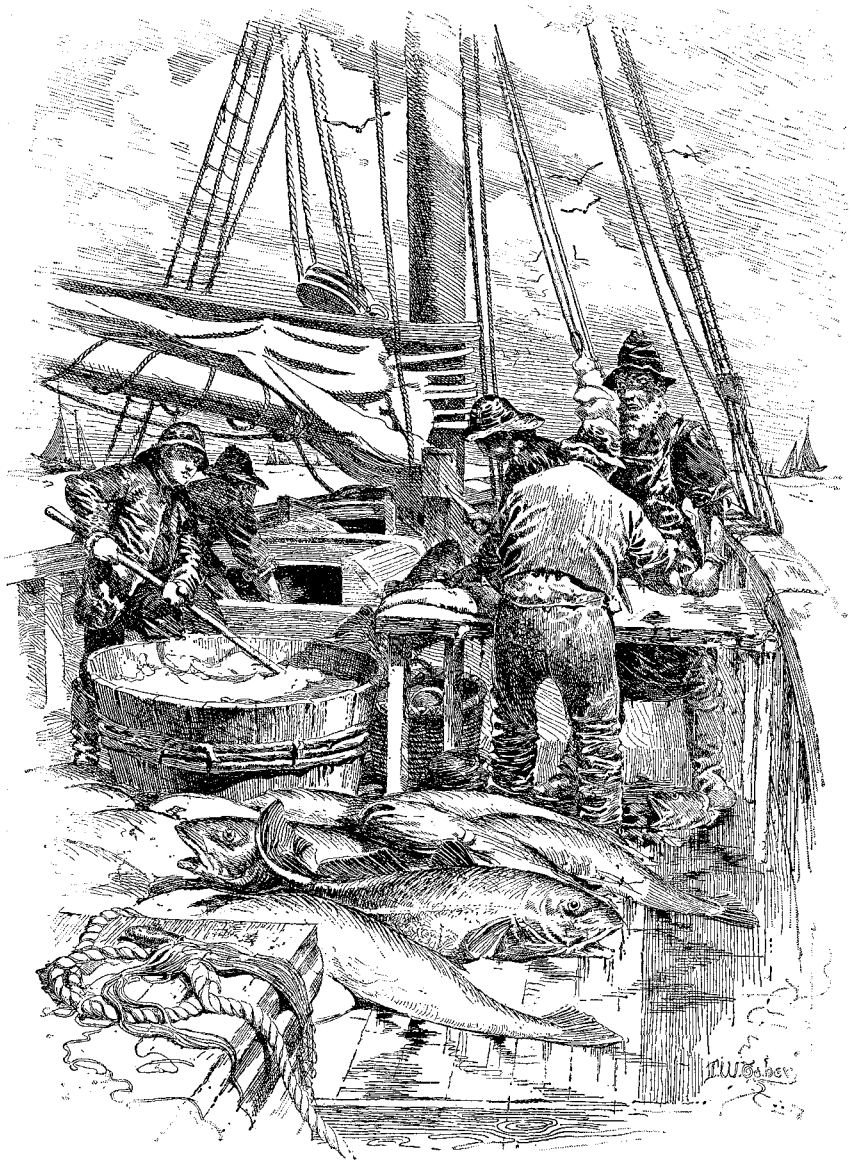

DRESSING DOWN ON THE "WE'RE HERE."

"Happy birds that sing and fly
Round thine altars, O Most High!"

"Come with me. Come below!" said Penn, as though he had a right to give orders. Their eyes met and fought for a quarter of a minute.

"I dunno who you be, but I'll come," said Jason, submissively. "Mebbe I'll get back some o' the—some o' the—nine thousand dollars." Penn led him into the cabin and slid the door behind.

"That ain't Penn," cried Uncle Salters. "It's Jacob Boller, an'—he's remembered Johnstown! I never seed such eyes in any livin' man's head. What's to do naow? What'll I do naow?"

They could hear Penn's voice and Jason's together. Then Penn's went on alone, and Salters slipped off his hat, for Penn was praying. Presently the little man came up the steps, huge drops of sweat on his face, and looked at the crew. Dan was still sobbing by the wheel.

"He don't know us," Salters groaned. "It's all to do over again, checkers and everything—an' what'll he say to *me?*"

Penn spoke; they could hear that it was

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to strangers. "I have prayed," said he. "Our people believe in prayer. I have prayed for the life of this man's son. Mine were drowned before my eyes, she and my eldest and—the others. Shall a man be more wise than his Maker? I prayed never for their lives, but I have prayed for this man's son, and he will surely be sent him."

Salters looked pleadingly at Penn to see if he remembered.

"How long have I been mad?" Penn asked suddenly.

"Pshaw, Penn! You weren't never mad," Salters began. "Only a little distracted like."

"I saw the houses strike the bridge before the fires broke out. I do not remember any more. How long ago is that?"

"I can't stand it. I can't stand it!" cried Dan, and Harvey whimpered in sympathy.

"Abaout five year," said Disko, in a shaking voice.

"Then I have been a charge on some one every day of that time. Who was the man?"

Disko pointed to Salters.

"Ye hain't—ye hain't!" cried the sea-farmer, twisting his hands together. "Ye've more'n earned your keep twice-told; an' there's money owin' you, Penn, besides ha'af o' my quarter-share in the boat, which is yours fer value received."

"You are good men. I can see that in your faces. But——"

"Mother av Mercy," whispered Long Jack, "an' he's bin wid us all these trips! He's clean bewitched."

A schooner's bell struck up alongside, and a voice hailed through the thinning fog: "O Disko! Heard abaout the 'Jennie Cushman'?"

"They have found his son," cried Penn. "Stand you still and see the salvation of the Lord!"

"Got Jason aboard here," Disko answered, but his voice quavered. "There warn't anyone else."

"We've f'und one, though. 'Run acrost him snarled up in a mess o' lumber thet might ha' bin a foc'sle. His head's cut some."

"Who is he?"

The "We're Here's" heart-beats answered one another.

"Guess it's young Olley," the voice drawled.

Penn raised his hands and said something in German. Harvey could have sworn that a bright sun was shining upon his lifted face; but the drawl went on: "Sa-ay! You fellers guyed us consid'rable t'other night."

"We don't feel like guyin' any now," said Disko.

"I know it; but to tell the honest truth we was kinder—kinder driftin' when we run agin young Olley."

It was the irrepressible "Carrie Pitman," and a roar of unsteady laughter went up from the deck of the "We're Here."

"Hedn't you 'baout's well send the old man aboard? We're runnin' in' fer more bait an' graound-tackle. Guess you won't want him, any way, an' this blame windlass work makes us short-handed. We'll take keer of him. He married my woman's aunt."

"I'll give you anything in the boat," said Troop.

"Don't want nothin', 'less, mebbe, an anchor that'll hold. Say, young Olley's gittin' kinder baulky an' excited. Send the old man along."

Penn waked him from his stupor of despair, and Tom Platt rowed him over. He went away without a word of thanks, not knowing what was to come, and the fog closed over all.

"And now," said Penn, drawing a deep breath as though about to preach. "And now"—the erect body sank like a sword driven home into the scabbard; the light faded from the overbright eyes; the voice returned to its usual pitiful little titter—"and now," said Pennsylvania Pratt, "do you think it's too early for a little game of checkers, Mr. Salters?"

"The very thing—the very thing I was goin' to say myself," cried Salters promptly. "It beats all, Penn, how ye git on to what's in a man's mind."

The little fellow blushed and meekly followed Salters forward.

"Up anchor! Hurry! Let's quit these crazy waters," shouted Disko, and never was he more swiftly obeyed.

"Now what in creation d'ye suppose is the meanin' o' that all?" said Long Jack, when they were working through the fog once more.

"The way I sense it," said Disko, at the wheel, "is this: The 'Jennie Cushman' business comin' on an empty stummick——"

"He—we saw one of them go by," sobbed Harvey.

"An' *that*, o' course, kinder hove him outer water, julluk runnin' a craft ashore; hove him right aout, I take it, to rememberin' Johnstown an' Jacob Boller an' such-like reminiscences. Well, consolin' Jason there held him up a piece, same's shorin'

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up a boat. Then, bein' weak, them props slipped an' slipped an' he slided down the ways an' naow he's water-borne agin. That's haow *I* sense it."

They decided that Disko was entirely correct.

"'Twould ha' bruk Salters all up," said Long Jack, "if Penn had stayed Jacob Bollerin'. Did ye see his face when Penn asked who he'd been charged on all these years? How is ut, Salters?"

"Asleep—dead asleep. Turned in like a child," Salters replied, tiptoeing aft. "There won't be no grub till he wakes, natural. Did ye ever see sech a gift in prayer? He everlastin'ly hiked young Olley outer the ocean. Thet's my belief. Jason was tur'ble praoud of his boy, an' I mistrusted all along 'twas a jedgment on worshippin' vain idols."

"There's others jest as sot," said Disko.

"That's dif'runt," Salters retorted quickly. "Penn's not all caulked, an' I ain't only but doin' my duty by him."

They waited, those hungry men, three hours, till Penn reappeared with a smooth face and a blank mind. He said he believed that he had been dreaming. Then he wanted to know why they were so silent, and they could not tell him.

Disko worked all hands mercilessly for the next three or four days; and when they could not go out, turned them into the hold to stack the ship's stores into smaller compass, to make more room for the fish. The packed mass ran from the cabin partition to the sliding door behind the foc'sle stove; and Disko showed how there is great art in stowing cargo so as to bring a schooner to her best draft. The crew were thus kept lively till they recovered their spirits; and Harvey was tickled with a rope's end by Long Jack for being, as the Galway man said, "sorrowful as a sick cat over fwhat couldn't be helped." He did a great deal of thinking in those dreary days; and told Dan what he thought, and Dan agreed with him—even to the extent of asking for fried pies instead of hooking them.

But a week later the two nearly upset the "Hattie S." in a wild attempt to stab a shark with an old bayonet tied to a gob-stick. The grim brute rubbed alongside the dory begging for small fish, and between the three of them it was a mercy they all got off alive.

At last, after playing blind man's buff in the fog, there came a morning when Disko shouted down the foc'sle: "Hurry, boys! We're in taown!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

To the end of his days, Harvey will never forget that sight. The sun was just clear of the horizon they had not seen for nearly a week, and his low red light struck into the riding-sails of three fleets of anchored schooners—one to the north, one to the westward, and one to the south. There must have been nearly a hundred of them, of every possible make and build, with, far away, a square-rigged Frenchman, all bowing and courtesying one to the other. From every boat dories were dropping away like bees from a crowded hive; and the clamor of voices, the rattling of ropes and blocks, and the splash of the oars carried for miles across the heaving water. The sails turned all colors, from black to pearly gray and white, as the sun mounted; and more boats swung up through the mists to the southward.

The dories gathered in clusters, separated, reformed, and broke again, all heading one way; while men hailed and whistled and cat-called and sang, and the water was speckled with rubbish thrown overboard.

"It's a town," said Harvey. "Dan was right. It *is* a town!"

"I've seen smaller," said Disko. "There's about a thousand men here; an' yonder's the Virgin." He pointed to a vacant space of greenish sea, where there were no dories.

The "We're Here" skirted round the northern squadron, Disko waving his hand to friend after friend, and anchored as neatly as a racing yacht at the end of the season. The Bank fleet pass good seamanship in silence; but a bungler is jeered all along the line.

"Jest in time fer the capelin," cried the "Mary Chilton."

"Salt most wet?" asked the "King Phillip."

"Hey, Tom Platt! Come t' supper tonight?" said the "Henry Clay"; and so questions and answers flew back and forth. Men had met one another before, dory-fishing in the fog, and there is no place for gossip like the Bank fleet. They all seemed to know about Harvey's rescue, and asked if he were worth his salt yet. The young bloods jested with Dan, who had a lively tongue of his own and inquired after their health by the town-nicknames they least liked. Manuel's countrymen jabbered at him in their own language; and even the silent cook was seen riding the jib-boom and shouting Gaelic to a friend as black as himself. After they had buoyed

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the cable—all around the Virgin is rocky bottom, and carelessness means chafed ground-tackle and danger from drifting—after they had buoyed the cable, their dories went forth to join the mob of boats anchored about a mile away. The schooners rocked and dipped and courtesied at a safe distance, like mother ducks watching their brood, while the dories behaved like mannerless ducklings.

As they drove into the confusion, dory banging against dory, Harvey's ears tingled at the comments on his rowing. Every dialect from Labrador to Long Island, with Portuguese, Neapolitan, Lingua Franca, French, and Gaelic, with songs and shoutings and now oaths, rattled round him, and he seemed to be the butt of it all. For the first time in his life he felt shy—perhaps that came from living so long with only the "We're Heres"—among the scores of wild, strange faces that rose and fell with the reeling boats. "Watch out!" said Dan, flourishing a dip-net. "When I tell you dip, you dip. The capelin 'll school any time from naow on. Where'll we lay, Tom Platt?"

Pushing and shoving and hauling, greeting old friends here and warning old enemies there, Commodore Tom Platt led his little fleet well to leeward of the general crowd, and immediately three or four men began to haul on their anchors with intent to lee-bow the "We're Heres." But a yell of laughter went up as a dory shot from her station with exceeding speed, its occupant pulling madly on the roding.

"Give her slack!" roared twenty voices. "Let him shake it out."

"What's the matter?" said Harvey, as the boat flashed away to the southward. "He's anchored, isn't he?"

"Anchored, sure enough, but his graound-tackle's kinder shifty," said Dan, laughing. "Whale's fouled it. . . . Dip, Harve! Here they come!"

The sea round them clouded and darkened, and then frizzed up in showers of tiny silver fish, and over a space of five or six acres the cod began to leap like fingerling trout in May; while, behind the cod, three or four broad gray-black backs broke the water into boils.

Then everybody shouted and tried to haul up his anchor to get among the school, and fouled his neighbor's line and said what was in his heart, and dipped furiously with his dip-net, and shrieked cautions and advice to his companions, while the deep fizzed like freshly opened soda-water, and cod, men, and whales together flung in upon the luckless bait. Harvey was nearly knocked overboard by the handle of Dan's net. But in all the wild tumult he noticed, and never forgot, the wicked set little eye—something like a circus elephant's eye—of a whale, that drove along almost level with the water, and, so he said, winked at him. Three boats found their rodings fouled by these reckless hunters, and were towed away half a mile ere their horses shook the line free.

Then the capelin moved off, and five minutes later there was no sound except the splash of the sinkers overside, the flapping of the cod, and the whack of the "muckles" as the men stunned them. It was wonderful fishing. Harvey could see the glimmering cod below, swimming slowly in droves, biting as steadily as they swam. Bank Law strictly forbids more than one hook on one line when the dories are on the Virgin or the Eastern Shoals; but so close were the boats that even single hooks snarled, and Harvey found himself in hot argument with a gentle, hairy Newfoundlander on one side and a howling Portuguese on the other.

Worse than any tangle of fishing-lines was the confusion of the dory-rodings below water. Each man had anchored where it seemed good to him; drifting and rowing round his fixed point. As the fish struck on less quickly, each man wanted to haul up and get to better ground; but each man found himself intimately connected with some four or five neighbors. To cut another's roding is crime unspeakable on the Banks; but it was done, and done without detection, three or four times that day. Tom Platt caught a Maine man in the black act and knocked him over the gunwale with an oar, and Manuel treated a fellow-countryman in the same way. But Harvey's line was cut, and so was Penn's, and they were turned into relief-boats to carry fish to the "We're Here" as the dories filled. The capelin schooled once more at twilight, when the mad clamor was repeated; and at dusk they rowed back to dress down by the light of a kerosene lamp on the edge of the pen.

It was a huge pile, and they went to sleep while they were dressing. Next day, several boats fished right above the cap of the Virgin; and Harvey with them looked down on the very weed of that lonely rock, which rises to within twenty feet of the surface. The cod were there in legions, marching solemnly over the leathery kelp. When they bit, they bit all together; and so when they stopped. There was a slack time at noon, and the dories began to search for

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amusement. It was Dan who sighted the "Hope of Prague" just coming up, and as her boats joined the company they were greeted with the question: "Who's the meanest man in the Fleet?"

Three hundred voices answered cheerily: "Nick Bra-ady." It sounded like an organ chant.

"Who stole the lamp wicks?" That was Dan's contribution.

"Nick Bra-ady," sang the boats.

"Who biled the salt-bait fer soup?" This was an unknown backbiter a quarter of a mile away.

Again the joyful chorus. Now, Brady was not especially mean, but he had that reputation, and the fleet made the most of it. Then they discovered a man from a Truro boat who, six years before, had been convicted of using a tackle with five or six hooks—a "scrowger," they call it—on the Shoals. Naturally, he had been christened "Scrowger Jim"; and though he had hidden himself on the Georges ever since, he found his honors waiting for him full blown. They took it up in a sort of fire-cracker chorus: "Jim! O Jim! Jim! *O* Jim! Sssscrowger Jim!" That pleased everybody. And when a poetical Beverly man—he had been making it up all day, and talked about it for weeks—sang, "The 'Carrie Pitman's' anchor doesn't hold her for a cent!" the dories felt that they were indeed fortunate. Then they had to ask the Beverly man how he was off for beans, because even poets can't have things all their own way. Every schooner and nearly every man got it in turn. Was there a careless or dirty cook anywhere? The dories sang about him and his food. Was a schooner badly found? The Fleet was told at full length. Had a man hooked tobacco from a messmate? He was named in meeting; the name tossed from roller to roller. Disko's infallible judgments, Long Jack's market-boat that he had sold years ago, Dan's sweetheart (oh, but Dan was an angry boy!), Penn's bad luck with dory anchors, Salters's views on manure, Manuel's little slips from virtue ashore, and Harvey's ladylike handling of the oar—all were laid before the public; and as the fog fell around them in silvery sheets beneath the sun, the voices sounded like a bench of invisible judges, pronouncing sentence.

The dories roved and fished and squabbled till a swell underran the sea. Then they drew more apart to save their sides, and some one called that if the swell continued the Virgin would break. A reckless Galway man with his nephew denied this, hauled up anchor, and rowed over the rock itself. Many voices called them to come away, and others dared them to hold on. As the smooth-backed rollers passed to the southward, they hove the dory high and high into the mist, and dropped her in ugly, sucking, dimpled water, where she spun round her anchor, within a foot or two of the rock. It was playing with death for mere bravado; and the boats looked on in uneasy silence till Long Jack rowed up behind his countrymen and quietly cut their roding.

"Can't ye hear ut knockin'?" he cried. "Pull for your miserable lives! Pull!"

The men swore and tried to argue as the boat drifted; but the next swell checked a little, like a man tripping on a carpet. There was a deep sob and a gathering roar, and the Virgin flung up a couple of acres of foaming water, white, furious, and ghastly against the shoal sea. Then all the boats greatly applauded Long Jack, and the Galway men held their tongue.

"Ain't it elegant?" said Dan, bobbing like a young seal at home. "She'll break about once every ha'af hour now, 'less the swell piles up good. What's her reg'lar time when she's at work, Tom Platt?"

"Once ivry fifteen minutes to the tick. Harve, you've seen the greatest thing on the Banks; an' but for Long Jack you'd seen some dead men too."

There came a sound of merriment where the fog lay thicker and the schooners were ringing their bells. A big bark nosed cautiously out of the mist, and was received with shouts and cries of, "Come along, darlin'," from the Irishry.

"Another Frenchman?" said Harvey.

"Hain't you eyes? She's a Baltimore boat; goin' in fear an' tremblin'," said Dan. "We'll guy the very sticks out of her. Guess it's the fust time her skipper ever met up with the Fleet this way."

She was a black, buxom, eight-hundred-ton craft. Her mainsail was looped up, and her topsail flapped undecidedly in what little wind was moving. Now a bark is feminine beyond all other daughters of the sea, and this tall, undecided creature, with her white and gilt figurehead, looked just like a bewildered woman half-lifting her skirts to cross a muddy street under the jeers of bad little boys. That was very much her situation. She knew she was somewhere in the neighborhood of the Virgin, had caught the roar of it, and was, therefore, asking her way. This is part of what she heard from the dancing dories:

"The Virgin? Fwhat are you talkin'

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of? This is Le Have on a Sunday mornin'! Go home an' sober up."

"Go home, ye tarrapin! Go home an' tell 'em we're comin'."

Half a dozen voices together, in a most tuneful chorus, as her stern went down with a roll and a bubble into the trough: "Thay-aah—she—strikes!"

"Hard up! Hard up fer your life! You're on top of her now."

"Daown! Hard daown! Let go everything!"

"All hands to the pumps!"

"Daown jib an' pole her!"

Then the skipper lost his temper and said things. Instantly all fishing was suspended to answer him, and he heard a great many curious facts about his boat and her next port of call. They asked him if he were insured; and whence he had stolen his anchor, because, they said, it belonged to the "Carrie Pitman"; they called his boat a mud-scow, and accused him of dumping garbage to frighten the fish; they offered to tow him and charge the bill to his wife; and an audacious youth slipped almost under the counter, smacked it with his open palm, and yelled: "Gid up, Buck!"

The cook emptied a pan of ashes on him, and he replied with cod-heads. The bark's crew fired small coal from the galley, and the dories threatened to come aboard and "razee" her. They would have warned her at once had she been in real peril; but, seeing her well clear of the Virgin, they made the most of their chances. It was all over when the lurking rock spoke again, a half-mile to windward, and the tormented bark set everything that would draw and went her ways; but the dories felt that the honors lay with them.

All that night the Virgin roared hoarsely; and next morning, over an angry, white-headed sea, Harvey saw the whole Fleet with flickering masts waiting for a lead. Not a dory was hove over till ten o'clock, when the two Jeraulds of the "Day's Eye," imagining a lull which did not exist, set the example. In a minute half the boats were out and bobbing in the cockly swells, but Troop kept the "We're Here's" at work dressing down. He saw no sense in "dares"; and as the storm grew that evening they had the pleasure of receiving wet strangers, only too glad to make any refuge in the gale. The boys stood by the tackles with lanterns, the men ready to haul; all watching for a sweeping sea that would make them drop everything and hold on for the dear life. Out of the dark would come a yell of, "Dory, dory!" They would hook up and haul in a drenched man and a half-sunk boat, till their decks were littered down with nests of dories and the bunks were full. Five times that night did Harvey, with Dan, jump for the fore-gaff where it lay lashed on the boom, and cling with arms, legs, and teeth to rope and spar and sodden canvas as a big wave filled the decks. One boat was smashed to pieces, and the sea pitched the man head first on to the decks, cutting his forehead open; and about dawn, when the racing seas glimmered all along their cold edges, another man, white and ghastly, crawled in with a broken hand, asking for his brother. Seven extra mouths sat down to breakfast—a Swede; a Chatham skipper; a boy from Hancock, Maine; one Duxbury, and three Provincetown men.

There was a general sorting out among the Fleet next day; and though no one said anything, all ate with better appetites when boat after boat reported all hands aboard. Only a couple of Portuguese and an old man from Gloucester were drowned, but many were cut or bruised; and two schooners had parted their tackle and been blown to the southward, three days' sail. A man died on a Frenchman—it was the same bark that had traded tobacco with the "We're Here's." She slipped away quite quietly one wet, white morning, moved to a patch of deep water, her sails all hanging anyhow, and Harvey saw the funeral through Disko's spy-glass. It was just an oblong bundle slid overside. They did not seem to have any form of service, but in the night, at anchor, Harvey heard them singing something that sounded like a hymn. It went to a very slow tune.

La brigantine
Qui va tourner,
Roule et s'incline
Pour m'entrainer.
Oh, Vierge Marie,
Pour moi priez Dieu!
Adieu, patrie;
Québec, adieu!

Tom Platt visited her, because, he said, the dead man was his brother as a Freemason. It came out that a wave had doubled the poor fellow over the heel of the bowsprit and broken his back. The news spread like a flash, for, contrary to general custom, the Frenchman held an auction of the dead man's kit—he had no friends at St. Malo or Miquelon—and everything was spread out on the top of the house, from his red knitted cap to the empty leather belt with the sheath-knife at the back. Dan and

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Harvey were out on twenty-fathom water in the "Hattie S.," and naturally rowed over to join the crowd. It was a long pull, and they stayed some little time while Dan bought the knife, which had a curious brass handle. When they dropped overside and pushed off into a drizzle of rain and a lopping sea, it occurred to them that they might get into trouble for neglecting the lines.

"Guess 'twon't hurt us any to be warmed up," said Dan, shivering under his oilskin, and they rowed on into the heart of a white fog, which, as usual, dropped on them without warning.

"There's too much blame tide hereabouts to trust to your instinks. Heave over the anchor, Harve, and we'll fish a piece till the thing lifts. Bend on your biggest lead. Three pound ain't any too much in this water. See how she's tightened on her rodin' already."

There was quite a little bubble at the bows, where some irresponsible Bank current was holding the dory full stretch on her rope; but they could not see a boat's length in any direction. Harvey turned up his collar and bunched himself over his reel with the air of a wearied navigator. Fog had no special terrors for him now. They fished a while in silence, and found the cod struck on well. Then Dan drew the sheath-knife and tested the edge of it on the gunwale.

"That's a daisy," said Harvey. "How did you get it so cheap?"

"On account o' their blame Cath'lic superstitions," said Dan, jabbing with the bright blade. "They don't fancy takin' iron frum off of a dead man, so to speak. See them Arichat Frenchmen step back when I bid?"

"But an auction ain't taking anything off a dead man. It's business."

"*We* know it ain't, but there's no goin' in the teeth o' superstition. That's one o' the advantages o' livin' in a progressive country." And Dan began whistling:

> "Oh, Double Thatcher, how are you?
> Now Eastern Point comes inter view.
> The girls an' boys we soon shall see,
> At anchor off Cape Ann!"

"Why didn't that Eastport man bid, then? He bought his boots. Ain't Maine progressive?"

"Maine? Pshaw! They don't know enough, or they hain't got money enough, to paint their haouses in Maine. I've seen 'em. The Eastport man he told me that the knife had been used—so the French captain told him—used up on the French coast last year."

"Cut a man? Heave's the muckle." Harvey hauled in his fish, rebaited, and threw over.

"Killed him! Course, when I heard *that* I was keener'n ever to get it."

"Christmas! I didn't know it," said Harvey, turning round. "I'll give you a dollar for it when I—get my wages. Say, I'll give you two dollars."

"Honest? D'you like it as much as all that?" said Dan, flushing. "Well, to tell the truth, I kinder got it for you—to give; but I didn't let on till I saw how you'd take it. It's yours and welcome, Harve, because we're dory-mates, and so on and so forth, an' so followin'. Catch a-holt!"

He held it out, belt and all.

"But look at here. Dan, I don't see——"

"Take it. 'Tain't no use to me. I wish you to hev it."

The temptation was irresistible. "Dan, you're a white man," said Harvey. "I'll keep it as long as I live."

"That's good hearin'," said Dan, with a pleasant laugh; and then, anxious to change the subject: "'Looks 's if your line was fast to somethin'."

"Fouled, I guess," said Harve, tugging. Before he pulled up he fastened the belt round him, and with deep delight heard the tip of the sheath click on the thwart. "Con-cern the line!" he cried. "She acts as though she were on strawberry bottom. It's all sand here, ain't it?"

Dan reached over and gave a judgmatic tweak. "Holibut 'll act that way 'f he's sulky. Thet's no strawberry bottom. Yank her once or twice. She gives, sure. Guess we'd better haul up an' make certain."

They pulled together, making fast at each turn on the cleats, and the weight rose sluggishly.

"Prize, oh! Haul!" shouted Dan; but the shout ended in a shrill, double shriek of horror, for out of the sea came—the body of the dead Frenchman buried two days before! The hook had caught him under the right armpit, and he swayed, erect and horrible, head and shoulders above water. His arms were tied to his side, and—he had no face. The boys fell over each other in a heap at the bottom of the dory, and there they lay while the thing bobbed alongside, held by the shortened line.

"The tide—the tide brought him!" said Harvey with quivering lips, as he fumbled at the clasp of the belt.

"Oh, Lord! oh, Harve!" groaned Dan,

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"be quick. He's come for it. Let him have it. Take it off."

"I don't want it! *I* don't want it!" cried Harvey. "I can't find the bubuckle."

"Quick, Harve! He's on your line!"

To unfasten the belt Harvey had to sit up, and that brought him face to face with the head that had no face under its streaming hair. "He's fast still," he whispered to Dan, who slipped out his knife and cut the line, while Harvey flung the belt far overside. The body shot down with a plop, and Dan rose to his knees, whiter than the fog.

"He come for it. He come for it. I've seen one hauled up on a trawl and I didn't much care, but *he* come to us special."

"I wish—I wish I hadn't taken the knife. Then he'd have come on *your* line."

"Dunno as thet would ha' made any differ. We're both scared out o' ten years' growth. Oh, Harve, did ye see his head?"

"Did I? I'll never forget it. But look at here, Dan; it couldn't have been meant. It was only the tide."

"Tide! He come for it, Harve. Why, they sunk him six mile to south'ard o' the Fleet, an' we're two miles from where she's lyin' now. They told me he was weighted with a fathom an' a half o' chain-cable."

"'Wonder what he did with the knife—up on the French coast?"

"Something bad. Guess he's bound to take it with him to the Judgment, an' so—What are you doin' with the fish?"

"Heaving 'em overboard," said Harvey.

"What for? *We* shan't eat 'em."

"I don't care. I had to look at his face while I was takin' the belt off. You can keep your catch if you like. I've no use for mine."

Dan said nothing, but threw his fish over again.

"Guess it's best to be on the safe side," he murmured at last. "I'd give a month's pay if this fog ud lift. Things go abaout in a fog that ye don't see in clear weather—yo-hoes an' hollerers and such like. I'm sorter relieved he come the way he did instid o' walkin'. He might ha' walked."

"Do–on't, Dan! We're right on top of him now. 'Wish I was safe aboard, bein' pounded by Uncle Salters."

"They'll be lookin' fer us in a little time. Gimme the tooter." Dan took the tin dinner-horn, but paused before he blew.

"Go on," said Harvey. "I don't want to stay here all night."

"Question is, haow *he* 'd take it. There was a man frum down the coast told me once he was in a schooner where they darsen't ever blow a horn to the dories, becaze the skipper—not the man he was with, but a captain that had run her five years before—he'd drownded a boy alongside in a drunk fit; an' ever after, that boy he'd row alongside too and shout, 'Dory! dory!' with the rest."

"Dory! dory!" a muffled voice cried in the fog. They cowered again, and the horn dropped from Dan's hand.

"Hold on!" cried Harvey, "it's the cook."

"Dunno what made me think o' thet fool tale, either," said Dan. "It's the doctor, sure enough."

"Dan! Danny! Oooh, Dan! Harve! Harvey! Oooh, Haarveee!"

"We're here," sung both boys together. They heard oars, but could see nothing till the cook, shiny and dripping, rowed into them.

"What iss happened?" said he. "You will be beaten at home."

"Thet's what we want. Thet's what we're sufferin' for," said Dan. "Anything homey's good enough fer us. We've had company here that was kinder depressin'." As the cook passed them a line Dan told him the tale.

"Yess! He come for hiss knife," was all he said at the end.

Never had the little "We're Here" looked so deliciously home-like as when the cook, born and bred in fogs, rowed them back to her. There was a warm glow of light in the cabin and a satisfying smell of food forward, and it was heavenly to hear Disko and the others, all alive and solid, leaning over the rail and promising them a first-class pounding. But the cook was a master of strategy. He took care not to get the dories aboard till he had given the more striking points of the tale and explained how Harvey was the mascot to destroy any possible bad luck. So the boys came overside as rather uncanny heroes, and every one asked them questions instead of pounding them for making trouble. Little Penn delivered quite a speech on the folly of superstitions; but public opinion was against him and in favor of Long Jack, who told the most excruciating ghost stories till nearly midnight. Under that influence no one except Salters said anything about "idolatry" when the cook put a lighted candle, a cake of flour and water, and a pinch of salt on a shingle, and floated them out astern to keep the Frenchman quiet in case he was still restless. Dan lit the candle because he had bought the belt, and the cook

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grunted and muttered charms as long as he could see the flame.

Said Harvey to Dan, as they turned in after watch: "How about progress and Catholic superstitions?"

"Huh! I guess I'm as enlightened and progressive as the next man, but when it comes to a dead St. Malo deck-hand scarin' a couple o' pore boys fer the sake of a thirty-cent knife, why, then, the cook can take hold fer all o' me. I mistrust furriners, livin' or dead."

Next morning all, except the cook, were rather ashamed of the ceremonies, and went to work double tides, speaking gruffly to one another.

*(To be continued.)*

# ENGINEER CONNOR'S SON.

By Will Allen Dromgoole.

SOME lives there are that seem to run in perpetual sunshine and roses. Some are rounded to darker lines, running always beside the deeper abysses of tragedy.

Some there are who live their threescore and drop out of existence, and the memory of them, for good or ill, ceases with the tolling of the bell that tells their going. And there are some, short little lives, to be sure, but so brim full of sweetness that the sunshine of them lingers in the hearts of those who knew them long after the little lives are ended.

When Jack Connor was promoted to the position of engineer on the Nashville and Chattanooga road, which cuts the State of Tennessee from north to south, he moved his family into the pretty little cottage standing side by side with crippled Jerry Crane's, on the hill just above the railroad track, in the little village of Antioch. For the engineer was from home most of the time, and Jerry being a cripple, Jack knew, would insure his own wife considerable company and protection in Jerry's wife.

The houses stood side by side, and both doors opened towards the railroad. The village, indeed, was built so — straight down the railroad, for the train was about the biggest thing around Antioch.

Jack Connor's cottage stood on a hill, so near to the track that he could speak to his wife from his engine when she stood in the door, as she usually did, to see No. 6 go by.

The trainmen were pretty well acquainted with the Antioch people in general, but there was not one among them, from conductor down, who did not know Jack Connor's son.

"Little Jack," they called him; and the train never whistled for Antioch but they would look out for the little fellow hoisted on the wood-pile to see his father's engine go by.

He seldom went farther than the wood-pile: that was his mother's order; though the brakeman and the "train butcher" would sometimes try to coax him down to the platform with apples and sticks of striped candy. But he would shake his

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LITTLE JACK.

yellow curls and throw them a kiss as the long train pulled out.

Sometimes his mother would take him down to speak to his father, and the little fellow would go almost wild over the big engine and the glowing furnace, the great bell clanging a hasty good-by, and the shrill whistle, which more than once he had been permitted to "pull."

"Just naturally takes to the engine," the fireman would often say; "gets that from his pappy."

And Jack did seem to have a natural love for a locomotive. Jerry Crane used to say:

"I can allus tell when the cyars are coming—there's a sapbang of neighbor Connor's door, a click of the gate, and in a minute a little yellow head top of a big pile of wood; and when I see it I allus say to my wife, 'Mary, the cyars are coming.' And she looks out, not at the railroad track, but at the wood-pile, and says she, 'Yes, they are coming, Jerry.'"

Sometimes a neighbor would pass and speak to him:

"Any news to-day, Jack?"

"Father's abroad to-day, sir," he would answer; or else, "There's a bridge down between here and Chattanooga, sir;" or, "No. 6 will be fifteen minutes late to-day, sir."

He always had something to tell, and it was mostly of the trains or the track, engines or wrecks. Anything that concerned the railroad was interesting to Jack.

He had his father's head, the trainmen said, but the neighbors declared he had his mother's sunny, hopeful, helpful nature.

But one day trouble came to her door. Engineer Connor was brought home in a caboose, both legs mashed and an arm gone, while his engine lay in a ruined heap under a broken bridge just beyond the Tennessee River.

Every man had jumped but him—fireman, brakemen, all but Jack.

"Jump, Connor, for your life!" the fireman had called to him when the timbers

"'HERE I AM, MOTHER,' HE SAID, AND SHE UNDERSTOOD HIM."

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began to crack; and the man had laid his hand upon the throttle and said:

"You forget I'm engineer."

And there he stood until the crash came.

He was not quite dead when the boys found him, and all the time they were working with him he was praying. Just for life to get home, they heard him whisper. "Just long enough to get home and die with my wife and boy."

His prayer was granted; he reached home and the two he loved best on God's earth. Just before he died he reached for his pocketbook under his pillow and handed it to his wife.

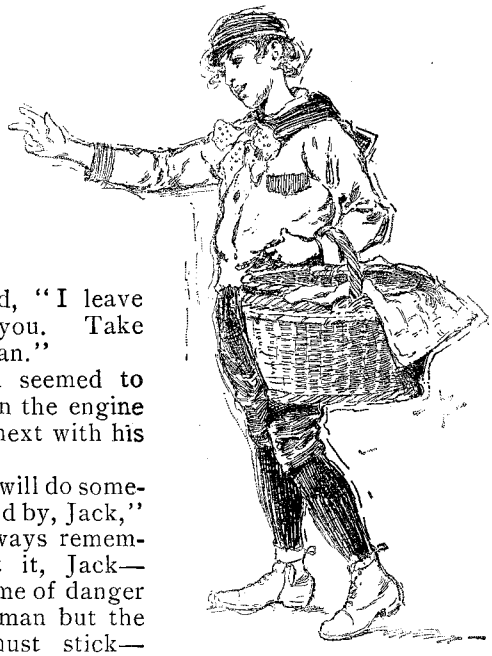
"It is all I've got, Annie," he said. "I wish it was more, wife."

Then he laid his hand on the little head with its crown of yellow curls pressing his pillow. He seemed to forget the boy was only a baby.

"Jack," he said, "I leave your mother to you. Take care of her, my man."

Then his mind seemed to wander; he was on the engine one moment, the next with his family again.

"The company will do something for you by and by, Jack," he said, "and always remember—don't forget it, Jack—that any man in time of danger may desert—any man but the engineer. He must stick—stick—stick—to his post, Jack."



"'PIES! PIES! FRESH PIES AND CAKES!'"

The hand on the boy's head grew heavy; the little fellow choked back his sobs and laid one hand tenderly on his father's brow. The dying engineer opened his eyes and smiled.

"Stick to the engine and stand by your mother, Jack," he whispered. The hand on the boy's head grew cold, and when they lifted it and laid it back upon the dead man's breast Jack turned to his mother.

There was no childish outburst of grief; only an awakening, as it seemed, of the young manhood in him as he opened his arms.

"Here I am, mother," he said, and she understood.

It was then Jack's life began in earnest. The pet name of "Baby Jack" no longer trembled upon his mother's lips. She called him instead "My son," "My boy," or else 'twas "Mother's man." So is the heart wont to clothe with strength that which it leans upon. She trusted him entirely, and his quick mind recognized it.

The prohibition no longer confined him to the wood-pile, but every morning when the whistle sounded, the cottage door would open, the gate click, and a pair of bright stockings flash for a moment in the sunlight as a pair of nimble legs went hurrying down to the platform.

"Pies! pies! fresh pies and cakes!" He had turned peddler. Such a tiny, industrious little peddler as he was, too; and with so many rough-bearded, warm-hearted friends among the trainmen, Jack's business was bound to flourish.

One day the red stockings went dancing down to the platform with unusual speed; so fast, indeed, that the mother, who was following, had scarcely reached the platform when No. 6 pulled up, and Engineer Robinson dropped from his engine and caught the boy in his arms and tossed him up to the fireman.

"Catch the little engineer, Sam," he shouted. "I've promised to let him run No. 6 to-day."

There was a happy little laugh, and then a vision of golden curls at the window.

"Mother, mother! Can you spare me a whole day?"

She smiled and nodded.

"I'll come back at 5.10"—the wheels began to turn—"and the wood is in, mother"—the train was moving—"and the kindling"—the rattle of the cars drowned his voice—"box full"—how the steam roared! Not one word of what he was saying could reach her now, but he talked on, and when the steam ceased to roar, and the train glided smoothly out, he leaned from the window. "Good-by, mother."

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She heard and waved her hand. And then Engineer Robinson pulled him back to look at some roasted chestnuts the "train butcher" had sent up for him.

It was a marvellous ride to the boy, who never ceased to wonder at the proud old engine and its magnificent strength. But for all the pleasure and freedom, there was a shadow all day on the boyish face, which neither the good things nor the wonderful stories which Engineer Robinson brought to his entertainment could quite dispel. He would climb up to the engineer's velvet cushion and lean his elbow on the window-sill, and dropping his cheek into his hand, fall to dreaming while he watched the clouds or the trees flitting by.

"IT WAS A WONDERFUL RIDE FOR THE BOY."

Once the train stopped to wait for a delayed freight, and the engineer spoke to the boy, sitting silent at the window.

"Hello, Jack!" he said. "You're not asleep, are you? An engineer can't sleep, sir; remember that. Whatever other folks may do, he's got to keep his eyes open."

Jack's eyes filled as he looked at his old friend.

"Yes, sir," he said, "that's just what father used to say."

Engineer Robinson turned to look out at the other window, down the track—the straight, treacherous track along which poor Jack Connor had travelled to eternity.

Young Jack talked on, softly but distinctly: "And father said, the night they brought him home, sir, he said: 'Every man may jump but the engineer—the engineer must stick to the engine.' And he said, father said, away off it seemed to me, like you try to speak when the steam's a-sizzing, sir; he said: 'Stick to the engine and stand by your mother, Jack.' And I've been a-thinking, Mr. Robinson,"—the engineer leaned farther out, the sleeve of his blue overalls brushed his face, while Jack talked on,—"I've been a-thinking all day as maybe I ought not to have left her by herself a whole day."

The engineer answered, without turning his head:

"Oh, she's all right, Jack; she's safe."

"But you know what father said. 'Stand by your mother, Jack,' and here I am away off on your engine, sir."

The delayed freight rattled by twenty minutes late; the fireman threw in some coal, the steam began to puff, and No. 6 sped on its way.

The wind, could it have spoken, must have carried strange stories of what it saw and heard in its passage through the engine box that day; strange stories of rough forms and gentle hearts, gruff voices and tender words, bearded chin and childish cheek pressed together in sympathy and love.

No. 6 drew up on time at Antioch, 5.10. A door flew open as the whistle sounded four times, as if it said, "Here I am, mother."

A little form was lowered from the engine and went flying through the mist and fog towards the lighted doorway. As the

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train pulled out Engineer Robinson leaned from his window.

"Here I am, mother," the joyful greeting rang out, and the engineer saw Jack go straight into the arms opened to receive him.

"Here I am, mother,"—that became a very familiar cry among the nearest neighbors; and more than one eye filled up and ran over as little Jack Connor's voice, thrilling and hopeful, rang out on the frosty air of a winter's morning.

One evening he was late returning from an errand upon which his mother had sent him. The clouds were heavy, as if they might hold snow.

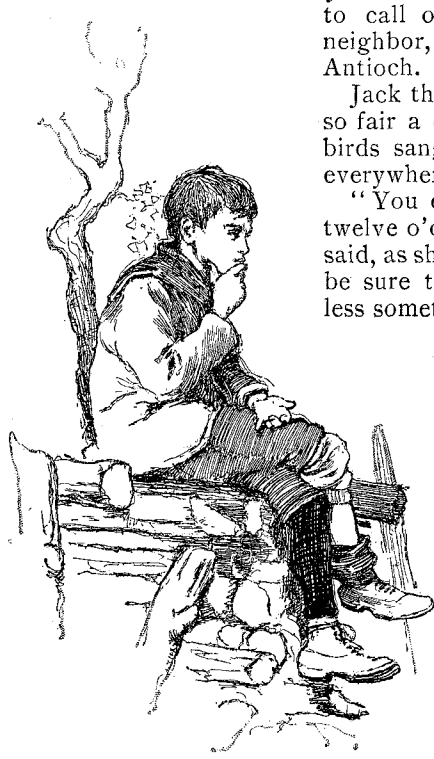
Mrs. Connor knew that Jack would be cold and tired when he returned, so she took his basket and went out to the wood-pile.

"I'll gather the chips," she said, "and save him that much work."

But she had scarcely begun her task when Jack came panting up the hill.

"Why, mother," he called, "didn't you know I was coming?"

He expected her to lean upon him; as he grew older the feeling grew, and he was always disappointed if she failed to do so.



"DAY AFTER DAY, WHEN THE WHISTLE SOUNDED, A LITTLE FIGURE WAS SEEN TO CLIMB THE WOOD-PILE, . . . TO WATCH FOR HIS MOTHER."

One morning she went out to her milking, and a strange dog met her and sprang upon her. Scarcely knowing what she did, she threw the milking pail at him and screamed for Jack.

He came with a bound, seizing a club as he passed the wood-pile.

"I'm coming, mother." Old Peter Glass, passing near, heard Jack's cry and ran down to see what was the matter. There he stood between his mother and the mad beast, flourishing his club and bidding the dog be gone.

Peter relieved the loyal little fellow by killing the dog, which he afterwards declared to his wife was "raving mad."

"But mad or not," he added, "it wouldn't a-hindered that boy's pitching right in to fight for his mammy. It always brings the tears to my eyes, somehow, when I come in contact with that manful little chap of Jack Connor's."

Peter Glass was not the only one whose heart softened for Jack Connor's son. Aye, many an eye wept and many a heart bled for him when the little fellow ceased to appear on the hill above the railroad track.

It was June, glad, sunshiny June, when Jack's mother went one morning to call on a sick friend, an old neighbor, at the station just above Antioch.

Jack thought he had never seen so fair a day—the sun shone, the birds sang, and the flowers were everywhere.

"You can come to meet me at twelve o'clock, Jack," his mother said, as she kissed his cheek. "I'll be sure to come on that train unless something happens."

"I'll be here, mother," said Jack, "to every train until you come."

The sun still shone when the train came in at noon. Jack thought the whistle sounded mournful, somehow. And the engine "slowed up" sooner than usual, so that the train came in "slow and solemn like."

And the telegraph operator had laid his hand in a very gentle way on the boy's head as he hurried past him. And Engineer Robinson never once looked out to speak to him. The fireman, too, turned his face the other way and was busy with his shovel. The brakeman leaned on his brake and never lifted his eyes as the cars pulled up. Jack thought it all very strange.

"Here I am, mother."

The conductor cleared his throat when the well-known welcome rang through the train. Passengers turned from the windows and put their handkerchiefs to their eyes, as if the sight of an eager little face aglow with expectation and delight were painful to them.

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"Here I am, mother." He was scanning every face eagerly, longingly, when the conductor stepped out.

"Jack," he said, "she isn't aboard."

A shadow flitted across the bright countenance. The conductor took the boy's hand in his and held it close.

"Jack, my boy," he said, "you must be a man. Your mother has not come, — *will* not come, Jack. Your mother is dead, my son."

And the sun still shone, but not for Jack.

He never knew the terrible story, how in stepping from the train her foot slipped and she fell beneath the wheels, which passed over her body. He never knew— for from that day he never knew anything, except that she never came back to him.

"JACK RAISED HIMSELF IN BED AND GAVE A CRY OF JOY. 'SHE'S IN!' HE SHOUTED. 'NO. 6 IS IN. HERE I AM, MOTHER!'"

Day after day when the whistle sounded a little figure was seen to climb the wood-pile—Jerry Crane's wood-pile now—to watch for his mother.

"Here I am, mother," the shrill, clear voice would ring out. And when the train had passed on some one would explain: "It's poor Jack Connor come to meet his mother." They grew accustomed to seeing him there as the days drifted into years. "Every train until you come back," he had said; and day or night, winter or summer, the trainmen would see the cottage door open, and knew it was Jack waiting for his mother.

One day they missed him; he was ill, raving with fever. Jerry Crane's wife bent over his pillow; the poor little life was going. At ten o'clock he opened his eyes.

"Is No. 6 in yet?" he asked.

"Not yet, Jack," they told him.

He smiled and closed his eyes again.

"She'll be here on that train," he said. "I must go down to meet her when No. 6 comes in."

At eleven he started and sat up in bed. "Is she in yet?" he asked. "Is No. 6 in?"

"Not yet, Jack, dear," they told him, and he dropped back among his pillows, where he lay for an hour talking, first to the engine, then to Engineer Robinson. Then his mind wandered to his father and the night he died.

"'Stick to your engine and stand by your mother, Jack,'" they heard him whisper.

At midnight a whistle sounded sharp and shrill, and Jack raised himself in bed and gave a cry of joy: "She's in!" he shouted. "No. 6 is in. Here I am, mother!"

The train pulled up and stopped. It was only a freight stopping for water, but that was nothing to Jack. A smile flitted across his face. "She's come," he said, and with a look of unutterable peace held out his arms and went to meet her.

The next day old Engineer Robinson swung himself clear of his engine and went down the platform to speak to the agent. When he climbed back to his seat at the engine window, he drew his sleeve across his eyes and told the fireman that little Jack Connor had gone to meet his mother.

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# ROBIN ADAIR: THE STORY OF A FAMOUS SONG.

By S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald.

PERHAPS in the whole range of songs, new and old, none is so popular as the plaintive "Robin Adair." The real Robin Adair, in whose honor the words were written, was a native of County Wicklow, Ireland, and a descendant of the Desmond Fitz-Geralds, "the mighty Geraldines." His father was made a knight-baronet after the battle of the Boyne. Robin or Robert, while studying in Dublin for the medical profession, got into some scrape, and as he possessed little money and few friends, the only way he saw out of the difficulty was flight. So he set out on foot for London. He had not gone far when he came upon a carriage that had been overturned, for the roads at that time were in a horrible condition. The owner and occupant of the vehicle, a well-known leader of fashionable society, was greatly alarmed at the accident, and had, besides, received some slight personal injury. Adair at once offered his services, and soon had the carriage righted, and the lady carefully attended to. He then, at her invitation, took a seat in her carriage as a protector. Arrived in London, she presented him with a hundred guineas, and invited him to come to her house as often as he pleased.

Robin Adair was a wise and energetic young man, and took full advantage of the lucky turn in his fortunes to study assiduously; and soon, with the assistance of his patroness, acquired a good connection at the best end of the town. He was frequently at the dances given by this lady and others, and one night, at a party, he found that his partner was Lady Caroline Keppel, the second daughter of the Earl of Albemarle. It was a case of love at first sight—mutual love; and Lady Caroline's attachment was as sincere as it was sudden. Her kinsfolk were stupefied with amazement. She was sent abroad to see if travel would alter her determination and cure her of her "folly," but without avail; and gradually she fell ill. When she was at Bath for the benefit of her health (about 1750), she wrote the verses now so popular, and adapted them to the melody of "Eileen Aroon," which Robin Adair had doubtless often sung to her. At last the separation from Adair and the importunities of her relatives caused her to become so dangerously ill, that, upon the doctors despairing of her life, and seeing the disease was more of the heart and mind than of the flesh, the union of the faithful pair was consented to.

A short time after his marriage Adair was appointed Inspector-General of Military Hospitals, and was afterwards made Surgeon-General, King's Sergeant-Surgeon, and Surgeon of Chelsea Hospital. Good fortune did not spoil him, and he continued to work hard at his profession; and the king was so greatly gratified at the successful way in which he treated the Duke of Gloucester, that he offered to make him a baronet. Adair, however, declined. Adored and admired by all who knew him, he lived to the ripe old age of eighty, and his death was deeply lamented. Lady Caroline, however, died rather early; and her husband, except on state occasions, when he was obliged to don court costume, wore mourning in remembrance of his love for his wife until he died, in 1790, when he was buried with her in the family vault. Their only son, the Right Honorable Sir Robert Adair, died in 1855, at the advanced age of ninety-two, after a brilliant career, especially as a diplomatist.

I here append the song as originally written by Lady Caroline at Bath:

What's this dull town to me?
Robin's not near;
He whom I wish to see,
Wish so to hear.
Where's all the joy and mirth
Made life a heaven on earth?
O! they're all fled with thee,
Robin Adair.

What made th' assembly shine?
Robin Adair!
What made the ball so fine?
Robin was there!
What when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?
O! it was parting with
Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt far from me,
Robin Adair!
And now I never see
Robin Adair.
Yet he I love so well
Still in my heart shall dwell.
O! I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair.



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# A NEW RHYTHMIC VERSION OF THE PSALMS.

By Clifton Harby Levy.

A MOST important and interesting work is now in process of issuing: nothing less than an edition of the corrected text of the Old Testament and a modern translation, done by the hands of many of the most eminent American and European scholars. Among them are, in the United States, Professors Briggs, Toy, Moore, and Harper, and Dr. Ward of the "Independent"; and, in Europe, Professors Delitzsch, Wellhausen, Driver, Kautsch, Socin, and Cheyne. There are some thirty-five contributors, among whom are the most learned Semitic scholars in the world. Their aim is to send forth an edition of the Bible which will show the results of the latest and best scholarship and give a translation in modern, idiomatic English.

The idea and plan of the work originated with Professor Paul Haupt of the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, who is assisted in editing the English translation by Dr. Horace Howard Furness, the famous Shakespearean scholar. Professor Haupt has invented a novel method of illustrating the different periods in which the several parts of the Bible were composed. He does this by having the text printed upon backgrounds of different colors, thus offering to the eye a perspective, as it were, of the periods of the composition. From this distinguishing and important feature the work is called the "Polychrome Bible."

While the Polychrome Bible will be of particular interest to critical students, it will in its new translation be of great interest also to the general reader. Ten parts of the text are already published, but the translation is just on the eve of publication. One of the first translations to appear will be that of the Psalms, advance sheets of which have been kindly placed before us by the general editor, Professor Haupt. The text and a German translation have been prepared by Professor J. Wellhausen, a noted German scholar, and the English version has been done by Professor Haupt and Dr. Furness in collaboration. It is a verse translation, and it approaches the original Hebrew very closely in idea, form, and rhythm. Former attempts at translating the Psalms into English verse have failed because too much was attempted. Here the spirit and the form of the original have been reproduced with remarkable faithfulness. In their original form the Psalms are not only poetical, but are real poems, and the endeavor has been, in this new translation, to so present them. Here are some specimens of the new version, which will show the aim and character of it much better than any description.

DR. PAUL HAUPT.

DR. HAUPT'S AUTOGRAPH IN CUNEIFORM CHARACTERS.

### Psalm I.

1 Happy the man who follows not the counsel of the wicked,
Nor treads the path of sinners,
Nor sits in the company of scoffers;
2 But who delights in the Law of JHVH,
And on that Law meditates day and night.
3 He is like a tree planted by the water-side,
Which brings forth fruit in due season,
And whose leaf never withers;
And all that he does prospers.
4 Not so the wicked; not so;
They are like chaff which the wind scatters away.
5 Therefore the wicked cannot stand in the judgment,
Nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.
For JHVH gives heed to the course of the righteous,
6 But the course of the wicked is ruin.

### Psalm II.

*For the Liturgy. Of David.*

1 In JHVH I trust; how can ye say to me:
"Flee, O ye birds, to your mountains!
2 For the wicked are bending the bow,
They are fitting the shaft to the string,
Under darkness to shoot at those who are honest in thought;
3 The pillars they are now tearing down:
What do the righteous avail?"
4 JHVH in His holy Temple,
JHVH, whose throne is in heaven—
His eyes behold men,
Yea, His eye-lashes try them.



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5 JHVH holds dear the righteous,
But the wicked and lover of outrage His soul does abhor.
6 Coals of fire and brimstone He rains on the wicked,
And in their goblet is a wind that is scorching.
7 For JHVH is just, and uprightness he loves,
His face shall the blameless behold.

PSALM 15.

*Psalm of David.*

1 O JHVH, in Thy tent who dares to sojourn?
On Thy holy mountain who dares to dwell?
2 He who lives blamelessly, and practises righteousness,
And speaks from his heart what is true,
3 Who utters no slander with his tongue,
Does no wrong to another,
And his neighbor he does not calumniate,
4 Pompous arrogance He despises,
The God-fearing man he respects,
He pledges his word to his neighbor, and keeps it,
5 He puts not out his money at interest,
And cannot be bribed to injure the innocent,
He who does this, for all time cannot be shaken.

PSALM 24.

*Of David. A Psalm.*

1 The world is JHVH's, and the fulness thereof,
The earth and its inhabitants.
2 He has founded it on seas,
And established it on floods.
3 Who dares ascend to worship on the mountain of JHVH?
Who dares set foot on His holy abode?
4 He who has sinless hands and a pure conscience,
Who cherishes no longing for evil,
And never swears falsely.
5 He will receive blessing from JHVH
And righteousness from God, his Help.
6 This is the circle of those who inquire after Him,
Who seek Thy face, O God of Jacob! *Selah.*

7 Lift up your heads, ye gates!
Lift yourselves up, ye primeval doors!
That the King of glory may come in!
8 Who is the King of Glory?
JHVH, the Mighty, the Hero,
JHVH, the Hero in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, ye gates,
Lift yourselves up, ye primeval doors!
That the King of Glory may come in.
10 Who, then, is the King of Glory?
JHVH Sabaoth, He is the King of Glory
*Selah.*

PSALM 26.

*Of David.*

1 Right me, O JHVH! my conscience is clear,
And in JHVH I trust without wavering.
2 Try me, O JHVH, and prove me,
Test thou my mind and my heart!
3 Ever-present is Thy kindness before me,
And in Thy faithfulness do I walk.
4 I sit not in the company of men who are false,
And with dissemblers I have no converse.
5 I hate the society of caitiffs,
And sit not in the company of the wicked.
6 I wash my hands in innocence,
And I go about Thine altar, O JHVH,
7 To chant aloud my gratitude,
And to recount all Thy wonders.
8 O JHVH, I love the house where Thou dwellest,
And the mansion of Thy majesty.
9 Snatch not away my soul together with sinners,
And my life with men of blood,
10 In whose hand is violence,
Whose right hand is full of bribes.
11 As for me, my conscience is clear,
Deliver me, and be gracious to me.
12 My foot stands on even ground;
In congregations will I praise JHVH.

One Psalm with the accompanying explanatory notes is subjoined, to give some idea of the character of the notes appended to all of the Psalms when necessary.

PSALM 87.[1]

*Of the Sons of Korah: A Psalm, a Song.*

1 How fair is the city of God
Which He has founded on holy mountains!
2 JHVH loves the gates of Zion
More than all the dwellings of Jacob.
3 A glorious thing is told of thee,
O thou city of God! *Selah.*
4 Natives of Rahab[2] and Babylon,
Of Philistia and Tyre, and even of Cush,
Are among my followers;
5 But every one calls Zion his mother,
And of it is every one native.[3]
He Himself, the Most High, keeps it.
6 JHVH writes in the Book of Nations[4]:
This one is native here and that one there, *Selah.*
But, gentle or simple[5]—
The home of them all is in thee, O Jerusalem!

[1] The text is corrupt in several places, but the meaning is clear. The Jews are dispersed over the whole world, but the home and mother of them all is Zion.
[2] *i.e.*, Egypt; *cf.* Ps. 89, 10; Isa. 30, 7; 51, 9.
[3] The real home of every Jew is Zion, no matter where he may have been born.
[4] The civic register in which the names of all the dispersed citizens of JHVH's people are recorded.
[5] noble or humble.

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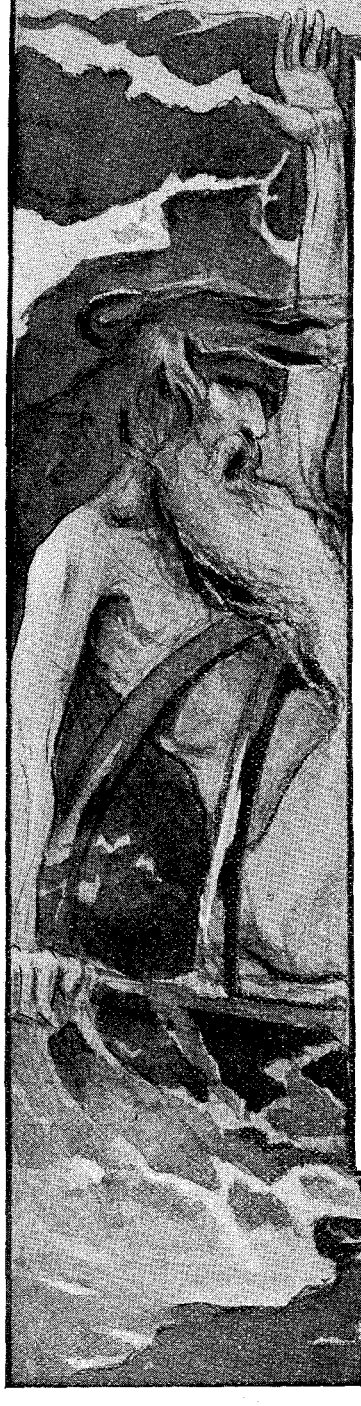
# THE BELL-BUOY

BY RUDYARD KIPLING



THEY christened my brother of old,
And a saintly name he bears;
They gave him his place to hold
At the head of the belfry stairs,
Where the minster-towers stand
And the breeding kestrels cry.
Would I change with my brother a league inland?
(*Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!*) Not I.

In the flush of the hot June prime,
O'er sleek flood-tides afire,
I hear him hurry the chime
To the bidding of checked Desire,
Till the sweated ringers tire
And the wild bob-majors die.
Could I wait for my turn in the pimping choir?
(*Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!*) Not I.

When the smoking scud is blown,
And the greasy wind-rack lowers,
Apart and at peace and alone,
He counts the changeless hours.
He wars with darkling towers;
I war with darkling sea.
Would he stoop to my work in the gusty mirk?
(*Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!*) Not he.

There was never a priest to pray,
There was never a hand to toll,
When they made me guard o' the bay
And moored me over the shoal.
I rock and I reel and I roll;
My four great hammers ply.
Could I speak or be still at the Church's will?
(*Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!*) Not I.

The landward marks have failed,
The fog-bank glides unguessed,
The seaward lights are veiled,
The spent deep feigns her rest;
But my ear is laid to her breast,
I lift to the swell, I cry.
Could I wait in sloth on the Church's oath?
(*Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!*) Not I.



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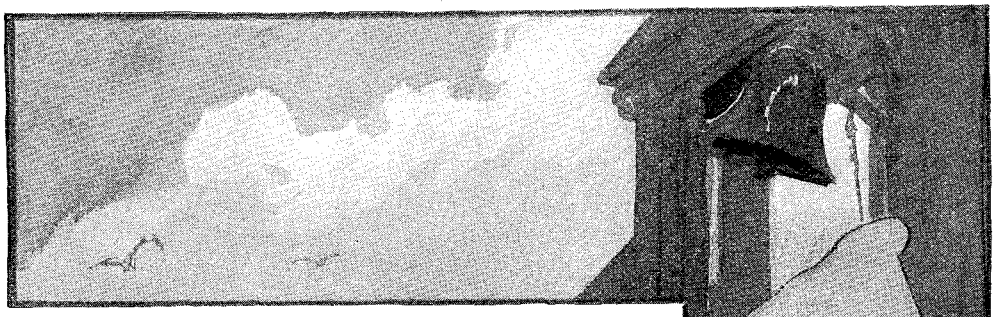

At the careless end of night
I thrill to the nearing screw,
I turn to the nearing light,
And I call to the drowsy crew;
And the mud boils foul and blue
As the blind bow backs away.
Do they give me their thanks if she clear the banks?
(*Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!*) Not they.

The beach-pools cake and skim,
The bursting spray-heads freeze;
I gather on crown and rim
The gray grained ice of the seas,
Where, sheathed from bitt to trees,
The plunging colliers lie.
Would I barter my place for the Church's grace?
(*Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!*) Not I.

Through the blurr of the whirling snow,
Or the black of the inky sleet,
The lanterns gather and grow,
And I look for the homeward fleet.
Rattle of block and sheet—
Ready about! Stand by!
Shall I ask them a fee that they fetch the quay?
(*Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!*) Not I.

I swoop and I surge and I swing,
In the rip of the racing tide;
By the gates of Doom I sing;
On the horns of death I ride.
A ship-length overside
Between the course and the sand,
Fretted and bound, I bide;
Peril whereof I cry.
Would I change with my brother a league inland?
(*Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!*) Not I.



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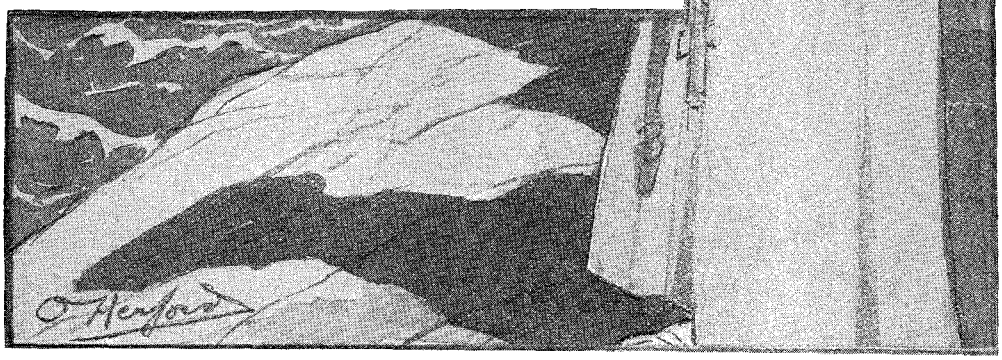

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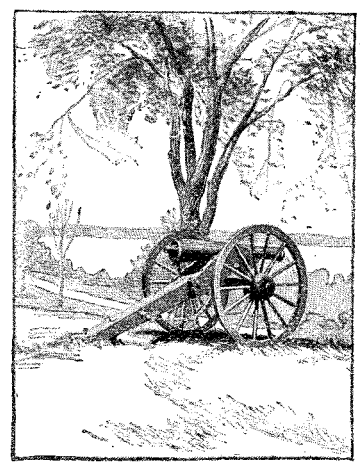
# GRANT IN THE MEXICAN WAR.

By Hamlin Garland,

Author of "Main Travelled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

BARRACKS LIFE AT ST. LOUIS.—GRANT'S COURTSHIP OF MISS JULIA DENT.—HIS PART IN THE MEXICAN WAR.—A DARING RIDE AT MONTEREY.—TWO IMPORTANT UNPUBLISHED LETTERS FROM GRANT.—GRANT'S BOLD CHARGE INTO THE CITY OF MEXICO.—HIS STANDING AND CHARACTER AT THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.

ABOUT ten miles south of the city of St. Louis, on a fine height which overlooks the oily, tawny-colored flood of the Mississippi River, is set the Jefferson Barracks of early Western history. New buildings have been added, and the trees have grown, but the old buildings set round the square of sward are quite untouched of change. They look as they did in 1843, when Ulysses Grant joined the army there, and entered upon his duties as brevet second lieutenant of the Fourth Infantry. They are of whitewashed stone, with galleries and generous roofs, in the Southern manner. At the eastern end of the campus is set the flagstaff, and under it the brass cannon which serves as evening gun. Across the river are wooded banks, and to the north the city of St. Louis shows vaguely in the smoke and haze. On the river below, steamboats ply with shining paddle-wheels which make no noise. There is a singular air of peace and repose and gentle life within this quadrangle, though it rings at intervals with the imperious commands of the bugle. All fear, all anxiety concerning the future seems left behind. The men move quietly about, the robins tug at worms on the lawn, and the bluejay flying across mocks the bugle's note with saucy unconcern.



THE SUNSET GUN AT JEFFERSON BARRACKS.

From a photograph taken expressly for McClure's Magazine.

It was a large post in the early forties, for St. Louis was then a far-Western town and a most important military centre. No less than sixteen companies of infantry were stationed at Jefferson Barracks when Grant was assigned to duty there just after his graduation from West Point. Colonel Stephen Kearney commanded the post, and commanded it reasonably, and the young lieutenant found army life very agreeable. The routine was not severe, and though his room was bare and the duty monotonous, yet there was compensating charm. For diversion, men and officers alike looked to St. Louis. Between roll-call and drill the officers were permitted to enjoy themselves without inquisitorial search into their plans and motives. With his mind still set on securing a situation as teacher, Grant set to work to do some reading and studying. Possibly this resolution kept him out of the degenerating tendency of the routine life, which makes toward indifferentism and mechanical action. At any rate, no one has yet uttered a word of criticism of his life there. General Longstreet says of him at this time: "He was a general favorite, and his name was never connected with anything which called for rebuke or reproach. The routine was strict enough to account for every man and to fill his time pretty thor-

Note.—With the abundance of material gathered by Mr. Garland on the period of Grant's life covered by the present paper, particularly in reference to Grant's service in the Mexican War, it would have been easy to carry the narrative on through a second paper. But this would have prolonged the series beyond our first plan, and conflicted with other matter already arranged for; so it was deemed better to condense the material. In the book form which the papers are finally to take there will not be this need of condensation.—Editor.



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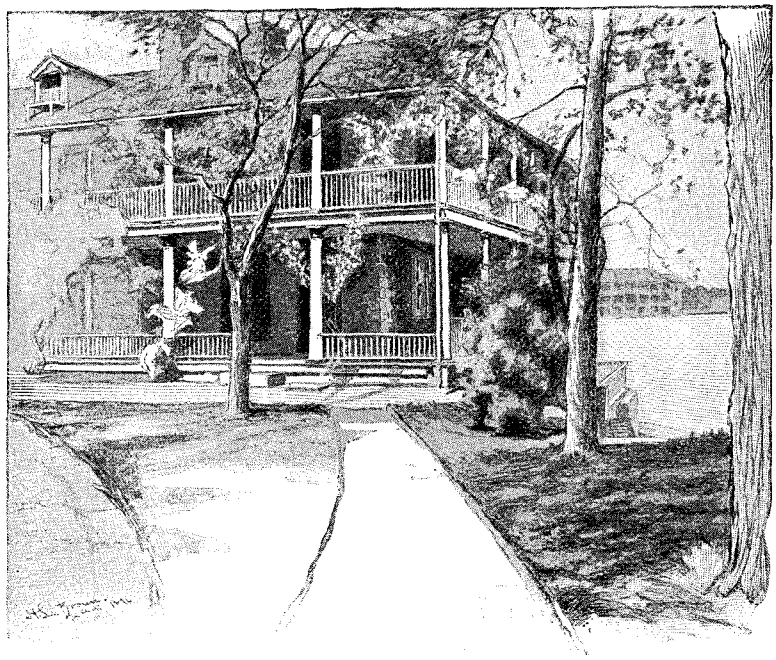

THE HOUSE IN WHICH GRANT LIVED FOR A TIME AT JEFFERSON BARRACKS.

From a photograph taken expressly for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

oughly. It was about like that at West Point, with thorough daily drill, for the Mexican War was threatening." *

From the barracks an irregular road led to the northwest, towards Georgetown, intersecting the famous Gravois road from St. Louis at a point about nine miles outside the city. This byway came to be a familiar one to Ulysses Grant, for Colonel Dent, the father of Grant's classmate and roommate, F. T. Dent, lived on the Gravois road, a mile or two beyond its intersection with the barrack road. Frederick Dent had been fond enough of Ulysses Grant to visit him at his home in Bethel, and also to invite him to visit in return at "White Haven," as the elder Dent called his country seat. Before Grant was able to pay the visit, however, Frederick Dent was forced to report for duty in a regiment stationed farther west.

### THE COURTSHIP AND ENGAGEMENT OF GRANT AND MISS DENT.

The Dent household contained three young girls, Julia, Emma, and Ellen. Julia, a girl of seventeen, was at school in St. Louis, and Lieutenant Grant upon making his first visit to White Haven did not meet her, though he found the house filled with young people. He was moved to repeat his visit even before Miss Julia returned from St. Louis, and afterwards he very frequently rode out there between drills, clattering furiously up the road in his impetuous, boyish fashion, for between drill and roll-call was short space to make a lover's visit in, especially when the young lady's home was several miles away.

White Haven, for all its title, was but a plain farmhouse, with two smallish rooms and a hall in the main part below. It had an addition on the west, and a negro cabin and kitchen at the rear. It was imposing by reason of its galleries, its position, and the beautiful surroundings it overlooked. It was not so overawing to the young Ohioan as Colonel Dent himself, who was at this time a middle-aged man of large frame and irascible temper, quite the ideal in manner of a gentleman of the plantation. According to local testimony, he took small interest in Ulysses Grant, who was a plain, inexpressive youth, quite commonplace in all discernible ways. The colonel, it is said, wondered at his son's taste in taking to himself such an intimate. His dislike of Grant grew when he saw his daughter Julia quite evidently pleased with the young soldier. Mrs. Dent, on the contrary, liked young Grant at once. Her keen sense apprehended in him honesty,

* From an interview with General Longstreet, held November 21, 1896, for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

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loyalty, and a certain unmeasured power. Her greetings continued to be cordial even after it appeared that her daughter Julia was wholly committed to the young lieutenant's future weal or woe.

Georgetown was back country at this time. St. Louis was ten miles away, over a bad road, and its pleasures were quite out of reach in winter. Therefore the Dent family depended for society largely on their neighbors. At the home of the Longs, the Sappingtons, or the Dents, the young people gathered of evenings to dance and sing, and in these merrymakings Grant and some of his fellow-officers from the barracks were frequent participants. On the other hand, Miss Julia Dent was a frequent dancer at the barrack "hops." And in time these frequent meetings stirred in Lieutenant Grant a desire beyond every other felt by him—to win the small hand of this Missouri girl.

The courtship proceeded in the true American fashion—that is to say, without asking by-your-leave of the parents: since they are not the principals in the matter, anyhow, their objections are of small matter. Beautiful days followed—days to be remembered till death. Over the lovely hills and through secluded, wooded lanes the young people rode or drove without prevision of trouble. Then one day an order came to the Fourth Infantry to break camp and join the Second Dragoons at Fort Jessup in Louisiana.

Grant had just obtained a twenty days' leave of absence to visit Ohio. He was, in fact, on the road, and there was no way of recalling him save by letter; so he journeyed on without worry.* His worry began when a letter reached him telling him his regiment was about to move. He had not arrived at a definite understanding with Miss Dent, being content merely to meet her day by day; but now *war* was threatening, and it seemed of paramount necessity that he should know her precise feeling toward him. He returned in express haste to Jefferson Barracks, saddled his horse, and rode to White Haven.†

He arrived at White Haven on the day of a wedding to which the Dents were going, and all things conspired to make him very determined and more than usually serious. He found Miss Julia in a carriage, just starting to the wedding in company with her brother. He persuaded the brother to take his horse, and so won a place beside her in the single-seated carriage, and they started. He was unusually silent at first.

Now it chanced that heavy rains had swollen the Gravois to abnormal size, and the frail bridge which spanned it was nearly submerged with a wild and turbid flood. As they approached it Miss Dent grew apprehensive, and said:

"Are you sure it's all right?"

"Oh, yes, it's all right," Grant replied, man fashion to womankind.

"Well, now, Ulysses, I'm going to cling to you, if we go down," Miss Dent said.

"We won't go down," he replied, and drove across, while the frightened girl clung to his arm.

She released her hold as they reached the other side of the bridge, and he drove in thoughtful silence for some distance. At length he cleared his throat, and said: "Julia, you spoke just now of clinging to me, no matter what happened. I wonder if you would cling to me all my life?" This was a great deal of imagery for a man with eight generations of New England ancestry behind him.

The answer was favorable; but the lovers, being astute young Americans, agreed to say nothing to Miss Dent's parents till Grant's return from the South, at least.* Grant felt pretty sure that Colonel Dent would not favor his suit. A poor, plain, young second lieutenant (by courtesy), a youth whisked about at the command of the War Department, was a very bad match for Miss Julia Dent. They parted hopeful and resolute, Grant to join his regiment near Natchitoches, Louisiana, and Miss Dent to go back to White Haven to wait, which is the lot of women—to wait and to suffer. She found her greatest pleasure, during the years of separation which followed, in his letters. He had always been a good letter-writer, and under the stimulus of love and a life of action in strange scenes, he surpassed himself. He delineated the landscape, the camp-life, and the campaigns; he discussed governmental policies; and through it all ran the strong under-current of a pure and loyal love.

In March, 1845, President Tyler signed the bill for the annexation of Texas, and the Lone Star republic became a part of the United States, and General Zachary Taylor, the famous Indian fighter, and "commander of the Southwest district,"

* Personal Memoirs.

† Letter to Mrs. Bailey of Georgetown, wherein he concisely says, "I called around by way of St. Louis, where I spent four or five days very pleasantly." That phrase "called around" is deliciously careless.

* "Personal Memoirs," and also an interview with Mrs. Grant by Frank G. Carpenter.

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was ordered to occupy "the disputed territory," which was a tract lying between the Nueces and Colorado rivers. Early in May Lieutenant Grant, believing he was about to go into war, with the chance of being killed, asked for a leave of absence, and hastened to St. Louis to see his bride-elect and to get the consent of Colonel Dent to their marriage. The consent was given reluctantly, but it was given, and the young soldier set face at last toward actual warfare and possible death. It is easy to imagine that he did not return to his regiment whistling for joy. He had no desire for military renown. Mexico would have fired the "lean little Corsican" with colossal plans of empire; but Lieutenant Grant saw injustice and aggression in the campaign, and believed a retribution was in store for a nation which, in the name of freedom, seized upon a chance to widen its slave territory. Nevertheless he was a soldier; and when he joined his regiment he entered upon his duties with outward readiness.

Corpus Christi, the next station of the army, was a cross between a frontier ranch and a smuggler's camp.* The town when the army arrived there consisted of twenty adobe houses. In a few weeks it was a town of a thousand inhabitants, not counting the soldiers. Camp-followers, traders, and settlers, encouraged by the security given by the presence of the soldiers, made up this miscellaneous and not over-refined population.†

A very curious and interesting story of Grant is told by General Longstreet in an account of life in the camp at Corpus Christi. "The officers," says General Longstreet, "built a theatre, depending upon their own efforts to reimburse them. As there was no one outside the army there, our dramatic company was organized among the officers, who took both male and female parts. In farce and comedy we did well enough, and soon collected funds enough to pay for the building and incidental expenses. We found ourselves sufficiently in funds to send over to New Orleans for costumes, and concluded to try tragedy. The Moor of Venice was chosen, Lieutenant Theoderic Porter to be the Moor, and Lieutenant U. S. Grant to be the daughter of Brabantio. But after rehearsal Porter protested that male heroines could not support the character nor give sentiment to the hero; so we sent over to New Orleans for Mrs. Hart, who was popular with the garrisons of Florida. Then all went well."*

Grant was probably selected for his small stature, handsome face, and soft voice. In an interview, General Longstreet added: "Grant looked very well indeed dressed up; but Porter insisted that there was hardly sentiment enough in having a man play the part. Grant played in several farces; one that I recall was 'The Irish Lion.' I was in the cast also."

* Longstreet's "Story of the War."
† "Personal Memoirs."

### GRANT'S OWN ACCOUNT OF RESACA AND PALO ALTO—AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER.

Of the advance of the army from Corpus Christi we have an account in a letter written by Grant himself from Matamoras, on June 26, 1846. This letter, hitherto unpublished, gives also a strong picture of the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca.†

MATAMORAS, MEXICO,
*June 26th*, 1846.

DEAR LOWE:

I have just received your letter of the 6th of June, the first I have had from you since my regiment took the field in anticipation of the annexation of Texas. Since that time the 4th Infantry has experienced but little of that ease and luxury of which the Hon. Mr. Black speaks so much. Besides hard marching, a great part of the time we have not even been blessed with a good tent as a protection against wind and weather.

At Corpus Christi our troops were much exposed last winter, which the citizens say was the severest season they have had for many years. From Corpus Christi to this place (a distance of about 180 miles) they had to march through a long sandy desert covered with salt ponds, and in one or two instances ponds of drinkable water were separated by a whole day's march. The troops suffered much, but stood it like men who were able to fight many such battles as those of the 8th and 9th of May; that is, without a murmur.

On our arrival at the Rio Grande we found Matamoras occupied by a force superior to ours (in numbers), who might have made our march very uncomfortable if they had have had the spirit and courage to attempt it. But they confined their hostilities (except their paper ones) to small detached parties and single individuals, as in the cases you mention in your letter, until they had their force augmented to thrible or quadruple ours, and then they made the bold efforts of which the papers are full. About the last of April we got word of the enemy crossing the river, no doubt with the intention of cutting us off from our supplies at Point Isabel. On the 1st of April at three o'clock General Taylor started with about 2000 men to go after and escort the wagon train from Point Isabel,

* Longstreet's "Story of the War."
† This valuable letter is here published for the first time. John W. Lowe, to whom it was written, acted upon his friend Grant's suggestion and entered the Mexican War himself, as captain of a volunteer company from Ohio; and in letters written to his family, he speaks of meeting Grant in the City of Mexico. He afterwards entered the Civil War, as Colonel of the Twelfth Ohio Infantry, and was killed in the battle of Carnifex Ferry, West Virginia, September 10, 1861. The original letter is now in the possession of his grandson, John W. Lowe of Chicago.

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and with the determination to cut his way, no matter how superior their numbers.

Our march on this occasion was as severe as could be made. Until three o'clock at night we scarcely halted; then we laid down in the grass and took a little sleep, and marched the balance of the way the next morning. Our march was mostly through grass up to the waist with a wet and uneven bottom, yet we made thirty miles in much less than a day. I consider my march on that occasion equal to a walk of sixty miles in one day on good roads and unencumbered with troops. The next morning after our arrival at Point Isabel we heard the enemy's artillery playing upon the little field work which we had left garrisoned by the 7th Infantry and two companies of artillery. This bombardment was kept up for seven days, with a loss of but two killed and four or five wounded on our side. The loss of the enemy was much greater, though not serious.

On the 7th of May General Taylor started from Point Isabel with his little force, encumbered with a train of about 250 wagons loaded with provisions and ammunition. Although we knew the enemy was between us and Matamoras, and in large numbers too, yet I did not believe, I was not able to appreciate, the possibility of an attack from them. We had heard so much bombast and so many threats from the Mexicans that I began to believe that they were good for paper wars alone, but they stood up to their work manfully.

On the 8th, when within about fourteen miles of Matamoras, we found the enemy drawn up in line of battle on the edge of the prairie, next a piece of woods called Palo Alto (which is the Spanish for tall trees). Even then I did not believe they were going to give battle. Our troops were halted out of range of artillery, and the wagons parked, and the men allowed to fill their canteens with water. All preparations being made, we marched forward in line of battle until we received a few shots from the enemy, and then we halted, and our artillery commenced.

The first shot was fired about three o'clock P.M. and was kept up pretty equally on both sides until sundown or after; we then encamped on our own ground, and the enemy on theirs. We supposed that the loss of the enemy had not been much greater than our own, and expected of course that the fight would be renewed in the morning. During that night I believe all slept as soundly on the ground at Palo Alto as if they had been in a palace. For my part, I don't think I even dreamed of battles.

During the day's fight I scarcely thought of the probability or possibility of being touched myself (although 9-pound shots were whistling all round) until near the close of the evening a shot struck the ranks a little ways in front of me and knocked one man's head off, knocked the under jaw of Capt. Page entirely away, and brought several others to the ground. Although Capt. Page received so terrible a wound, he is recovering from it. The under jaw is gone to the windpipe, and the tongue hangs down upon the throat. He will never be able to speak or to eat.

The next morning we found to our surprise that the last rear guard of the enemy was just leaving their ground, the main body having left during the night. From Palo Alto to Matamoras there is for a great part of the way a dense forest of undergrowth, here called chaparral. The Mexicans, after having marched a few miles through this, were reënforced by a considerable body of troops. They chose a place on the opposite side from us of a long but narrow pond (called Resaca de la Palma), which gave them greatly the advantage of position. Here they made a stand. The fight was a pell-mell affair, everybody for himself. The chaparral is so dense that you may be within five feet of a person and not know it. Our troops rushed forward with shouts of victory, and would kill and drive away the Mexicans from every piece of artillery they could get their eyes upon. The Mexicans stood this hot work for over two hours, but with a great loss. When they did retreat there was such a panic among them that they only thought of safety in flight. They made the best of their way for the river, and wherever they struck it they would rush in. Many of them no doubt were drowned.

Our loss in the two days was 182 killed and wounded. What the loss of the enemy was cannot be certainly ascertained, but I know acres of ground were strewed with the bodies of the dead and wounded. I think it would not be an over-estimate to say that their loss from killed, wounded, taken prisoners, and missing was over 2,000, and of the remainder nothing now scarcely remains. So precipitate was their flight when they found that we were going to cross the river and take the town, that sickness broke out among them, and as we have understood, they have but little effective force left. News has been received that Parades is about taking the field with a very large force. Daily, volunteers are arriving to reënforce us, and soon we will be able to meet them in whatever force they choose to come. What will be our course has not been announced in orders, but no doubt we will carry the war into the interior.

Monterey, distant about 300 miles from here, will no doubt be the first place where difficulties with an enemy await us. You want to know what my feelings were on the field of battle! I do not know that I felt any peculiar sensation. War seems much less terrible to persons engaged in it than to those who read of the battles.

I forgot to tell you in the proper place the amount of property taken. We took on the 9th eight pieces of artillery with all their ammunition; something like 2000 stand of arms, muskets, pistols, swords, sabres, lances, &c.; 500 mules with their packs; camp equipage and provisions, and in fact everything they had. When we got into the camp of the enemy everything showed the great confidence they had of success. They were actually cooking their meal during the fight, and as we have since learned, the women of Matamoras were making preparations for a great festival upon the return of their victorious army.

The people of Mexico are a very different race of people from ours. The better class are very proud, and tyrannize over the lower and much more numerous class as much as a hard master does over his negroes, and they submit to it quite as humbly. The great majority [of the] inhabitants are either pure or more than half-blooded Indians, and show but little more signs of neatness or comfort in their miserable dwellings than the uncivilized Indian. Matamoras contains probably about 7,000 inhabitants, a great majority of them of the lower order. It is not a place of as much business importance as our little towns of 1,000. But no doubt I will have an opportunity of knowing more of Mexico and the Mexicans before I leave the country, and I will take another occasion of telling you more of them.

Don't you think Mr. Polk has done the officers of the army injustice by filling up the new regiment of riflemen from citizens?* It is plain to be seen that we have but little to expect from him. I have now

* Grant had applied for a command in this regiment. For political reasons the bill authorizing the equipment of the regiment specified that it should be officered from civilian ranks.

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written you a long letter; as soon as anything more is done I will write again. If you have an opportunity, I wish you would let them know at home that I am well. I don't think I have written in the last four weeks. I should like very much to see you here in command of a volunteer company. I think you would not be affected by the climate. So far our troops have had their health remarkably well.

Remember me to your own and Judge Fishback's family. I suppose Tom [Mr. Lowe's son] has grown so much that he almost thinks of volunteering for the Mexican wars himself. I shall be pleased to hear from you as often as you will make it convenient to write, and will answer all your letters.

Yours truly,

U. S. GRANT, 4th Infy.

J. W. LOWE, Esq., Batavia, O.

### GRANT AS A QUARTERMASTER.

The battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma were hardly more than skirmishes in comparison with the more important

MRS. DENT, MOTHER OF MRS. U. S. GRANT.

From a photograph loaned by Mr. U. S. Grant, Jr.

operations soon begun against Monterey. At Camargo, Grant, now full second lieutenant, was made regimental quartermaster, a position requiring activity, resource, and regularity of habit, and one which cannot be well filled by sleepy or dull-witted men. An army must be fed. Its supplies must not go astray or fall behind. Its ammunition must be ready, and its ambulances on hand. To always have these necessaries of an army in readiness is no small duty. It means early rising, methodical habits, and careful scrutiny of details. This appointment is important, therefore, as showing how Grant was regarded by his superiors at this time. It must not be forgotten that he was a mere

COLONEL DENT, FATHER OF MRS. U. S. GRANT.

From a photograph loaned by Mr. U. S. Grant, Jr.

stripling—a small, smooth-faced youth, of slight boyish figure, with rather long, square-cut hair, depending from a gig-top cap. He must have been considered trusty, energetic, and of good administrative ability to be so chosen. Certainly he was a popular officer. There are many complaints of cruelty on the part of young officers toward their men, but no such complaint was ever made of Grant. He was kind and just to all men. And nowhere did he show his equable temper, his command over himself, more convincingly, than in his service as quartermaster in that land of burning sun and scant grass. He has himself indicated one of the peculiar difficulties when he said: "I am not aware of ever having used a profane expletive in my life; but I would have the charity to excuse those who may have done so, if they were in charge of a train of Mexican pack-mules of the time." His old comrades say he was active, patient, resourceful, and prompt. He was learning a great lesson those days. He brought his command through in good order.

Monterey was the principal town in northern Mexico at that time. In 1846 it possessed fifteen or twenty thousand people. It was, in fact, a fortified town of Mexican Indians, governed by a few Mexican-Spanish priests and soldiers. It was situated in a magnificent, wide, flat valley, with noble mountains from three to seven thousand feet in altitude, walling it in.

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General Taylor approached it from the east, and camped about three miles from the city, at a fine group of springs, shaded then as now by noble pecan and walnut trees. The plain is quite level and covered with mesquite and other forms of chaparral.

Apparently nothing hindered marching directly upon the town. Taylor soon discovered, however, that the citizens had made careful preparation for receiving him. General Ampudia, with ten or eleven thousand men, was in command.

Ulysses Grant now watched to see what General Taylor, who had already become his hero, would do. Here was a town with complete defences. It had no weak spot, apparently. How would Taylor attack? He resorted to the familiar and primitive method—he prepared to flank the enemy. On the morning of the 20th, General Taylor said, "General Worth, you will take your division and make the attempt to dislodge the enemy to the north and west. I shall consider your attack the main movement."

Lieutenant Grant remained with the eastern division of the army, and all day he watched with eager eyes to see the inexorable advance of the northern army. Guns were run forward to a ravine before the "black fort," and planted where they could shell the enemy, while reconnoitring parties were out to the east.

As regimental quartermaster, Lieutenant Grant had no business to leave camp,* but the excitement grew too great for his young blood, and when the cannonading thickened, he mounted a horse and rode to the front. He reached the line just in time to hear the thrilling order, "Charge!" which meant death to many brave fellows. Hitherto the fighting had been done by cannon shots. At once the men were under the fire of the terrible "black fort," and also of the batteries at the eastern end of the town. As they drew nearer, the musketry from the housetops joined the din.

Grant plunged into the charge, and being the only man mounted, became a special target for bullets, but escaped unhurt. He was with the command when it forced the Mexicans across the bridge and back into the city.

Every housetop was manned by gunners lying behind low parapets of sandbags or blocks of adobe, and the Americans paused, after crossing the Bridge of the Saint, and scattered out into the side streets. Every avenue leading west was swept by guns in the plaza, and by the muskets of the men on the housetops.

### GRANT'S BOLD RIDE IN FRONT OF THE ENEMY AT MONTEREY.

Nevertheless ten companies under command of Colonel Garland forced their way, by successive rushes from street to street, up almost to the plaza itself. But thence they could go neither forward nor back; they could only pop away at any Mexican head they sighted. So the battle hung poised till Colonel Garland discovered his ammunition to be running low. It then became necessary to get word to General Twiggs, his division commander, calling for ammunition or reinforcements.

"Boys," said Colonel Garland, "I've got to send some one back to General Twiggs. It's a dangerous job, and I don't like to order any man to do it. Who'll volunteer?"

"I will," said Quartermaster Grant promptly. "I've got a horse."

"Good. You're just the man to do it. Keep on the side streets and ride hard."

Grant needed no instructions. He was the best horseman in the command. He had the resource of an Indian. He flung himself on his horse, with one heel behind the saddle's cantle, and one hand wound in his horse's mane, with the other guiding his course. Amid cheers from his comrades he dashed down a side street leading to the north, a street which looked like a dry canal. At every crossing he was exposed to view, and the enemy, getting his range, sent a slash of bullets down each street as he flashed past. Hanging thus he forced his horse to leap a four-foot wall. He rode to the north till out of fire, then turned to the east, and in a few moments' time drew rein before General Twiggs, and breathlessly uttered his message. General Twiggs gave the order to collect the ammunition, but before it could be done the troops came pouring back.*

That night ended the fighting; for while the demonstrations at the east ended thus unsuccessfully, General Worth with his Texas troops was making way inexorably toward the plaza from the west. The houses were all built on the street, with

*In a letter to his parents he said: "I do not mean that you shall ever hear of my shirking my duty in battle. My new post of quartermaster is considered to afford an officer an opportunity to be relieved from fighting, but I do not and can not see it in that light. You have always taught me that the post of danger is the post of duty."

*Richardson's "Life of Grant," "Personal Memoirs," etc.

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NEW ORLEANS BARRACKS.

From a photograph taken expressly for McClure's Magazine. Grant spent several weeks in New Orleans Barracks on his way to Mexico, and his regiment returned there at the close of the war.

the gardens behind, and these gardens were separated from each other by walls of adobe. Worth's men, accustomed to Mexican towns, battered down the doors, and with picks and axes cut through these soft walls, and thus under cover advanced steadily from house to house. The army ate its way like some monster worm, rod by rod, until General Ampudia felt the prolongation of the struggle to be useless, and on the morning of September 24, 1846, the garrison surrendered.

"Though behaving with such gallantry," says General Longstreet, "Grant's name does not appear in the reports. In those days it was hard for a young officer to get mention unless he did something of very conspicuous bravery. After a man got to be captain or colonel a brevet was more easily obtained. They were sometimes obtained for merely looking at a battle."

The victories of "Old Rough and Ready" Taylor were already resounding through the North; the victor of Monterey and Matamoras was rapidly mounting to the position of a popular hero, and the administration determined to cripple him if possible. It was decided, at length, to discredit his line of attack, and to put General Winfield Scott, the commander-in-chief of the army, into the field in person.

Scott's plan of campaign was quite at variance with Taylor's. He had all along insisted that the City of Mexico should be attacked directly from the east, with Vera Cruz as a landing point, and thitherward he pushed his way with reënforcements. Lieutenant Grant was transferred with his regiment from General David Twiggs's division, under Taylor's command, to the division of General William Worth, under Scott. He therefore retraced the severe journey to Camargo and Matamoras, whence, by much over-loaded transports, he and his comrades were carried to Vera Cruz, where Scott was assembling his little army of invasion like Cortes of the sixteenth century.

The city of Vera Cruz, lying nearly due east of the City of Mexico, was an old town, built then, as now, of stone and adobe, in the one-storied Spanish fashion, with several superb churches, and with flat-roofed, unimposing buildings. It is a place of tropical heat and extreme humidity, yet it was and is the main port of entry for the City of Mexico.

On Lobos Island, just below the city, Scott made a landing, March 9, 1847, with no little pomp, the bands playing "Yankee Doodle," and the French, Spanish, and English looking on. The site of Vera Cruz is quite level, but back of it, in a half circle, runs a series of low sand-hills. On these hills Scott encamped and planted his siege guns. Quartermaster Grant is said

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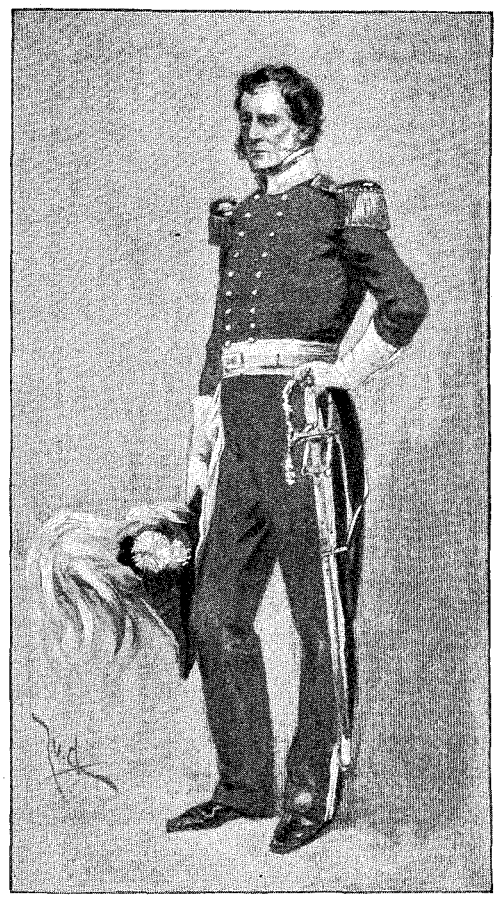
to have unofficially supervised this siege, in pursuance of his policy to see all that went on. It was all a battle of cannon, and the infantry had little to do but swelter on the sand and fight flies and fleas. The town of Vera Cruz soon capitulated, and Scott, aware of the danger to his men of longer stay in this land of yellow fever, marched in imposing review in at the south gate and out of the north gate, and started for Jalapa, the next considerable town on the main highway to the City of Mexico. A few days later, in the strong mountain pass of Cerro Gordo, he encountered the Mexican army under Santa Anna.



GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT AT THE TIME OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

Drawn by T. V. Chominski after a painting by Chappel.

GRANT'S OWN ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF CERRO GORDO — AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER.

Grant has left an interesting account of the famous battle of Cerro Gordo, and of the subsequent movements of the army, in the following letter, written, like the preceding one, to John W. Lowe, of Batavia, Ohio, only fifteen days after the battle, and never before published.*

TIPLING AHUALCO, MEXICO,
*May* 3, 1847.

DEAR LOWE:

Just as the troops were leaving Vera Cruz I received a letter from my young friend Tom and yourself. Now that we will probably be stationary for four or five days, I avail myself of the opportunity of answering. I see that you have written me several letters which you have not received answers to. I always make it a point to answer all your letters and am only sorry I don't get more of them. You say you would like to hear more about the war. If you had seen as much of it as I have you would be tired of the subject. Of our success at Vera Cruz you have read everything. The strength of the town, its forts and castle, the papers are full, and they do not exaggerate. On the 13th of April the rear division of General Scott's army left Vera Cruz to ascend the mountains and drive Santa Anna from his strong position in one of the passes.

On the night of the 15th, General Worth arrived at Plana del Rio, three miles from the battle-ground. General Twiggs, with his division, had been there several days preparing for an attack. By the morning of the 17th the way was completed to go around the pass, Cerro Gordo, and make the attack in the rear as well as in the front. The difficulties to surmount made the undertaking almost equal to Bonaparte's crossing the Alps. Cerro Gordo is a long, narrow pass, the mountains towering far above the road on either side. Some five of the peaks were fortified and armed with artillery and infantry.

At the outlet of the mountain gorge a strong breastwork was thrown up, and five pieces placed in embrasure, sweeping the road so that it would have been impossible for any force in the world to have advanced. Immediately behind this is a peak of the mountains several hundred feet higher than any of the others and commanding them. It was on this height that General Twiggs made his attack. As soon as the Mexicans saw this height taken they knew the day was up with them. Santa Anna vamosed with a small part of his force, leaving about 6000 to be taken prisoners with all their arms, supplies, etc. Santa Anna's loss could not have been less than 8000 killed, wounded, taken prisoners, and missing. The pursuit was so close upon the retreating few that Santa Anna's carriage and mules were taken, and with them his wooden leg and some twenty or thirty thousand dollars in money.

Between the thrashing the Mexicans have got at Buena Vista, Vera Cruz, and Cerro Gordo, they are so completely broken up that if we only had transportation we could go to the City of Mexico and wherever else we liked without resistance. Garrisons could be established in all the important towns, and the Mexicans prevented from ever raising another army. Santa Anna is said to be at Orizaba, at the foot of a mountain always covered with snow and of the same name. He has but a small force.

Orizaba looks from here as if you could almost

* The original letter is now in the possession of J. W. Lowe, of Chicago, a grandson of the recipient of it.

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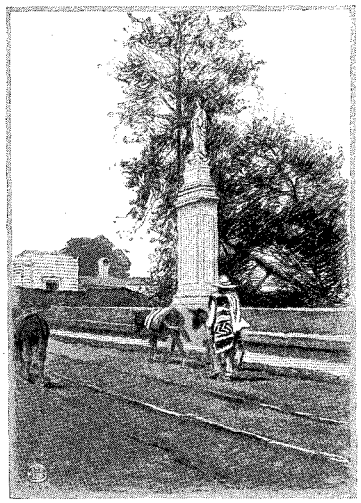


THE BRIDGE OF THE SAINT, MONTEREY.

From a photograph taken expressly for McClure's Magazine. It was across this bridge that the division in which Grant was fighting charged into the centre of the town. The shrine of the saint, from which the bridge derives its name, was destroyed in the battle, but was subsequently rebuilt.

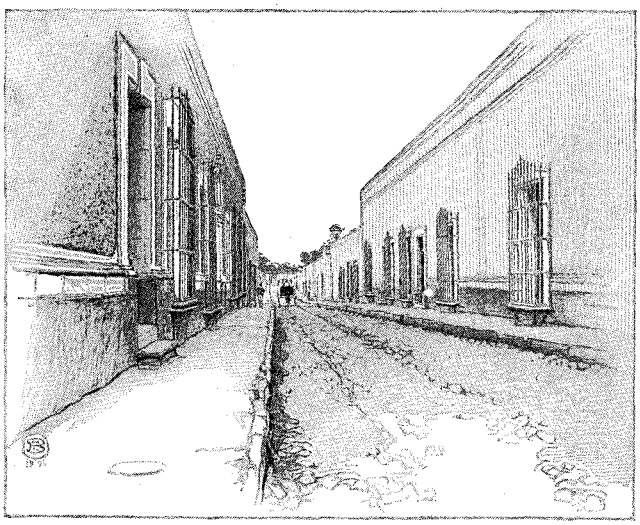
throw a stone to it, but it looked the same from Jalapa, some fifty miles back, and was even visible from Vera Cruz. Since we left the seacoast the improvement in the appearance of the people and the style of buildings has been very visible over anything I had seen in Mexico before. The road is one of the best in the world. The scenery is beautiful, and a great deal of magnificent tableland spreads out above you and below you. Jalapa is the most beautiful place that I ever saw. It is about 4000 feet above sea, and being in the Torrid Zone, they have the everlasting spring fruit and vegetables the year around. I saw there a great many handsome ladies and more well-dressed men than I had ever seen before in the Republic.

From Jalapa we marched to Perote, and walked quietly into the Strong Castle that you no doubt have read about. It is a great work. One brigade, the one I belong to, is now twenty miles in advance of Perote. Soon, no doubt, we will advance upon Puebla. I am regimental quartermaster, appointed under the new law allowing one to each regiment and giving extra allowances.

Remember me to all your family and Judge Fishback's. Tell Tom he must write to me again. I will be much pleased to receive all the letters you will write to me, and all that Tom will write too. I will write to Tom from Puebla. I suppose we will be there in a few days. If you see any of the Bethel people, please remember me to them. Tell them I am heartily tired of the wars. If you were to see me now, you would never recognize me in the world. I have a beard more than four inches long, and it is red. Your Friend,

U. S. Grant, 4th Infy.

The battle of Cerro Gordo, like the battle of Buena Vista on the north, opened the way to the capital. The army of victory moved steadily on toward the heart of the nation. In a letter to his parents, written in May, 1847, about the same time as the letter above, Grant furnishes a further view into his situation and employments. "We are progressing steadily," he wrote, "towards the Mexican capital. Since I last wrote you my position has been rendered more responsible and laborious. . . . But I must not talk to you all the time about the war. I shall try to give you a few descriptions of what I see in this country. It has in it many wonderful things. . . . It is very mountainous. Its hillsides are covered with tall palms whose waving leaves present a splendid appearance. They toss to and fro in the wind like plumes in a helmet, their deep green glistening in the sunshine or glittering in the moonbeams in the most beautiful way. I have been much delighted with the Mexican birds. . . . Many have a plumage that is superlatively splendid, but the display of their music does not equal that of their colors. . . .



A STREET IN MONTEREY.

From a photograph taken expressly for McClure's Magazine. It was probably through this very street that Grant made his perilous ride to order ammunition for Colonel Garland.

They beat ours in show, but do not equal them in harmony. . . . But I hear the 'taps' as I write and must be on the move. I have written this letter with my

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sword fastened on my side and my pistol within reach, not knowing but that the next moment I may be called into battle again." *

Clearly nothing was lost upon this young lieutenant wrestling with the stubborn mules of the wagon train in a most difficult country. He mused deeply upon General Scott's audacity in cutting loose from all supplies, and as quartermaster he aided the army in living off the country. He came to believe also in the manifest destiny of the American Republic.

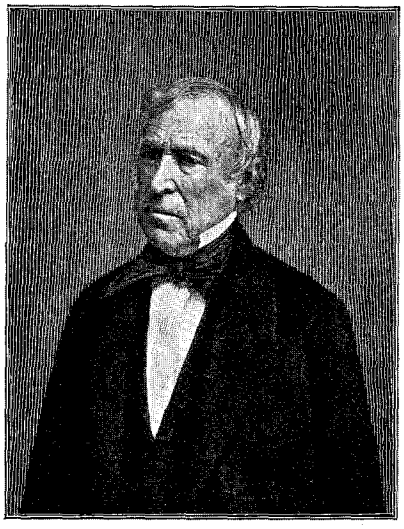
Puebla fell into the hands of the invaders without resistance. It was a fine city,

ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA, COMMANDER OF THE MEXICAN ARMY.

the finest in the country, excepting only the capital. Directly before it, and separating it from the valley and City of Mexico, is the mightiest range of mountains on the American continent. The Mexicans have a proverb, "Puebla is the first heaven, Mexico is the second." The City of Mexico lies in a wide, flat valley at an altitude of seven thousand feet above the sea. It is semi-arid and semi-tropic in character, with a rainy season which begins in July or August and lasts for several weeks. It was in August that Scott's army first looked down upon the beautiful valley with its lakes filled with water, shining like mirrors, and its green everywhere meshed with streams. It was a beautiful sight, and the army raised a cheer.

On the shore of Lake Chalco, at a little Indian village called Ayotla, Scott col-

* Balch's "Life of Grant." Grant took sufficient interest in the birds to count nearly two hundred different kinds.



GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR.
From a daguerreotype owned by Peter Gilsey, Esq., of New York.

lected his army and began to reconnoitre. His guides explained to him that there were eight gates to the city. Directly in front was the ancient thoroughfare between Lake Chalco and Lake Xochimilco. This was strongly fortified. The gates to the west were less strongly fortified, and Scott, after hearing the report of his engineers and guides, decided to move round the lakes Chalco and Xochimilco, and attack the city in the rear.

The Americans fell upon Valencia's forces at Contreras, a town four miles from Tlalpan, upon the morning of the twentieth of August. The assault, made in the early light, had all the appalling elements of a surprise in battle. It was a matter of not more than ten or fifteen minutes, but it took the fighting heart out of the Mexican army. Men and officers alike were appalled at the power and fierceness of these Northerners. Valencia's army broke into flight and streamed back into the city, crying as they ran: "Here come the Yankees! Here come the Yankees!"

Grant was with Colonel Garland's division, which was meanwhile confronting the Hacienda San Antonio; but when Contreras was taken, San Antonio was evacuated, and the two armies advanced on the two parallel roads which skirt the Pedregal and lead directly toward Mexico. The next stronghold, a most formidable point, was the church and convent in the little village of Churubusco, which stood on the level plain, surrounded by tilled fields marked out by ditches. In this land every cabin has the wall of a fortress,

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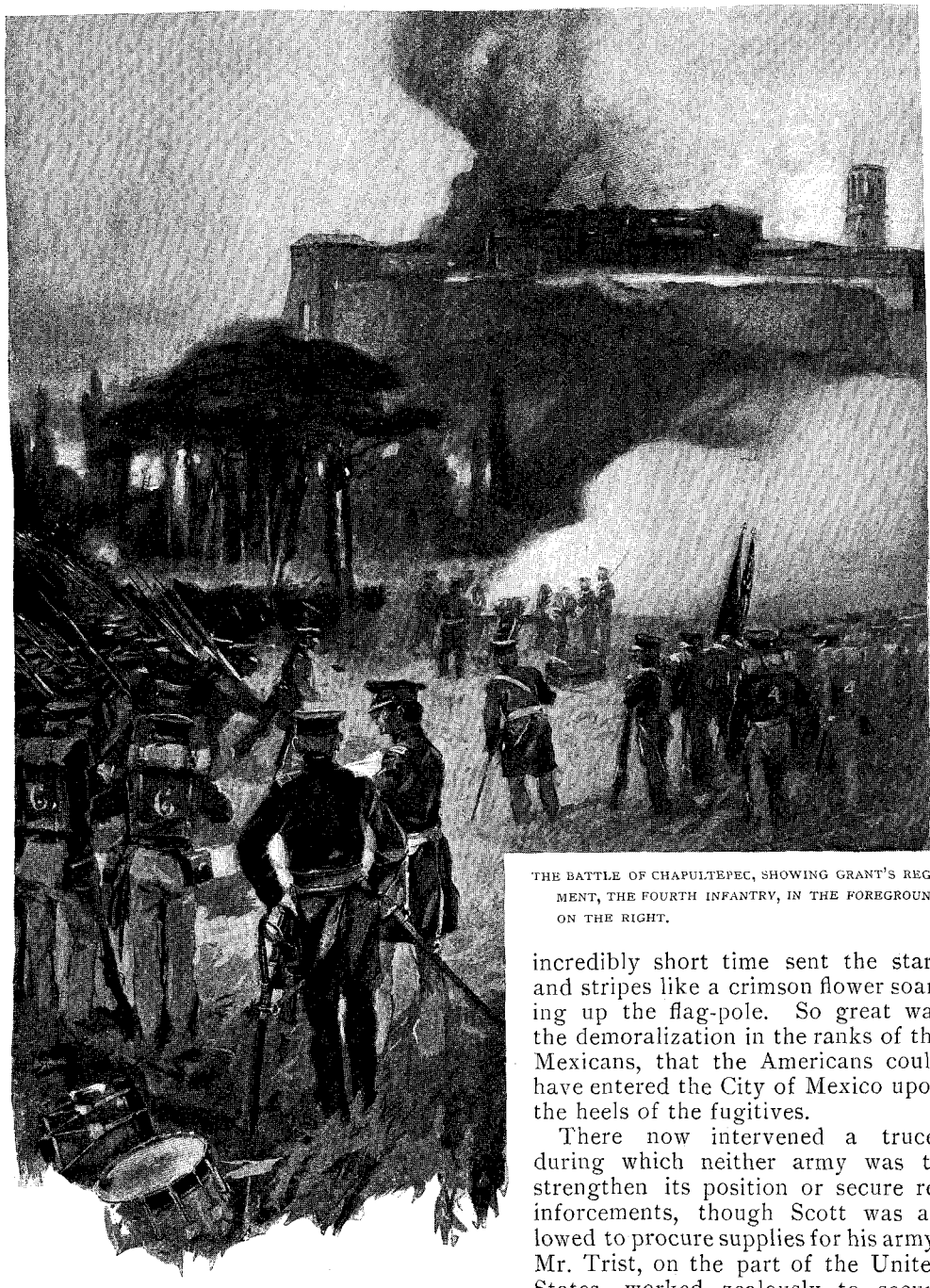

THE BATTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC, SHOWING GRANT'S REGIMENT, THE FOURTH INFANTRY, IN THE FOREGROUND ON THE RIGHT.

and every church is a castle. The Churubusco convent was a low structure of almost impregnable walls, having but two entrances. It looked unassailable, but at the word the American soldiers started across the open fields, impetuous, unwavering as so many bulldogs. They went over the earthworks, silenced the cannon, raised ladders against the wall, and in an incredibly short time sent the stars and stripes like a crimson flower soaring up the flag-pole. So great was the demoralization in the ranks of the Mexicans, that the Americans could have entered the City of Mexico upon the heels of the fugitives.

There now intervened a truce, during which neither army was to strengthen its position or secure reinforcements, though Scott was allowed to procure supplies for his army. Mr. Trist, on the part of the United States, worked zealously to secure a treaty of peace. While this was going on, Scott, with Worth's division, occupied Tacubaya, a little Indian town on the edge of the high ground, and about four miles from Mexico. From near Tacubaya a low cape of rocky, wooded land extends irregularly into the flat land and ends abruptly in a high rocky knob. This knob forms a magnificent natural fortress,

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which at this time was crowned with a castle, Chapultepec, a long, low, thick-walled structure covering almost the entire top. On the sides and at the base were other fortifications, and to the west and north a fine stone aqueduct made a formidable wall, for its arches had been filled in with blocks of adobe. Back of this fortress, and also enclosed by the aqueduct, was an old mill (Molino del Rey—"the king's mill"), which was reported to Scott to be Santa Anna's cannon foundry. It was a plain, square structure, with a wide wall enclosing it. In the wall were sheds and houses. It was heavily garrisoned, and seemed to be highly valued by the enemy.

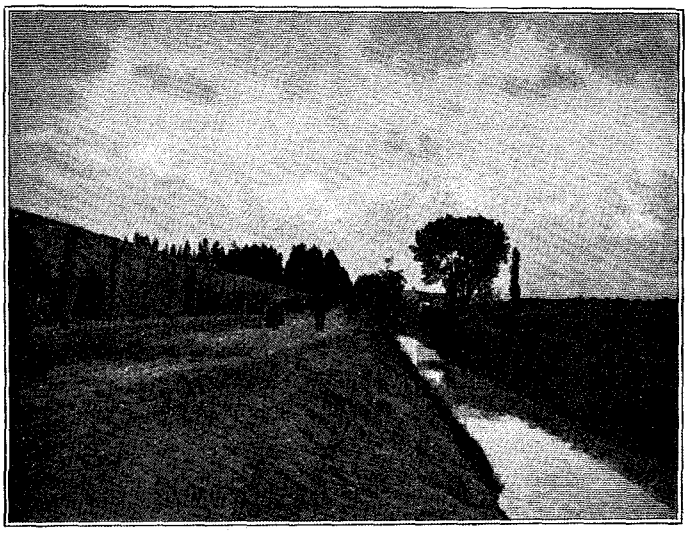
### A FELLOW-OFFICER'S ACCOUNT OF GRANT'S BRAVERY AT MOLINO DEL REY.

The truce had been violated by the Mexicans, Scott claimed; and on the 4th of September he declared the armistice at an end and marched upon Molino del Rey from Tacubaya. During the night of the 7th he got within striking distance, and at daylight an impetuous charge was made, and the enemy driven out of the mill.

In this battle Quartermaster Grant was, as usual, in the forefront. "You could not keep Grant out of battle," says General Longstreet. "The duties of quartermaster could not keep him out of his command." While pursuing the Mexicans, who were crowding into the mill for safety, Grant stumbled over his friend Dent, who was lying on the floor with a wound in the thigh. Just as he was stooping to examine his friend, Grant came face to face with a Mexican who was about to finish Dent. The Mexican wheeled to escape, and seeing Lieutenant Thorne standing between him and the door, was about to fire, when Grant shouted a warning. The Mexican was killed by Thorne; then all the squad rushed through into the enclosure of the mill, hot on the track of the fleeing Mexicans.* The charge had been so impetuous that those who were behind the parapets on the roof of the mill could not escape. They were treed like wildcats on the walls. Grant was with the earliest of the troops to enter the mill. "He was on staff duty that day, and was everywhere on the field of battle. Grant was always cool, swift, and unhurried in battle," General Longstreet goes on to say. "He was as unconcerned, apparently, as if it were a hailstorm instead of a storm of bullets. I had occasion to observe his superb courage under fire. So remarkable was his bravery that mention was made of it in the official reports, and I heard his colonel say, 'There goes a man of fire.'"

Four days later volunteers were called for to make an attack upon Chapultepec. It seemed a desperate undertaking, but so confident had the Americans become that two volunteer columns of 250 men each were made up instantly. They were led

* Richardson's "Life of Grant."



AQUEDUCT VERONICA, NEAR THE CITY OF MEXICO.

From a photograph taken expressly for McClure's Magazine. It was from arch to arch of this aqueduct that Grant, with a small band of soldiers, fought his way to the San Cosme gate, and finally into the city.

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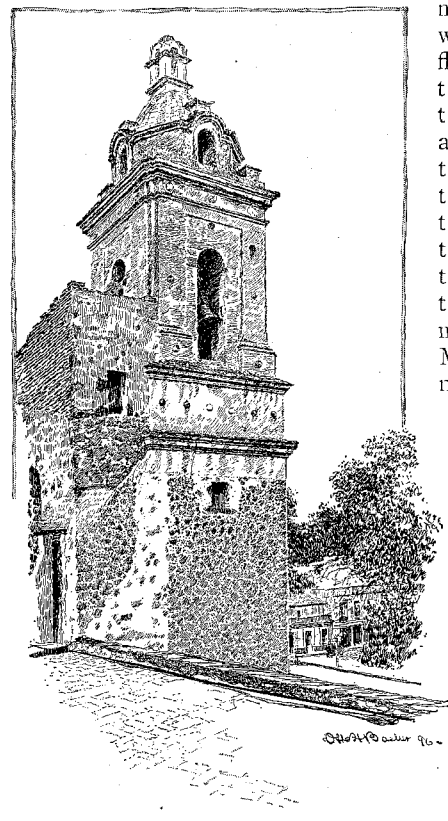
by Captain Silas Casey and Captain Samuel McKenzie. One division dug through the filled-up arches of the aqueduct on the north, and assaulted that way. The other went up the south side, over defences, earthworks, and ditches, and scaled the walls in the very shadow of the thunderous cannon; and the citizens of Mexico, now completely disheartened, saw the gay flag of the Americans flame over their last fortress. Pell-mell down the aqueduct leading to the Belen gate, and along the aqueduct Veronica, leading toward Tlaxpanna, the Mexicans retreated. General Quitman commanded the column moving toward Belen, and General Worth directed the advance toward Tlaxpanna and San Cosme. Grant was in the latter command, and from arch to arch of the aqueduct he scudded with his companions. They met with little serious resistance till they came within gunshot of Tlaxpanna, where the aqueduct turns at right angles toward the city through the San Cosme gate. Grant's impetuous but cool and determined advance kept him with the hardiest of the private soldiers, and there was but a squad of privates and few commissioned officers with him when the cannon of Tlaxpanna were reached.



THE TOWER OF THE CHURCH OF SAN COSME, WHENCE GRANT TRAINED THE HOWITZER ON THE MEXICANS.

From a photograph taken expressly for McClure's Magazine.

## GRANT'S FINE WORK AT THE GATES OF MEXICO.

As usual the flat roofs of the houses were manned and fortified. While waiting for reinforcements, Grant did a little reconnoitring on his own account, and finding a way to the San Cosme road in the rear of the men serving the cannon, he led a small force there, and drove the enemy from his position to a second defence about half way to the Garita de San Cosme. At a later hour in the day he reconnoitred on the south side of the San Cosme road, and came to the conclusion that he could use a small howitzer to good effect from the steeple of the church of San Cosme, which stood about three hundred yards outside the Garita de San Cosme.

This church had at its eastern end and front a bell-tower of moderate proportions, with a very narrow flight of steps leading to it. Up these steps the resourceful lieutenant and his squad tugged a small mountain howitzer, and putting it together beneath the bells, began to shell the houses just inside the gates, to the amazement and scandal of the Mexicans, who seemed not to understand that they might easily sally out and capture this audacious Yankee. This bold and ingenious exploit was seen by General Worth, and he sent Lieutenant Pemberton to bring the quartermaster to him.

"This is mighty fine work, sir; every shot tells. I'll send you another gun."

Grant saluted, "Thank you, General," and took the additional gun. He knew, however, that there was not room for it in the belfry; but he also knew that a lieutenant must not by any chance know more than a general.

One day, after Scott's final entry into the City of Mexico, a squad of American soldiers, in passing a church, were assailed from the roof. They rushed into a shop near by, and asked for chisels and axes with which to hew down the door. The owner of the store, a sturdy Englishman, Peter Green, said: "I am a resident here. I can't *give* you the tools, but I can't help your *taking* them." So they "took" the tools and soon captured their assailants.

This Peter Green and his wife became

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friends of Quartermaster Grant, and during the following months he was a constant visitor at their house. They lived in San Francisco Street, and Grant was for a time quartered in the San Francisco church and convent opposite. He found in them and their household a fine, wholesome family, somewhat like his own people in Ohio. The daughter Sarah remembers him well, though she was but a child. "We thought the world of him," she said, "he was so good-natured and full of his jokes. He wore a long beard then, which seemed out of place on such a boy. I suppose he wanted to look old. He was a daily visitor at our house, and my people talked of him a great deal. John C. Hill used to come to see us too —he that was educated by Santa Anna."

Grant is also well remembered by Mr. Hill, now Dr. Hill, who recalls him as a boyish fellow fond of jokes and frolic, but one who laughed little himself. "He was of most excellent habits," adds Dr. Hill; "a good soldier and a good man. He was an active, sturdy little fellow, much liked by all his companions."

Grant proved himself in Mexico not only bold and faithful, but ingenious and full of resources. While quartered at Tacubaya, for example, he rented a bakery and operated it for the benefit of the regiment. "In two months I made more money for the regimental funds than my pay amounted to during the entire war," he says. "While stationed at Monterey I had relieved the post in the very same way."

In May, 1848, the evacuation of Mexico was ordered, Mexico having conceded all the demands of the United States. Grant was eager to return, for he felt free now to marry the faithful little woman in far-off St. Louis. He had distinguished himself by brave deeds and sagacious plans well carried out. He had been twice promoted for gallantry, and he was returning to his bride-elect a brevet captain. Considering the large number of officers and the small number of men, his record was a distinguished one. For a young man who had no love of guns, or trainings, or Fourth of July anvils, to win honorable mention and two brevets for gallant conduct was genuine achievement.* He was not afraid of bullets, and no noise or hurly-burly could confuse him. Of his bravery, his activity, and his discretion there can be no question.

*General Worth made his "acknowledgments to Lieutenant Grant for distinguished services."

From a military point of view these years of active service in Mexico were of incalculable value to Grant. They formed his post-graduate course; they made all the theories of his instruction at West Point realities. Jomini and Mahan on "Fortifications" and Benton on "Gunnery" were solved in practice. He saw two really great commanders work out military manœuvres of great brilliancy. He saw General Scott cut loose from his base of supplies and subsist on the country. He saw him parole prisoners as the cheapest and best way to be rid of them. He saw General Taylor flank the enemy at Monterey, and watched him under fire, cool, unhurried. He observed Scott coöperating with gunboats and directing artillery. From Taylor he learned simplicity in army regulation; from Scott, rigorous discipline. As quartermaster he acquired ideas upon feeding and clothing an army; he wrestled hand to hand with the difficulties of transportation. He perceived the difference between disciplined troops moving under one man's direction and many troops operating on lines not converging to a common purpose. And all these things sank deep into his impressionable mind. He was perhaps not conscious of it at the time, but, as one of his fellow-officers said, "all along he was massing facts in the storehouse of his great memory."

There is another service that the Mexican War rendered Grant. It brought him in contact with a number of young officers whom it was afterwards of the greatest value to him to have known under such conditions. Jefferson Davis was there, and Robert E. Lee, both serving with great distinction. There were also Joseph E. Johnston, A. S. Johnston, Thomas Holmes, Paul O. Hebert, John C. Pemberton, Simon B. Buckner, and James Longstreet, the latter a particularly gallant and powerful young soldier. Grant met these officers as equals, not as war-gods. He came to know their mental habits and their personal ideas of warfare; and such things he never forgot. He had a marvellous capacity for remembering men and their words and deeds. He also had the capability of being profoundly instructed by small things. Thus the importance of the Mexican War to him cannot be over-estimated. Its influence reached far. He had gone into it from the quiet routine of West Point and Jefferson Barracks, at an age when the poetic side of his nature was uppermost. He was but twenty-six years of age when the war closed.

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DECORATIVE PANEL. FROM A PAINTING BY CHARLES CHAPLIN.

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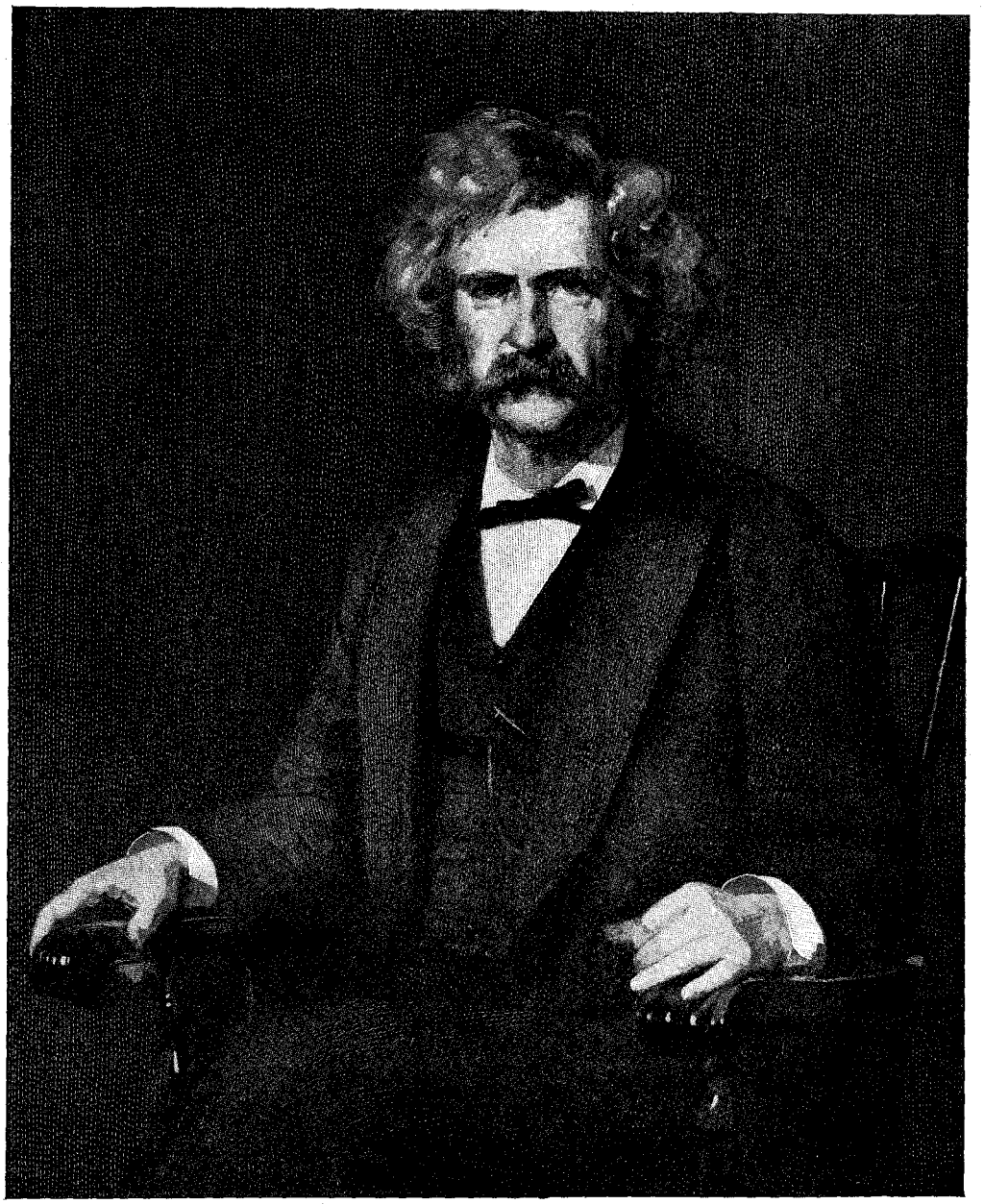

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS ("MARK TWAIN"). FROM A PAINTING BY CHARLES NOËL FLAGG; NOW FIRST REPRODUCED.

The original portrait, now first reproduced, hangs in Mr. Clemens's house at Hartford, Connecticut. It was painted for Mrs. Clemens by Mr. Flagg in 1891, when Mr. Clemens was fifty-five years old. It is reproduced here by the special permission of the artist.

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